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MEMORIES OF RUGBY AND INDIA

BY

SIR ALEXANDER J. ARBUTHNOT,
K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

EDITED BY

CONSTANCE, LADY ARBUTHNOT

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS.

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MEMORIES OF RUGBY AND INDIA

PREFACE

THESE memories of Rugby and the East India College, and of fifty-five years spent in the public service, were recalled in quiet hours of home life or in conversations with intimate friends. It was at my request that my husband began to write them down for a younger generation to read. He did not live to complete them, but he left a certain amount of notes and material which had accumulated during his active life, and from this I have compiled a few concluding chapters, fully conscious of their shortcomings.

My thanks are due to the Dowager Countess of Lytton, the Dowager Lady Napier and Ettrick, Lady Rose Weigall, Mrs. Arthur Arbuthnot, Mrs. H. O. Arnold-Forster, Mrs. Story-Maskelyne, and Miss Feilden for permission to include passages from letters and to reproduce portraits, also to Sir Edward Bradford and Sir Charles Lawson for friendly encouragement and advice. Several of the friends and

contemporaries mentioned by my husband have died since he began to note down his recollections, others have passed away since his own death.

" . . . Time's current strong
Leaves us fixt to nothing long.
Yet if little stays with man,
Ah, retain we all we can !
If the clear impression dies,
Ah, the dim remembrance prize !
Ere the passing hours go by,
Quick, thy tablets, memory ! "

Though it is thirty years since my husband left India I learn with pleasure that he is not wholly forgotten in that country. May this "dim remembrance" serve to keep alive a short time longer the memory of one who in his day was known as "the strong man of Madras."

CONSTANCE ARBUTHNOT.

NEWTOWN HOUSE,
April, 1910.

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Memories of Rugby and India

CHAPTER I

THE ARBUTHNOT FAMILY

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I WAS born on October 11, 1822, at Farm Hill, in County Mayo, my father being then Dean of Cloyne. My mother, who was my father's second wife, was Margaret Phœbe Bingham, a relative of the Earl of Lucan of that day. His first wife had also been a Miss Bingham, first cousin, I believe, to my mother. My great-grand-uncle was Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Pope and Swift. My grandfather, John Arbuthnot of Rockfleet, was said to have had five wives, and he left a numerous family, five sons and five daughters, by his third wife, a Miss Anne Stone, only daughter of John

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Stone, a London banker, and niece of Archbishop Stone, Primate of Ireland. My father, Alexander, was the third son. His eldest brother, George, a Bengal civil servant, died before my father's second marriage, leaving a daughter, Matilda, afterwards the wife of Sir John Lister Kaye of Swithland, near Leicester. My father's second brother, Charles, born in 1767, had spent the early part of his life in the diplomatic service, and subsequently entered political life on the Tory side of politics. He and the great Duke of Wellington were attached friends, and during the latter part of Charles Arbuthnot's life he lived altogether with the Duke, dying at Apsley House at the age of eighty-three. During the Duke's tenure of the Premiership, Charles Arbuthnot acted as an intermediary between the Duke and the other members of his Cabinet, notably, Sir Robert Peel. He held, in 1807, the post of Ambassador at Constantinople, and while holding the post it devolved upon him to summon the British fleet into the Dardanelles. He had been instructed by the Cabinet (at that time the Cabinet of all the Talents) to demand from the Porte, among other things, the dismissal of the then French Envoy at Constantinople, General Sebastiani, and on this demand being rejected to call upon the fleet, then under the command of Admiral Duckworth, to force the Dardanelles. This order he carried out and went on board the Admiral's ship, taking his family with him. It seems mainly owing to Charles Arbuthnot's firmness that whatever success attended the operation was achieved. Among the correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh,



MARCIA LISLE.

First wife of Right Honourable Charles Arbuthnot.

(From an engraving by Thomas Appleton, after Hoffner.)

there is a letter from the late Sir Henry Blackwood, who was on board Admiral Duckworth's flag-ship during the operation, in which he describes Mr. Arbuthnot as having been not only Ambassador, but Admiral. He held for some years the office of Joint Secretary of the Treasury, and later on was Commissioner of Woods and Forests in Canning's Government of 1827. The Duke appointed him Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in his Government of 1828. On the advent of the Whigs to power in 1831, Charles Arbuthnot's political employment came to an end. He married in 1799 Marcia, daughter and co-heiress of William Lisle of Upway, Dorsetshire, and his wife the Honble. Hester Cholmondeley. A tablet to her memory was erected in Plympton church by her mother; it says, "She was born on the 20th day of August, 1775, and died on the 25th day of May, 1806, leaving a most afflicted husband and five children, too young to know their loss." She was said to have been a beautiful woman. Her portrait, painted by Hoppner, has been engraved by Samuel Palmer and Thomas Appleton. Charles Arbuthnot married secondly, in 1814, Harriett, daughter of Henry Fane of Fulbeck, in Lincolnshire, and cousin to Lord Burghersh, who married the Duke's niece Priscilla Wellesley Pole, daughter of the Earl of Mornington. The second Mrs. Charles Arbuthnot was also said to have been a beautiful woman, but I never saw her as she died in 1834, before I ever stayed at Woodford, but I remember the fact of her death being communicated to my mother, who was then living at Rugby. The late

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Mr. Gleig, Chaplain-General of the Forces, thus describes Mrs. Charles Arbuthnot in his "Reminiscences of the first Duke of Wellington":

"When first introduced to the Duke in Paris (on her honeymoon in 1814), she must have been perfectly beautiful. In 1828, when I made her acquaintance, she was still most attractive. The bloom of youth might indeed be gone, but there remained the soft brown eye, a profusion of brown, silky hair, features both regular and expressive, and a figure singularly graceful. But there was much more to admire in her than this. To great natural abilities there was added a large stock of knowledge, acquired both from books and from intercourse with men. Her conversation was in consequence always agreeable, often brilliant without the slightest apparent effort made to go out of the common ruck. To her likewise belonged a charm which, when intellectual women can boast of it, renders them mistresses of all hearts."

The scandal about the Duke's intimacy with Mrs. Arbuthnot was, I have no doubt, entirely without foundation. It is impossible to suppose that a man of the Duke of Wellington's character could have remained on the terms of the closest intimacy with Charles Arbuthnot if there had been any truth in the rumours. After his wife's death my uncle spent most of his time with the Great Duke, making over Woodford, his place in Northamptonshire, at the Duke's request, to his eldest son. In the "Correspondence of Lady Burghersh with the Duke of Wellington," edited in 1903, by her daughter Lady

Rose Weigall,¹ I was much interested in reading a letter, dated "London, August 18, 1850, at night," from the Duke, giving an account of Charles Arbuthnot's death in the following words: "Till I received your note, I did not know that you had not gone out of town, or I should have appraised you in the morning of the serious prospects that we should lose our poor invalid. In the last days he became much weaker; some of the worst symptoms had reappeared. He was worse this morning and had sent for his physicians at an early hour. Shortly after I returned from church—that is, before eleven—they informed me that they found him worse and more weak than yesterday, and that they feared the worst at any moment. Prayers had been read to him by his sons and Mrs. Arbuthnot (daughter-in-law). He was suffering no pain and complained only of exhaustion. He was conscious, but spoke with difficulty. He knew that his hand was in mine. He said it was satisfactory to him to feel that he was going. He was quite quiet, and his appearance as satisfactory as I could imagine that of any man at such a moment.

¹ "I have a very distant recollection of old Mr. Arbuthnot. A rather little man with snow-white hair and a rosy face! He had been a very old friend of all the Wellesley family, and my mother had known him from her childhood. They always called him "*Gosh*." I do not know the origin of the nickname, but he was universally known by it in the family, and addressed by it. I do not know how long he had lived with the Duke of Wellington, but they seemed inseparable, and at Walmer Castle I remember well how they used to tramp round the ramparts together. We children used to like Mr. Arbuthnot, but we were more afraid of him than we were of the Duke" (Extract of letter from Lady Rose Weigall, March 24, 1910).

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. . . He died at about ten minutes after three, without struggle, convulsion, or apparent pain, just as a flame or candle would expire from extinction. . . . His has really been the death of the good and upright man, worn out by disease."

The Duke only survived his old friend and constant companion by two years.

Charles Arbuthnot's eldest daughter Caroline died unmarried; the younger, Marcia, married her cousin Lord Henry Cholmondeley, afterwards Marquis of Cholmondeley. I saw these two cousins frequently during the years I spent at Haileybury. The two sisters between them gave me a box of books to take to India with me, many of them religious books. Lord Henry Cholmondeley, Marcia's husband, was a very religious man and used to preach to his crew on board his yacht—he was very fond of sailing off the coast of Scotland. I have regretted all my life that my uncle Charles Arbuthnot, who was then living at Apsley House, never gave me a chance of being introduced to the Great Duke, though I went to see him at Apsley House several times in the early forties. When I came back to England, eighteen years later, the Duke and his old friend were both dead.

In early youth I formed a great admiration of the Duke of Wellington, and I have always thought of him as one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived. I still read accounts of the battle of Waterloo with the deepest interest. Indeed, military affairs have interested me all my life, though my training was civilian. In the Madras Council I was commonly known as the "Military Member of Council," and it

was much the same when I afterwards joined the Council of the Governor-General.

There is a pencil drawing of my two first cousins, Charles and Henry, sons of my uncle Charles Arbuthnot, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which shows them as boys, dark and fair respectively. Charles was the dark boy and Henry the fair one. I knew Henry best. He began life as an officer in the Blues, but, while he was still quite young, he got an appointment in the Board of Audit, which brought him £1,200 a year, and which he held for many years. He was very kind to me, knowing that my mother was not well off and living far away at Rugby; he asked me to stay with him in 15, Chester Street, Grosvenor Place, during my examination for admission to Haileybury. He had married Lady Charlotte Scott, daughter to Lord Clonmell, a very nice woman, who was most kind to me. There was a pass examination which took three days, and I stayed with them for that time; and Henry went with me to the East India House before the examination began. We were examined in the large room at the India House. It was by way of being a very stiff examination, but it was not in reality, as so many stupid fellows managed to pass it.

Henry's elder brother Charles married a daughter of Sir Hussey Vivian, who commanded the cavalry at Waterloo. I remember going to see Sir Hussey Vivian (afterwards Lord Vivian) and the Charles Arbuthnots at Brown's Hotel on the occasion of their being dressed for a fancy ball given by the Queen and Prince Albert in 1842. Sir Hussey was

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in his general's uniform. Charles Arbuthnot was an equerry to the Queen. He went by the name of "Carlo Dolce," and was noted for his courtier-like manners. I remember being told that on one occasion, at Windsor, when he and Lord Charles Wellesley were riding by the Queen's carriage, a heavy storm came on, and the equerries were drenched with rain. When they arrived at the Castle the Queen asked Lord Charles Wellesley whether he was very wet. "Drenched to the skin, ma'am," was the answer. "If it had been Colonel Arbuthnot," remarked her Majesty, "he would have answered, 'I am perfectly dry.'"

My father's other brothers, Sir Robert and Sir Thomas, were soldiers, both of whom served during the greater part of the Peninsular War. Robert was aide-de-camp and military secretary to Marshal Beresford, and Thomas served as Assistant Quarter-Master-General on the staff of Sir Thomas Picton. Sir Robert saw a good deal of field service. He entered the army as a cornet in the 23rd Light Dragoons on January 1, 1797, and was at the battle of Ballynamuck in the Irish rebellion on September 8th of that year. One day in June, 1804, when Robert Arbuthnot was on duty at Penzance, he joined with General Wilford (to whom he was aide-de-camp) and a party of friends in a riding expedition to the Land's End. After a halt at the inn called "The Last House in England," three of the party, or as Sir Robert used to say, a mad parson, a mad lieutenant, and a mad captain of Dragoons, rode forward before the others towards the farthest point of the Land's

End. A narrow slope of short slippery turf, running between two perpendicular precipices of smooth granite cliff, finally leads down to this. On reaching the top of the slope, the clergyman and the lieutenant, in too wild spirits to consider the risk they were running, turned their horses' heads downwards and rode to the bottom of the hill. But Captain Arbuthnot, whose horse was of an excitable nature, had the discretion and the courage to dismount and follow the other two on foot, leading his spirited mare by the bridle. When all got safely down his two companions, who had cleverly performed their feat in horsemanship, rallied Robert Arbuthnot on his prudence. Their good-humoured words and laughter, appearing to him somewhat to reflect on his skill and courage as a dragoon officer, finally put him upon his mettle. He declared his determination of riding up the perilous hill which he had not thought it wise to ride down. And soon his General, who with others of the party had just arrived at the spot, watching from above, saw that he had begun to carry out his resolution. But before he had gone very far his horse became unmanageable, kicking and plunging, and drawing closer to the precipice on the right-hand side of the ascending slope. Another minute and he must have fallen with her four hundred feet down upon the shore below! Already he was only four feet from the edge of the precipice, when with astonishing presence of mind he leaped from the saddle, and throwing the bridle over the mare's neck, kept hold of it and the whip attached to it until the animal had backed to the edge, when he let go, and

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as the poor beast fell over the height, to be dashed to pieces, realised the death from which he had himself had a narrow and marvellous escape.¹

Sir Robert accompanied the forces sent in 1805 to South Africa under Sir David Baird, and was present at the capture of Cape Town in the beginning of 1806. "Soon after this," writes his grand-daughter, "he was sent in command of a company to Saldanha Bay, to guard the coast, report to headquarters when cruising vessels had been seen, examine any that anchored off the bay, and so forth. But in accordance with orders, he was himself separated from the troops quartered under him, and stationed with five dragoon privates at an outpost in a lonely house situated on a wild, desolate spot some distance in advance of the rest of the party. There he led what he called a Robinson Crusoe-like life, feeding principally on the birds and rabbits that he was able to shoot, and the fish that he caught in the bay, but contriving to make himself and his company very comfortable, and not suffering in health except from the effects of the brackish water which was all that the country afforded. One day he was rowing on the bay, at low tide, when he caught sight of what appeared to him to be fresh water springing up in the sand of the coast opposite to that which he had left. He lost no time in returning to fetch a tub, in which he bored holes, and then taking it to the

¹ An account of Captain Robert Arbuthnot's exploit, given by himself, may be found in a back number of *Household Words*. This narrative is taken from a brief memoir of his daughter, printed privately by his grand-daughter,* Miss Phœbe Feilden.

place which had suggested to him the hope of a hidden spring, he sank it in the sand and soon had the delight of seeing it full of pure, clear water.

A good many years after this, when, having risen to Major-General and become a K.C.B., he was on his way to Ceylon as Commander-in-Chief, he touched at the Cape and saw the change which had taken place in his old Robinson Crusoe haunts. Instead of his wooden tub a strongly built, over-arched stone enclosure held the pure water that welled up from the spring which he had himself discovered. Sir George Napier, then Governor of the Cape, pointed out the spot to him, at the same time informing him that the spring had been discovered thirty years or more before by a Captain who had been quartered at Saldanha Bay. The well has proved of great service to passing ships in want of water.

Soon after this Captain Arbuthnot accompanied General (afterwards Lord) Beresford on his ill-fated South American expedition, where he was present at three battles, and was taken prisoner with General Beresford and his whole force. He was a prisoner for eighteen months, and when released had been altogether absent nearly two years and a half from England, and during all that time he had not received a single English letter. He and his family joined General Beresford in Madeira, where the latter was Governor and had offered Robert Arbuthnot the post of aide-de-camp, but soon after their arrival the Peninsular War began, and General Beresford received orders to join the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley in Portugal, Robert Arbuthnot

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and his family sailing with him to Lisbon. During the progress of the Peninsular War my uncle was present at the battle of Corunna, the passage of the Douro, the battle of Busaco, the lines of Torres Vedras, the siege of Badajoz, the battle of Albuera, the siege and storming of Ciudad Rodrigo, the third siege and storming of Badajoz, the battles of the Nivelles and Nive, passage of the Adour, and the battles of Orthes and Toulouse. He had in his possession a telescope which he used to say "won the battle of Albuera." The day seemed to be going against the army under Marshal Beresford when his aide-de-camp, looking through his telescope, perceived that a battalion of the French army was giving way, and he induced Marshal Beresford to recall an order which he had just given for the retirement of two batteries of artillery. This discovery entirely changed the course of affairs, and the Allies, although with terrible loss, gained an important victory.

Though my uncle was present at so many engagements, he was never wounded. He used to say that once when he was conversing with Lord Beresford, during a battle, a ball passed just between their heads. "Ah!" said Lord Beresford, "it is lucky, Arbuthnot, that you and I have such short noses."

Major Arbuthnot brought home the despatches regarding Albuera, and on that occasion was appointed a brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. He was created a Knight of the Tower and Sword by the Government of Portugal, and in 1815 was appointed a K.C.B. In 1817 he was Commandant at Valenciennes, where the chiefs of the allied forces had

their headquarters.¹ In 1830 he attained the rank of Major-General, and in 1838 was appointed Commander-in-Chief in Ceylon, after which he commanded a division in Bengal. In 1843 he was appointed Colonel of the 76th Regiment. He died on May 6, 1853. His son George was an admirable public servant; he was in the Treasury and was successively private secretary to Sir Robert Peel and Sir Charles Wood, afterwards Viscount Halifax.

In my early days postage was high; I think I remember hearing that a letter cost tenpence. Later on my cousin, George Arbuthnot, of the Treasury, Sir Robert's son, used to be called "Twopenny" by his relations because he good-naturedly supplied them with "franks." That must have been in the days of the "Twopenny Post." My cousin, Phœbe Arbuthnot, Sir Robert's daughter, was a shy and nervous girl. When Randal Feilden proposed to her, I remember hearing that Phœbe rang the bell nervously in the middle of his proposal, not thinking what she was doing. When a servant came in and waited for orders she said hurriedly, "Put some coals on the fire." The man looked astonished, as well he might, for it was summer and no fires were lighted. Randal Feilden was a clergyman, and I remember seeing them when I stayed as a little boy at Salmesbury, with Patrick and Fanny Law, and also at North Repps. As I have started on old family stories I may as well write down one or two more. I have been told that my cousin Matilda (Lady Lister Kaye), daughter to my father's eldest

¹ See Diary of Bishop Arbuthnot (Appendix).

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brother, was rather a fashionable mother, not much in the habit of going into her nursery. However, one day she took a visitor there to show off her infant son, and hung over a cot, lavishing endearments on him, till at last the nurse could bear it no longer and burst out, "The baby has not slept in that cot for a week, my lady, it is quite empty! he is sleeping over there"—pointing to another part of the room. It used to be said that Matilda Kaye took her diamond necklace to Garrard's, meaning to sell them and have paste substituted, and was much disconcerted to be told that "Sir John Kaye sold the diamonds years ago and this necklace is paste." At the Corkran's house at Ditton a footman one day announced, "The Prophèt of the Tombs." Charles Corkran, who was a choleric sort of man, jumped up and said loudly, "Who is this, you ——?" and in walked the Provost of Tuam, a very dignified Irish ecclesiastic, whose strange appellation had proved a stumbling-block to the English footman.

My other soldier uncle, Sir Thomas, was also a distinguished officer. He served during a great part of the Peninsular War as Quartermaster-General to Sir Thomas Picton. He never married. In connection with this fact he used to say that Picton, on one occasion, asked him if he thought of marrying, and said, before my uncle could answer, "I advise you to wait until you are a general officer, and then I recommend you to leave it alone!" Sir Thomas was a good-looking man and very soldierly in appearance. He was fond of hunting, and indeed met his death by getting a wetting out hunting, and omitting

to change his clothes soon enough. When he was a Lieutenant-General he was selected by the Duke of Wellington in 1842 for the command of the troops in the North of England; a new command which had been constituted on the occasion of the Chartist disturbances in that part of the country; and he died at Manchester in 1849. He was appointed an aide-de-camp to the King in 1814 and a K.C.B. in 1815.

About two years after my birth my father, who in the meantime had been promoted to the Deanery of Crossboyne, was appointed Bishop of Killaloe, in County Clare, in succession to Bishop Mant of commentary fame, and took up his residence at Clarisford House, outside the town of Killaloe, which then as now was the headquarters of the bishopric. With that house my earliest recollections are associated, and there in 1824 my brother Charles George was born, and two years later my sister Margaret. From our nursery we could see the river Shannon, and within a mile or so was Lough Derg, of which I have a hazy recollection as a place to which we were sometimes driven.

Our family then consisted of my two half-sisters, Anne and Fanny, and their brother George, I being the eldest of the second family, with Charles and Margaret below me.

My brother George began his career in the Navy. He served under Captain Price Blackwood, afterwards Lord Dufferin, and also under Captain Walpole; but he did not stay long in the Navy, and afterwards got a cadetship in the Madras Cavalry. He married in 1829 Harriet Ormsby, and

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in 1841 was appointed to command the Bodyguard in Madras. He wrote to his eldest sister in high spirits at having obtained this appointment.

“MADRAS, *April 22, 1841.*

“MY DEAR ANNE,—I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am truly happy and contented at last. . . . I am quite delighted with my appointment, which indeed is a most capital one, in point of pay about 800 rupees a month better than what I had at Bellary, and then so independent in every way, the Governor¹ being the only person that has anything whatever to say to me. . . . My command consists of 128 horses, with an Adjutant² (who is a particularly nice fellow) and a proper proportion of native officers, non-commissioned, &c. Lord Elphinstone made the Guard Hussars last year, and I have a Serjeant-Major transferred from the 15th who is a very smart fellow. I am, as you may suppose, all in my glory, being fond of cavalry work, and although we don't muster very strong we make up for quantity in quality. . . . I wrote to Uncle Robert on first getting the appointment, but as usual have not heard from him, although I expect he'll arrive here any day on his way to Bengal. Sir Robert Dick has been very kind too. I have dined with him twice since my arrival, and dine with Lord E—— to-night and again on the 28th, which I hear is to be comprised of Masons of which I am one. Lord Elphinstone has just been made provincial Grand Master by the Duke of Sussex.”

¹ Lord Elphinstone.

² Anthony (afterwards General) Thornhill.

In the Lower Hall at Government House, Madras, hangs a picture of the installation of the Nawab of the Carnatic by Lord Elphinstone in 1842, which took place just before I reached India. My brother George, as Commandant of the Bodyguard, is in the picture, standing next his Adjutant, Anthony Robert Thornhill, 5th Light Cavalry. Major-General Sir Robert Henry Dick, K.C.B., mentioned by my brother George, is also portrayed. He entered the 75th Regiment in 1800, and after serving in Sicily and Egypt became Major in the 42nd Highlanders, and went through the Peninsular War. He commanded the 42nd at Quatre Bras, where, although wounded, he brought his regiment out of action, and was present at Waterloo, where he received his promotion as Lieutenant-Colonel, for valour. In 1842, when I landed, he was acting Commander-in-Chief at Madras, but he left soon afterwards to command a division in Bengal. He fell at the battle of Sobraon, while leading his troops against the enemy.

CHAPTER II

RUGBY UNDER DR. ARNOLD

Death of Bishop of Killaloe—North Repps Rectory—Elizabeth Fry, Anna Gurney, and the Buxtons—Introduction to Dr. Arnold—James Prince Lee—Bonamy Price—Cotton—"The Twenty"—Clough, Stanley, and Vaughan—Matthew and Tom Arnold—Fishing in the Avon—Dr. Arnold's teaching.

IN 1828 my father died suddenly, and, owing to the fact that he had been so short a time (less than four years) a Bishop, his widow was not entitled to a pension, and we were left very badly off. In addition to this his successor failed to make some payments due to my mother, and finally died insolvent about five years after my father. She endeavoured to obtain a small pension and enlisted the aid of the Archbishops of Tuam and Cashel on her behalf, and also wrote to my uncle, Charles Arbuthnot.

From the Archbishop of Tuam.

"MOYDRUM CASTLE,

"December 2, 1828.

"MY DEAR MRS. ARBUTHNOT,—The widow of my old and departed friend, and the daughter of one

whose kindness to me when I was a boy I can never forget, has indeed just claims to my *best exertions* (feeble as I fear and feel they may be) in her behalf. It *heartily* grieves me that you and your family should have been left so inadequately provided for. Your letter only reached me here (on a visit to my sister) last night. I will now write to his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel to consult him as to the course he may think it best to follow. I would not encourage you to hope for success from our present Irish Government, for I confess I have none myself, but *be assured* what man can do I will do; my *heart* shall be in the object. Pray give my most affectionate good wishes to your mother and sister if they should be with you.

"The Lord's grace be with you. Amen.

"Yours, my dear Mrs. Arbuthnot,

"Very faithfully,

"POWER TUAM," &c.

Meanwhile my uncle Charles wrote urgently that the matter must be left entirely to him.

"FULBECK,

"December 16, 1828.

"May I request you to write to the Primate to do *nothing*. Whatever can be done will be done by me with the English Government, and not with the Irish, and you will mar all by setting the Primate to work. Rely upon it that I have not been idle, and that I will not be so; but I do intreat you to take no step without consulting me. Above all, stop the Primate."

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My mother must have written at once to her Irish friends, in accordance with my uncle's wishes, for I find the following letter from the Archbishop of Cashel.

"DUBLIN,

"December 21, 1828.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—At the time when I received your first letter, a difference of opinion respecting faculties, between the Primate and myself, was under discussion privately before the Lord Chancellor, which terminated against the Primate. Under such peculiar circumstances I was apprehensive that any communication of mine with his Grace upon the subject of your letter, instead of forwarding the object in view, might tend to retard it. Besides, until the meeting of the Board of Rent, in February next, nothing, I conceive, could be effectually done to obtain the concurrence of the bishops. Before that time I hoped to have engaged the good offices of the Primate in your behalf.

"From the letter which I have just received, you now express yourself most anxious not to have any application made to the Government. Of course, I shall do nothing further in the business. I received a short time since a letter from the Archbishop of Tuam, who would be very happy to promote any plan that might be thought most advisable for your benefit.

"Although I cannot rank the late lamented Bishop, as the Archbishop of Tuam does, among my early acquaintance in life, permit me to assure you that I felt great regard for the firmness, fairness, and



ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT, D.D., BISHOP OF KILLALOE.

(From a miniature by Ross, painted in 1825.)

integrity of the principles by which his conduct was, in all cases, regulated. If you can point out any method in which I can best show my regard for him, by promoting the interest of his family, I shall be happy in exerting myself to the utmost of my power.

"Believe me, my dear Madam,

"Ever yours sincerely,

"R. CASHEL."

The application for a pension came to nothing, but my uncle gave my mother a small annual payment, which I believe he continued until his death in 1850. Long before that time I was able to have the pleasure of helping my mother myself.

"BLANKNEY,

"December 22, 1828.

"I beg to assure you that without the slightest inconvenience I was able to request you to accept that small annual sum, and I only very deeply regret that at present I could not with equal ease do more. You may rely upon it that I will attempt to do for you what is your object with Government; but I must again intreat you to stop instantaneously any step whatever by the Bishops. It is for your sake *solely* that I speak. I had not myself been idle; but I never like to write when I have nothing satisfactory to say. Be assured that you must rely upon my efforts alone; and that you will mar me, or rather yourself, completely, and for ever, if you memorialise the Irish Government. I do implore you to take no steps ever except in communication with me. I shall not be at ease till I hear that you have ratified this

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error. Say, if you please, that you have put it all into my hands.

“Direct to Whitehall Place.”

My uncle's interest would have been all-powerful if anything could have been done for my mother's benefit, as he was on the most intimate terms with the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, and held, at that time, the post of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in the Duke's Government.

On leaving Clarisford House, my mother took her small family of three and her two step-daughters, Anne and Fanny, to Balbriggan, a seaside resort to the north of Dublin. There I believe I remember the circumstance of my sister Fanny's marriage to the Rev. Patrick Law, owner of an estate called Ballyvalley, in County Clare. There also my mother and sisters made acquaintance with a Mr. William Crombie, who became an admirer of my sister Anne, and used to join her in her walks with her little brothers. I was reminded in later years that I innocently repeated to Mr. Crombie something which Anne had said of him, not exactly meant for his ears, or likely to please him, which got me into dire disgrace, and so displeased Mr. Crombie that he broke off the acquaintance. Meanwhile my uncle Charles Arbuthnot's interest had been again invoked on behalf of Patrick Law, and he gave him first the perpetual curacy of Salmesbury, not far from Preston, and in 1830 presented him with the living of North Repps, near Cromer, which he held till his death, in 1879.

We did not stay long at Balbriggan. At the end of the summer my mother removed to Chester, of which place, with its queer Rows, I still retain some remembrance, also of the rough passage across the Irish Channel. Our maid Betty, a West Indian, went with us; and while we were at Chester I attended a day school in the cathedral close. One day an old nurse of mine and her family appeared, having come over from Ireland, to my mother, expecting her to provide for them! It was with some difficulty that she succeeded in making them understand that it was as much as she could do to provide for herself, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that she saw the family off on their return journey.

My sister Anne spent most of her time with her sister, Fanny Law, and I was sent to acquire some classical learning from Patrick Law, and spent the greater part of 1831 at North Repps Rectory. There I had my first experience in riding on a mule, belonging to a farmer. As my legs were rather short for stirrups, my feet were inserted in the stirrup leathers. As we came towards home one day the mule got beyond my slender control and ran away, jumping a fence into a field down below the level of the road. I came off and, my feet being fixed in the stirrup leathers, I was dragged across the field, and might have been killed, had not the school been close by, and the schoolmistress come to my rescue. Patrick Law had but a poor opinion of my capacity for learning Latin, but Anne, who taught me French, thought I showed an aptitude for learning languages. The truth is, I believe,* she was the more industrious

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teacher, as Mr. Law was often disturbed in the morning by his parochial duties.

During the year 1831 I saw a good deal of Fowell and Charles Buxton, the younger sons of Sir Fowell Buxton, at that time the strongest advocate in the House of Commons of the abolition of the slave trade. Sir Fowell Buxton rented North Repps Hall from some relation, and his sister-in-law, Anna Gurney, one of the "Gurneys of Earlham," lived at North Repps Cottage. With the Buxtons was residing at that time a cousin, Richard Hoare, also about my own age, and we four boys spent a good deal of time together. Old Sir Fowell Buxton was fond of coursing and took us boys out with him. It was at North Repps Hall in 1841 that I once saw Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, on the occasion of a meeting held there to receive Mr. Joseph John Gurney on his return from the West Indies. He had been sent on a mission in connection with the abolition of the slave trade, he being a zealous promoter of that measure. Mrs. Fry said a prayer in her well-known "recitative" manner, a sort of intoning. I remember her as being tall and stout, and dressed in Quaker costume. In March, 1842, Miss Anna Gurney gave me a copy of Dr. Aikin's "British Poets," writing my name on the fly-leaf, "with Anna Gurney's best wishes." This book went out to India with me, and now reposes in my library.

My mother desired to educate us, my brother Charles and myself, in the best manner compatible with her means, and for this purpose she went to Bedford from Chester to inquire about the school.

Bedford was even in those days a centre for parents who desired to afford their sons an efficient and inexpensive education. But a friend of hers, a Dr. Thackeray, a near relative, I believe, of W. M. Thackeray, persuaded her to give up the idea of settling at Bedford; and she found upon further inquiries that she could get us on the foundation at Rugby if she took up her residence within (I think) ten miles of that town. She accordingly took a small house at Bilton, a pretty village near Rugby, and lived there for two years, moving to a house on the Hillmorton Road early in 1832. I entered Rugby as a Founder in April, 1832, and was placed at the bottom of the First Form, then the lowest Form in the school. I well remember my first interview with Dr. Arnold in his library at the School-house. My brother-in-law, Patrick Law, accompanied me, and explained to the Doctor my very limited attainments. I was only nine and a half years old at the time! There were some boys in the school even younger than myself. I don't think I was struck by any appearance of sternness in Dr. Arnold's manner, although I remember my brother-in-law remarking upon it after we left him.

It would be superfluous for me to dwell upon my career as a schoolboy, especially in the lower forms. Rugby was then entering upon the distinguished position which it held for many years among the public schools of England. Near the head of the Sixth Form at that time were several boys who were destined to do it credit, especially at the Universities. Among them were Arthur

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Stanley, Charles John Vaughan, and William Charles Lake, who subsequently attained to the respective positions of Dean of Westminster, Dean of Llandaff, and Dean of Durham. Lake's father was a retired captain in the Army, who had settled at Rugby and sent his sons to the school. Among the under-Masters at that time were some distinguished men. The second Master, James Prince Lee, who, after serving some years at Rugby, was appointed Headmaster of King Edward's School at Birmingham, and eventually became Bishop of Manchester, was one of the most accomplished classical scholars of his time. He acted in the capacity of private tutor for composition to my brother Charles and myself. I remember being in Lee's dining-room one day for a lesson when a servant came in and told his master of the death of William IV. Mr. Lee was always a kind friend to us, and to my mother and her sister, Susanna Bingham, who with my grandmother formed part of our little household in the Hillmorton Road. He ministered to my grandmother during her last illness in 1838, just before he left Rugby for Birmingham. Charles and I sent him some little present on the occasion of his leaving (I forget now what form it took) and we received the following kind letter from him :—

“MY DEAR BOYS,—I have delayed until I could pen this note quietly in my study (the last I shall write there) to thank you much and sincerely for your most kind and gratifying present. The terms of friendly intercourse I have been on with your excellent

mother and aunt, and the melancholy, though I am thankful to say I believe satisfactory, duty I have had to render Mrs. Bingham,¹ have made our connection as tutor and pupils more than ordinarily interesting to me. To you I sincerely hope and pray it may under God's blessing have been beneficial. The subjects it has suggested for our consideration have indeed been awful: youth and age, life and death, the instructing the young mind in the beginning, endeavouring to aid and soothe the more advanced servant of Christ in the close of her earthly preparation.

"That God through His Son may bless and direct you both is my earnest prayer. One of you will, I trust, be more especially devoted to His service by entering on that ministry in which your father was a sincere and useful labourer. But on both I would eagerly seek to impress the full conviction, that on the intellectual cultivation you gain now, and the resolve and endeavour by Divine grace to apply it to God's work through life, your best and only real chance of happiness and success depends. You cannot fail if you aim at securing this.

"I hope to see much of you. I need not say my interest in you will always be warm.

"With kindest respects and compliments to Mrs. Arbuthnot and Miss Bingham, I am ever

"Your very affectionate friend,

"JAMES PRINCE LEE.

"To Mr. Alexander and Mr. Charles Arbuthnot."

¹ My grandmother.

My brother and I went to stay with Mr. Lee in Birmingham, and he gave me a volume of Asiatic poetry which I still possess. It is "*Poeseos Asiaticæ*," by Sir William Jones, the well-known Oriental scholar.

Another of my Masters, Bonamy Price, afterwards Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, was also a man of mark. I was under him in the Middle Fifth, and liked him much. Years afterwards (it must have been between forty and fifty years!) I met Professor Bonamy Price at Burghclere, where my friend Canon George Portal was then Rector. I had attended afternoon service at Burghclere Church—in those days I often read the lessons for Canon Portal—and after service I joined the Canon and Mrs. Portal, and went with them for afternoon tea to the Rectory. As I walked beside the Professor we drifted into a lengthy talk over old days, and no one who knew him and his powers of conversation will be surprised to hear that we walked up and down the Rectory lawn for nearly an hour, still taking "one turn more" in spite of the repeated summons to tea!

To return to Rugby in the thirties. Junior to J. Prince Lee and Bonamy Price was George Edward Lynch Cotton, who, after gaining high honours at Cambridge (he took a first class in 1836 in the Classical Tripos, coming out eighth on the list), joined Dr. Arnold as Assistant Master in 1837. He was "the young Master" mentioned by Tom Hughes in "*Tom Brown's School Days*." Cotton afterwards went to Marlborough as Headmaster, or, properly

speaking, Master, for that is the designation of the Head of Marlborough College; and thence to India, as Bishop of Calcutta, in 1858, where he was justly esteemed as the ablest and in many respects the best of the bishops who had presided over that important see.

I find an old letter written to my eldest sister Anne after Christmas holidays, when I was about fourteen. In those days the school year was divided into two half-years, whence arose the technical name of "half" as applied in later years to a term or third of a year; and consequently we had only two holidays in the year, Christmas and January, and in July and August.

"RUGBY,

"February 17, 1836.

"MY DEAR ANNE,—As you told Margaret¹ in your letter that you wished me to write to you, I am going to do so. We have just been a week at School. We had a pony for a part of the holidays, and I went two or three times to see the Stag-hounds throw off; and I went out coursing which I liked very much. We go out leaping almost every day as Cricket is not come in yet. I am now reading Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, and Æschylus, and in French Ségur's life of Napoleon; we have not been to private tutor yet for Mr. Lee has not been well from inflammation in his eyes. . . . Charles and I are very well, we have got several Pigeons and one pair has just laid eggs, but one of the prettiest of them was

¹ My youngest sister.

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killed last night by a cat. Lady Kaye¹ came to Rugby in the holidays and staid with us two days, we have a spare room now, so when you come to see us you won't have to go to the Inn as you used. We go to School now at a quarter past seven in the morning. I hope you like Sandlesford."

The following is a letter written to my mother :—

" RUGBY,

" *October 21, 1837.*

" There have been three boys put out of our form into the sixth. Bevan,² Hughes,³ and Kirkland, and now I am fifth ; there is a new form going to be made for another Master is coming, a Mr. Cotton, a fellow at Cambridge, but it is not at all known where the form is to be, but I believe somewhere between the three fifths. He was to have come yesterday, but I do not know whether he did or not. Yesterday was Laurence Sheriff⁴ and we were excused calling over, but we did not go anywhere out of the town."

I was never under Cotton myself, I think he taught the " Shell," but he was private tutor to some of my friends in the Sixth, and I remember thinking that he was hypercritical in his corrections of their exercises, but he was a great success at Marlborough and in India also. I met him years afterwards at Madras, when he stayed with my old schoolfellow Frederick Gell, then Bishop of Madras.

¹ My first cousin Matilda, daughter of George Arbuthnot, married Sir John Lister Kaye in 1824.

² Now Archdeacon Bevan.

³ George Hughes.

⁴ Founder's Day.

Entering the school at the bottom, my passage through it was rapid. I suppose I was fairly studious, but I was certainly not a very hard-working boy, nor could I ever boast of any considerable talents; but shortly after attaining my fifteenth year I was promoted to the Sixth Form. I well remember the Fifth Form examination in 1837. I had only quite recently been promoted to the Fifth, and great was my astonishment and delight when the result of the examination was given out, and my name was called as 16th out of about 50 boys who composed the Fifth Form in those days. This did not lead to my immediate promotion to the Sixth, but being, after the promotions had been made, very nearly at the head of the Fifth, I found myself one of the senior boys among the first twenty, whom Dr. Arnold, when the school re-opened after the summer holidays, formed into the new Form, which ever since has been called "the Twenty."

Most of my contemporaries of that time are gone. George Hughes and James Mackie both died many years ago, Theodore Walrond, Tom Hughes, and Frederick Gell more recently, and George Granville Bradley, the late Dean of Westminster, only a few months back.

I have heard it said of late years that Arnold discouraged athletic games, and that a school of young prigs grew up under his influence, but I entirely disagree with this. Rugby football had a great name in my day, and Arnold encouraged us to play it. I remember his coming out in his garden, which was raised three or four feet above the level of the School field, and divided from it by a low wall,

and standing there watching us. George Hughes was one of our best players; Tom Hughes was head of the Cricket Eleven. We played cricket in the summer half-year, in the winter we had football and hare-and-hounds. One run I remember was the "Crick run," six miles off, along the Barby road. I never ran to Crick myself, as I was not a good runner, and had not a good wind, but I was devoted to football, and had once the honour of "kicking off" in a football match before Queen Adelaide when she paid a visit to Rugby. I played in a match in Madras when I was a member of Council! I was never in the cricket eleven at Rugby or even in the "twenty-two," but I played a great deal after I went to India and founded the Madras Cricket Club. Hodson of "Hodson's Horse" was a noted runner; he used to run in the school field and pick up stones as he ran. I remember him as a red-haired boy playing football. Arthur Hugh Clough was one of the very clever boys, a great scholar, but always genial and pleasant. He played football as the rest of us did, and was immensely popular. Arthur Stanley and Charles John Vaughan were some years my seniors. They did not play games as far as I remember, though I have no doubt they played football in their time, as every boy had to do so; probably they avoided it as much as they could.

I remember the London and North Western line being made to Rugby. We boys used to catch butterflies on the ground where the line was being laid, and I laid a brick myself in the Kilsby Tunnel, which for all I know may be there to this day!

Matthew Arnold entered the School at Rugby after I did ; he was junior to me in the Sixth Form. He was decidedly a clever boy, though he only got a second class at Oxford. My impression of him was that he was a conceited boy. His brother Tom was in the Sixth Form at the same time, and I always thought from Dr. Arnold's manner that he considered Tom the cleverer boy of the two. I may have been mistaken, but I don't think I was. I used to meet Matthew Arnold in later years at the Athenæum, but I never knew him intimately. Willie Arnold was a very small boy when I left Rugby, and I saw very little of him in after-years, though we both went to India. He became Director of Public Instruction in the Punjaub, and for a time I filled the same post in Madras. I read his book "Oakfield" with much interest, and sympathised with a good deal of it, but it brought trouble on him from the sort of low fellows whom he attacked. It was an attack on the younger members of the Bengal Army, which was in rather a disgraceful condition when he joined it. Early in 1859 I heard he was coming to Madras on his way to England ; his wife had lately died in the Punjaub, and he was anxious to get home to his children, but he was in bad health and not up to the exertion of the journey. I went on board the steamer to see him, and found him lying in his berth in great pain and evidently very ill. I tried to persuade him to come to my house, and see a good doctor, as I thought him quite unfit to go on a voyage in a hot steamer, but I found him bent on going to England. I told another friend, John Goldingham, who was a passenger on

the same steamer, to do his best to persuade William Arnold to take my advice, but he could not shake his resolve. The poor man died at Gibraltar. Matthew Arnold had gone to meet his brother, and has immortalised his memory in the "Stanzas from Carnac":—

"Ah! where is he, who should have come
Where that far sail is passing now,
Past the Loire's mouth and by the foam
Of Finistère's unquiet brow,
Home, round into the English wave?
He tarries where the Rock of Spain
Mediterranean waters lave;
He enters not the Atlantic main,"

and the poem "A Southern Night" describes his solitary death with poignant tenderness and regret.

John Goldingham was a member of the Madras Board of Revenue, and a deliberate opinion of his has remained a household saying with me. It was a joke against him that on several occasions he used to record as his opinion on the minutes which went before him "I lean to inaction." A most useful phrase when one either has no opinion to express or hesitates to express an opinion!

To return to my schoolfellows. Some of us used to fish in the Avon. There was a part of the river in which we were not allowed to fish, which belonged to a Mr. Boughton Leigh. A boy called Mordaunt was fishing in the prohibited part without leave one day, when the owner appeared on horseback. Mordaunt made off, carrying his spoils with him, and was pursued over hedge and ditch by Mr.

Boughton Leigh. At last he came to a hedge which balked the horseman and Mordaunt escaped. He had a fish in his hand, which he threw defiantly at his pursuer over the hedge, calling out that he had better take it home and get his wife to cook it, or some such words. Mr. Boughton Leigh rode off at once to the Schoolhouse and complained to Dr. Arnold of the conduct of one of his boys, and Dr. Arnold requested him to come down to "calling over," which was then about to take place, and identify the boy. I was there when Mr. Boughton Leigh came in, and well remember Dr. Arnold saying in a pained voice, "What, you, Mordaunt!" when he was pointed out. He could not believe that a gentleman's son could behave in such a way. Later on, Mordaunt paid a visit to his old school, while I was still a schoolboy, in uniform, having come to Rugby with a detachment of his regiment, the Lancers. We never met again in after-life.

The two years which I spent in the Sixth Form at Rugby were among the most important years of my life. The daily intercourse with the great Headmaster made an impression upon me which no lapse of time has been able to efface. When I left Rugby as a boy of seventeen I had formed the opinion that Dr. Arnold was the most high-minded man I had ever met, and fifty-three years later, on the occasion of a meeting of old Rugbeians, held to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Arnold's death, when I was asked to say a few words on the subject which filled the hearts and minds of those present, the remark which occurred to me was that to which I have just

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given expression, viz., that after fifty years' acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men I still retained unaltered the impression made upon my mind as a boy of seventeen. I could not regard myself as one of Arnold's favourite pupils, and I have no doubt that there were several of the members of the Sixth Form of that time from whom he expected better things, but I do not believe there was one whose future career was so greatly influenced as mine was by my association with Arnold.

One remarkable feature in Arnold's teaching was his method of teaching and translation from the Greek and Latin Classics. He made this translation an effective means of improving the English of his pupils. Instead of being content with the then prevailing practice of construing sentence by sentence from Greek or Latin into English, he accustomed the boys in the "Twenty" and the Sixth to read out paragraphs and sometimes pages from the classical authors in idiomatic English, thus making the lesson serve the double purpose of testing the pupil's acquaintance with the meaning of the classical passage, and of his ability to compose in his own language. When I went to Haileybury, after leaving Rugby, I came under the teaching of an eminent classical scholar, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Jeremie, the Dean and Classical Professor in that College. The first time he put me on in a Greek book—I think it was Demosthenes' "De Coronâ"—he appeared to be quite astonished and very much pleased at my reading off a page of the Greek and then rendering it in English, in fairly idiomatic prose.

He frequently put me on in celebrated passages on future occasions out of my turn as an example to the other students.

Dr. Arnold preached every Sunday in the School chapel, and I was often struck with the excellence of his sermons. Some of those sermons were published, and I recognised them as I read them in after-life. Arnold was the best possible example of the advantage it gives the Headmaster of a school in being a clergyman, for he could speak to the boys with a voice of authority and of complete understanding of all their difficulties and temptations. He prepared the boys in his own house, the "School-house," for confirmation. I was prepared by James Prince Lee and confirmed in the School chapel by Dr. Whately, then Archbishop of Dublin, who was a college friend of Dr. Arnold's. The old chapel has passed away since then and has been replaced by a new one. I resented the demolition of the old chapel and the erection of the new one, but I do not say that it was a reasonable resentment!

CHAPTER III

NEWTOWN HOUSE AND SANDLEFORD PRIORY

Anne Arbuthnot—A formal proposal—Newtown House and Bishop Pococke—Sandleford Priory and Mrs. Montagu—The "Craven" and the "Vine"—Donnington Priory—George and Tom Hughes—Southborough and Long Ditton.

IN 1833 my sister Anne was staying with the Edmund Arbuthnots at Newtown House in the north of Hampshire, two miles from the town of Newbury in Berkshire. Edmund Arbuthnot was a son of my father's eldest brother George, and he bought the property of Newtown in 1824 from a Mr. Morrice. Edmund had married Miss Eliza Chatteris, who had a good fortune of her own, and between them they did a great deal for the village of Newtown. Anne was a handsome girl and had had several admirers besides William Crombie. In 1828 she was staying at Swithland Hall with our cousin Matilda Kaye and received an offer of marriage from a friend and neighbour of Sir John Lister Kaye's, the son of a distinguished scientific man, whom she had only met once or twice. The letter is a good specimen of the art of formal letter-writing, a lost art nowadays!

"November 20, 1828.

"MY DEAR MISS ARBUTHNOT,—No doubt you will be greatly surprised by my temerity in forwarding these few lines to you. But could you for one moment conceive the agony of mind I have suffered since I left you, you would at once forgive me. The object in introducing myself to your notice at present is that, as you value the life of a fellow-creature, you will permit me to pay my addresses to you. My family has always been most respectable, and by no means devoid of talent, and those who know me are confident that it never has or ever will retrograde one step in the eyes of the world by my conduct. My fortune is moderate, having a clear income of near three thousand a year, and I have an excellent stud of Hunters which at any time can be realised, to good account, should *we* require it, besides the reversion of a considerable pension, granted to my Father, for his unequalled discovery. . . . It may seem odd, on so short an acquaintance, my excessive admiration of you, but to romantic dispositions, love (all powerful love) at first sight is nothing uncommon. Should you be so condescending as to approve of me as a suitor, knowing that on our short acquaintance you will probably not like to address a letter to me yourself, let your cousin, Sir John Kaye (for whom I have the greatest regard) intimate to me your determination. You need, My Dear, feel no shyness in conversing with him on the subject, as sooner or later he must know *our* secret. If, on the contrary you should *spurn* the heart wholly devoted to your service, and send to an untimely grave one who only

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lives for thee, at least blame me not for my admiration, and spare those feelings which will then be rent into a thousand fragments. You are the first person I ever ardently and devotedly admired, and will be the last. One line from Sir John will bring me to dear Swithland, on the wings of love. Dear only on your account.

“From your unhappy but Truly

“DEVOTED LOVER.”

I don't know how my sister worded her answer, but she did not accept the devotion so formally offered, and in 1833 my mother, then living at Rugby, was surprised to get a letter from Anne, written from Newtown House, announcing her engagement to William Chatteris, Mrs. Edmund Arbuthnot's only brother. William Chatteris had been educated at Eton and Brazenose, but had left Oxford without taking his degree. Anne begins her letter by thanking her stepmother for some little present of money she had sent her, and then goes on: “Dear Mrs. Arbuthnot, how kind and good you have always been to me, to us all. I can't tell you how I feel it all *now*, and just now I know you will be more than ever interested for me. I have taken an *awful* step, I have actually promised Mr. Chatteris to marry him, and now that the deed is done I feel so strange I can hardly think I am awake, but I trust I shall never repent it, and that I shall be able to make him as happy as he says he *means* to be. . . . He is very kind-hearted and he has a great deal of feeling and I am not afraid to trust my happiness in his hands.

He only seems to think too well of me, and he is ready to take an interest in all those I love, you and my dearest brothers and sisters, and I do trust you will all like him." She mentions further on in her letter that "Mr. Chatteris is looking out for a place to purchase."

Travelling was a difficulty in those days, and my mother was not able to go to the wedding, which took place at Newtown; and I spent the Christmas holidays of 1833-4 at Newtown House, where the Chatterises were staying with the Edmund Arbuthnots. I went by coach from Rugby to Oxford, sleeping at the "Mitre," and came on the next day from Oxford to Newbury. I remember thinking the Downs at Ilsley remarkably bleak! The coach-road from Newbury to Winchester passed through Newtown village, crossing the little stream the Enbourne, a tributary of the Kennet, at the ford, which forms the boundary between Berkshire and Hampshire; and William Chatteris, my new brother-in-law, met me at the Swan Inn, near the ford. The "Swan" was not in those days the picturesque building that it is now, as the black timbers were obscured with plaster and the porch did not exist. There was also a tumbledown cottage which was inhabited by a cobbler between the inn and the stream, and a toll-gate near the old wooden bridge. The inn is a genuine seventeenth-century building; and many years afterwards Mr. Francis Bacon, an architect neighbour, advised William Chatteris to scrape off the plaster, which was done, and he also designed the oak porch which now exists.

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I remember most vividly my introduction to Newtown House. In those days a public road ran past the front door and up the hill over Newtown Common, on the way to Burghclere. A year or two later Edmund Arbuthnot got permission to alter the course of the road, and it was carried on in a straight line from the ford, past the church. This was a great advantage to the owner of Newtown House then, and would have been still more so if he could have foreseen the advent of motor-cars, with their accompaniment of dust and noise. Luckily for Edmund, he lived before the days of local self-government.

As I said before, William Chatteris met me at the "Swan" and walked up with me to the house, where I found Anne, and was introduced to Mrs. Edmund (Eliza) Arbuthnot. Edmund was out hunting that day. I stood at the window, in the drawing-room, looking across the lawn with its cedars to the line of the Sandleford woods, the other side of the river Enbourne, when a visitor, a Miss Jones, niece to Mrs. Villebois (Mr. Villebois was then Master of the Craven Hounds), who lived at Adbury Lodge, as it used to be called, came to call upon Anne. I remember Anne mentioning that I was her brother, and had just arrived from Rugby, where I saw but few trees, and that I was very much taken up with the view, though I was only eleven years old. By the way, Miss Jones married Mr. Villebois afterwards when he was left a widower, which scandalised the neighbourhood, as he had been her aunt's husband, and I remember hearing it said that "she had taken

a great liberty with Society." There were two young people staying at Newtown that winter, James and Mary Horrocks, the children of a Mr. John Horrocks. The Edmund Arbuthnots had made acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. John Horrocks in Scotland; Mrs. Horrocks was a delicate woman, and when she died, shortly afterwards, John Horrocks allowed his daughter Mary to spend most of her time at Newtown House. He himself lived at Buckland, a house in the north of Berkshire. The beautiful country round Newtown, situated as it is on the border of a gorse- and heather-clad common, within easy distance of the Downs, often called the "Hampshire Highlands," the fishing and hunting, and the pleasant companionship and easy hospitality of the Edmund Arbuthnots and their friends, made my winter holidays a delightful recollection. The fir-wood above the village has grown considerably since those days, I can remember when there were only one or two clumps of trees, and when Sydmonton Common was really an open common!

In 1835 William Chatteris bought the estate of Sandleford in the adjoining county of Berkshire, but divided only from the village of Newtown by the river Enbourne. The house known as Sandleford Priory had been, in early days, about the end of the twelfth century, a priory for Austin Canons dedicated to St. John the Baptist. In the reign of Edward IV. it was made over to the Dean of Windsor. For more than a hundred years it had belonged to the Montagu family, and had been a good deal added to and altered by Mrs. Edward Montagu, *née* Robinson,

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the friend of Cowper, Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and Pitt, of whose famous "feather room" in her house in Portman Square Cowper wrote:—

"The birds put off their every hue
To dress a room for Montagu."

In 1781 she wrote: "As fast as time wrinkles my forehead I smooth the ground about Sandleford. In a little while I shall never see anything belonging to me that is not pretty, except when I behold myself in the looking-glass. . . . The noble rooms which Mr. Wyatt was building, when you were at Sandleford, are now finishing with the greatest simplicity." Wyatt designed the octagon drawing-room, which connected the Priory with the disused chapel, and Adams decorated it; the chapel itself was converted into a fine dining-room by the addition of ceiling and inner walls. Mrs. Montagu joined some of the old fish-ponds together, and made walks through the woods near the House. Newtown House, the adjoining property, only divided from Sandleford by the river Enbourne, but actually in a different county, was inhabited, when Mrs. Montagu first knew Sandleford, by a family named Pocock. In a letter to the Duchess of Portland, dated December 8, 1745, Mrs. Montagu thus describes her neighbour Mrs. Pocock: "I have been petrifying my brain over a most solid and ponderous performance of a woman in this neighbourhood; having always a love to see Phœbus in petticoats, I borrowed a book written by an ancient gentlewoman skilled in Latin, dipped in Greek, and

absorbed in Hebrew, besides a modern gift of tongues. By this learned person's instruction was Dr. Pococke [her son] skilled in antique lore, while other people are learning to spell monosyllables, but Hebrew being the mother tongue, you know it is no wonder he learnt it. His gingerbread was marked with Greek characters, and he had a mummy for his jointed baby and a little pyramid for his playhouse. Mrs. Pocock lives in a village Newtown very near us, but has not visited here, so I have not had an opportunity to observe her conversation, but really I believe she is a good woman, though but an indifferent author. She amuses herself in the country so as to be cheerful and sociable at three-score, is always employed either reading, working, or walking, and I don't hear she is pedantic. . . . She always carries a Greek or Hebrew Bible to church." ¹

Richard Pococke, the son referred to in this letter, was a noted Oriental scholar and traveller. He is said to have brought seeds of cedar-trees from Lebanon and to have sown them in Highclere Park, and also in the demesne of Ardbraccon, where some of the trees are still standing. He left Newtown to his sister Elizabeth for her life.

In the Newtown Parish Register is the following entry, dated December 25, 1756: "Between seven

¹ "Mrs. Pocock was a daughter of the Rev. Isaac Milles, Rector of Highclere, a very learned man. She was succeeded at Newtown House by her son, Rt. Rev. Richard Pococke, D.D., eminent orientalist and traveller, Bishop of Meath, who died in 1768. Dr. Pococke added the 'e' to his name" (from "Elizabeth Montagu's Correspondence," vol. i.).

and eight o'clock in the morning was left by a Person or Persons unknown at the door of Mrs. Pococke, a Male Infant, who, by order of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ossory, son to Mrs. Pococke, was brought to Church the same morning and baptiz'd by the Name of Thomas Newtown, and the next Day sent to, and receiv'd in, the Foundling Hospital at London."

After William Chatteris and my sister Anne settled at Sandford my brother Charles and I spent our winter holidays with them, and I have the happiest recollections of the place. My sister Margaret, who was even then very delicate, was also often with Anne and looked on Sandford as her second home. Charles and I learned to ride in those early days. William's groom, Thomas Cockayne, gave us a few lessons, and we took to it very quickly; we rode first on ponies that William hired for us, and afterwards he lent us his own horses. We practised jumping over railings, which still exist, between Sandford Cottage and Waterleas, until the tenants of the Cottage, two maiden ladies called Bowen, remonstrated, as their railings were a good deal damaged! In those days Mr. Chatteris always drove the whole way to London in his carriage, and sent his groom thither on horseback to do his commissions.

In the winter of 1837 I went out for the first time with the Craven Hounds. During that season we had one memorable day. The meet was somewhere near Donnington—I forget the exact spot. A friend of William Chatteris's, a Mr. Cecil Turner, was also

out, and he recommended me to stick by him if I wanted to see the run, but I preferred to follow the huntsman Foote, and I rode as near to him as I could. The run ended at Elcot, and if I had followed Cecil Turner I should have seen very little of it. As I was a light weight in those days I was able to keep up with the hounds and to be in at the death, Cecil Turner arriving too late, and cursing the Elcot park wall. The huntsman gave me the brush and smeared my cheeks with blood, of which I was not a little proud. I also hunted occasionally with the "Vine," but I thought it dull work, as they generally ran over the Downs where there is little or no jumping. I remember Mr. Fellowes, who was then Master of the "Vine," and his chestnut horse with a white stocking, which figures in the print of the Vine Hunt, known as the "Duke's Meet."

My schoolfellows, George and Tom Hughes, lived near Newbury at a very nice place called Donnington Priory, which their father had bought in the thirties. George Hughes was two or three places above me in the Sixth Form at Rugby; we were both on the Upper Bench. Tom Hughes was younger. The Hugheses used to give what were called juvenile dances every winter, a mixture of children and grown-ups, to which they always asked me. George Hughes occasionally came out with the Craven Hounds, but he had not then had so much practice on horseback as I had had myself, thanks to William Chatteris. He was a charming fellow, very popular at Rugby and I believe equally so in after-life. I remember hearing William Chatteris remark that

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George Hughes had the most delightful voice he had ever heard from a youth. We met once or twice after I had gone to Haileybury, but never again in after-life. A man named Minton, who had also been in the Sixth Form at Rugby, asked George Hughes to meet me at dinner, when I was at home for a short furlough in 1860, but he was prevented from coming. Tom Hughes became the better known of the two. Many years after leaving Rugby he wrote "Tom Brown's School Days," of which Sir Henry Montgomery sent me out a copy in the year of the Mutiny. It was a remarkable book and gave a very good account of life at Rugby in our day. When I read it I was rather surprised that Tom Hughes should have been able to write such a book. I should not have been equally surprised if George had been the writer. In Rugby days George Hughes was so far the cleverer and more brilliant of the two, it seems strange to me that Tom has a notice in the "Dictionary of National Biography," while George is only mentioned incidentally in that notice. The "Memoir of a Brother," written by Tom, is a charming account of my friend George.

I remember going to Donnington Priory one day in 1837 or 1838, I think to a cricket match, and arriving rather early went with Tom Hughes to the river Lambourne, which flows through the Priory garden, and we amused ourselves by scooping crayfish out of the river with our hands. We caught a quantity in that way. Crayfish were plentiful in the Lambourne in those days, but have since entirely disappeared. George Hughes's stay at Rugby was

shortened by a row he got into when he, Mackie, who sat next me in the school, and some others were compelled to leave, owing to their not having kept sufficient order on the occasion of some of the bigger boys below the Sixth insulting a præposter at "calling over." I well remember walking up and down the cloisters a few days afterwards with George Hughes and Mackie (at the time when Dr. Arnold and the undermasters were assembled at what was called a "Masters' Levée," in the Sixth Form room, to investigate the matter), and strongly advising them to admit the charges which were made against them, in so far as they were true, which advice, I believe, George Hughes carried out, from what fell from Dr. Arnold subsequently. That was in the year 1839.

In those days three of my father's sisters lived in the neighbourhood of Long Ditton—"Aunt Langley" at "Southborough," a house between Surbiton and Ditton; "Aunt Corkran" at Long Ditton; and "Aunt Vesey" at Esher. My father's third sister, Fanny, married Mr. Augustus Smith, of Ashlyns, Hertfordshire. Her only child, a boy, was thrown from his pony and killed. She never got over the shock, and died in 1811, when she was quite a young woman. Her husband married again, and his son by his second wife assumed the name of Smith-Dorrien.

There was a great intimacy between the Corkrans and Mrs. Norton, one of the beautiful Sheridan sisters, and her sister Mrs. Blackwood, afterwards Lady Dufferin. They rented a house belonging to

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Mr. Corkran, the garden of which adjoined his own garden at Long Ditton. My cousin Carrie Campbell, Mrs. Corkran's youngest daughter, used to tell a story about Mrs. Norton. She was separated from her husband, then a London police magistrate, and after a time Mr. Norton came to call on his wife, and he came so frequently that at last she begged him to call less often or there would be a scandal about the frequency of his visits!

Southborough was a large house with a good deal of land about it. The place was left by my aunt, Mrs. Langley, to her nephew, Charles Corkran, and was eventually sold by him for about £100,000. When we were staying at Southborough, my brother Charles and I used to go over to Long Ditton to fish in a pond pretty well stocked with fish. Lord de Ros (then Colonel de Ros) was another neighbour at Boyle Farm, near Hampton, and I remember going to a party there with my sister Anne and Mr. Chatteris. We were pulled up the river, somewhere near Southborough, by Colonel de Ros and a Colonel Upton. I can remember Lady Georgiana de Ros very well and was much interested, long afterwards, by reading her "Reminiscences" and her account of Waterloo, and the famous ball given at Brussels by her father, the Duke of Richmond, the night of June 17, 1815. I saw her once or twice in 1842 when I was staying at Southborough just before I sailed for India. I met her at some house at Long Ditton, and I remember my hostess telling her that I was sailing for India in a month or two, and she turned and looked at me with interest.

India was a long way off in those days! I went to a ball at Boyle Farm that year, my sister Anne having enjoined upon me to dance with Miss de Ros, which I did. She¹ married, a few years later, an artist called Swinton. I was at Sandleford in 1840 when the news came of the disastrous ending to the Cabul Mission; Charles Corkran was staying there, and after reading the account in a newspaper he remarked to me, "You'll have to exchange your pen for a sword."

¹ Mrs. Swinton's death is recorded in February, 1910.

CHAPTER IV

CHANGED PROSPECTS

Balliol or India?—Offer of cadetship—Visit to East India House—Mr. Astell—Dr. Arnold's testimonial—Nomination to writership—Visit to Woodford—Examination for Haileybury—Letter from Dr. Arnold.

IT had been arranged on leaving Rugby that I should go to Oxford, Dr. Arnold having written to Dr. Jenkyns, the then Master of Balliol, about admitting me to that College. Dr. Jenkyns wrote in answer to say, that if I went up for the Balliol Scholarship in the following year and did well, he would admit me at once. Meanwhile my thoughts were turned to India, I think by my uncle Sir Thomas, and I begged my mother to apply to my uncle Charles Arbuthnot, for his interest with the Duke of Wellington on my behalf. I was most anxious to obtain a writership. My aunt, Susanna Bingham, wrote at the end of November, 1839, to my mother, who was then in London with my brother Charles: "Alick desires me to say he has done a great deal of Paley as well as of Euclid, so you need not fear his being floored if he gets the appointment this year. He got the papers from Col. Hardy and was fagging all last evening at

Euclid; he has been as comfortable as possible ever since, and, I am sure, anxious to do just what he thinks you would wish him to do."

To this letter I added the following: "As Aunt has allowed me to write a few lines in part of her letter I wish to say a few words to you about the writership. Sir Gray Skipwith went up to town yesterday about a writership for one of his sons, who is now at the School, and Mrs. Hardy told me she believed there was to be a meeting of the directors for giving appointments on the 9th (December), which is Saturday. So that if there is any chance of one being got this year there is no time to be lost, and, as you are in London, I thought you might do something about it, as you might happen to see some one who would speak or write to Mr. Arbuthnot about it . . . it all depends on Uncle Charles. . . . I do not know whether Uncle Tom is in town yet, but you can consult with Mr. Chatteris and Anne about it, and remember Saturday is the day."

My uncle Charles Arbuthnot replied to my mother's application that it would be impossible to get a writership for me (as the appointments to the Indian Civil Service were then called); that he had applied to Mr. Astell, a member of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, with whom he was acquainted, to give me a nomination, but the only result of this application was an offer of an appointment to a cadetship in the Madras Native Infantry. This was not at all what was desired, but it was thought advisable that I should consult with some other members of my family before refusing it. I

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accordingly called at the Schoolhouse, and applied to Dr. Arnold for leave to visit Sandlesford Priory, where my uncle Sir Thomas Arbuthnot was staying with my sister Mrs. Chatteris, in order that I should consult with them as to what should be done. When I was leaving Dr. Arnold's room he asked whether I did not require a testimonial, and then and there proceeded to write one out. It was very short but favourable, and proved to be one of the most valuable documents I ever received. I accordingly went to Sandlesford, and while there received the following letter from the Rev. Algernon Grenfell, one of the Rugby Masters :—

“MY DEAR ARBUTHNOT,—I was very sorry that I had not time to talk to you before you left Rugby about your future destination, and therefore, as ere long that destination may be fixed beyond recall, I do feel a great desire to write to you, and to tell you what my own feelings about you are, and I shall venture to do so though Mrs. Arbuthnot does not know the subject of my letter to you, and though I may perhaps be talking very much in the dark about matters that others are much better judges of than myself. About India, and the infantry cadetship, of course I must bow to the opinion of others ; but about the prospects before you at the University, I have more opportunity of judging, and, as I think from all I can learn, that a good deal of misapprehension exists in your own and your friends' minds about them, I feel it only fair to state to you what I think is the case, and I must then, of course, leave you to your own right

feeling and judgment in the decision you come to. Confessing ignorance on the subject, still, as far as I do know I do not think the infantry cadetship is the thing for which your education here has fitted you. The most natural course before you would be the University, for which, as far as I know you, both nature and education have much more fitted you than a soldier's life. The objection is that if you go to college you must take Orders, and that with your present feelings you cannot pledge yourself to such a responsibility. Now, in the first place, the taking of Orders need be no necessary consequence of your going to college, as independence in various ways is open to a man who has passed through the university and not *only secured by his becoming a clergyman*. To mention no others, an immediate source of independence at Oxford, to a man who gets a good degree, is the taking private pupils at Oxford, and this, with a resolute determination to hard work, you may almost certainly reckon on. I mention one only among *various* ways of being independent, for the University and the world will then be open before you, and a man of good attainments and fair abilities carries his fortune in his own hand, if he is one seriously bent upon *work*. There seems to me, then, no earthly reason why you should clog the consideration of going to college with taking Orders as an irreparable accompaniment of it. But even supposing it were to follow, I cannot think that anything but a mistaken notion of something or other would ever make a Christian shrink back with such unwillingness to

undertake the responsibility of it which you are described to be as feeling. The common notion that clergymen must be something above other men, or what is really the true way of putting it, that other men need not be so particular as clergymen, is a snare of the devil, which need only be looked at to see that it is a snare to lead men on in their self-indulgence, and to blind them to the fact that the being a *Christian* is a motive that is still higher than all distinctions of clergy and laity. I am sure that your own good sense would suggest to you all that I could say on this point, and I do not wish to say more about it. For the question of going to college need not be clogged with the notion of taking Orders. If I have understood things correctly, your friends would not object to your going to Oxford. If it is so, there is yet another reason, besides what I have mentioned, for preferring it, and that is what I need hardly mention—I mean your mother. Your youngest brother must leave her. On your going to India *she will be left alone*—a thought which I well know as far as feeling went, would make you sacrifice all your own for hers. But as a matter of feeling I do not mention it. It is a question of how far, under the present circumstances it is *right* to leave her. I again say I leave you to your own judgment, and to that of your friends, who know much more of the whole matter than I do. Knowing, however, what I do, I will venture, at the risk of being thought to busy myself in others' concerns, to tell you what I think of it. I will only say in a matter of so much moment as

the choice of your future path in life, do not decide without asking counsel of One who will listen to, and answer you, and who cares for you much more than any of your friends on earth. Ask him *faithfully, confidently, and perseveringly*, for the advice, and then whatever your decision is I shall trust it as the best.

“Believe me, my dear Arbuthnot,

“Your very sincere friend,

“ALGERNON GRENFELL.”

Mr. Grenfell's advice was no doubt good, but my feelings have always been, that if I had followed it and gone to Oxford, with a view to entering the Church as a means of livelihood, I should never have been fitted to make a good clergyman. Leaving my mother alone was, no doubt, a weighty consideration, but my sister Margaret and my Aunt Susanna were then alive, and going to India at an early age rendered me at once independent, and enabled me to help my mother in a way I could not otherwise have done. My mother was an excellent woman, and devoted to her children; her action in going to Rugby was very unselfish, and, so far as regarded our interest, extremely wise. It enabled us to obtain an excellent education, and to make our first real start in life. If she had not gone to reside in Rugby, but had remained in Ireland, my life, at least, would have been mapped out on very different lines. After a week's stay at Sandford it was decided that I should accept the cadetship, leaving it for future consideration whether this decision should be adhered to.

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I accordingly went to London, accompanied by Sir Thomas, and called at the East India House in Leadenhall Street, where we were received by Mr. Astell, and sent by him to the office of the Military Department in order that I might execute the necessary papers. While this was being done, I took out of my pocket the testimonial which Dr. Arnold had given me, and asked whether it was required. The clerk said no, but that I had better let him take it with the other papers. Mr. Astell, when we were leaving his room, had asked us to return, after the requisite papers had been signed. This we did, and on re-entering the room Mr. Astell said: "Well, Sir Thomas Arbuthnot, I have decided after all not to give your nephew a cadetship. I know Mr. Charles Arbuthnot was anxious to obtain a writership for him. Since you left me I have seen a testimonial which has been given to your nephew. I am not acquainted with Dr. Arnold, but I have heard a good deal about him, and I am convinced that he would not have given the testimonial which I have just seen unless there had been good grounds for it. I have therefore determined to give your nephew a writership to Madras, which I find is at my disposal, and I hope he will do me credit at Haileybury. I must ask you now to go to the clerk in the Civil Department, in order that the necessary papers for your nephew's nomination to a writership may be drawn up." This was done, and I left the East India House in possession of a nomination which my friends had been anxious to procure for me.

The incident which I have just described was one of the most important incidents in my life. It gave me admission into a most desirable branch of the public service, which combined high pay and responsible duties, such as I could not have hoped to attain to in any other walk in life.

My sister Anne Chatteris wrote to my mother as follows on hearing the news :—

“SANDLEFORD PRIORY,

“*Wednesday, December 18, 1839.*

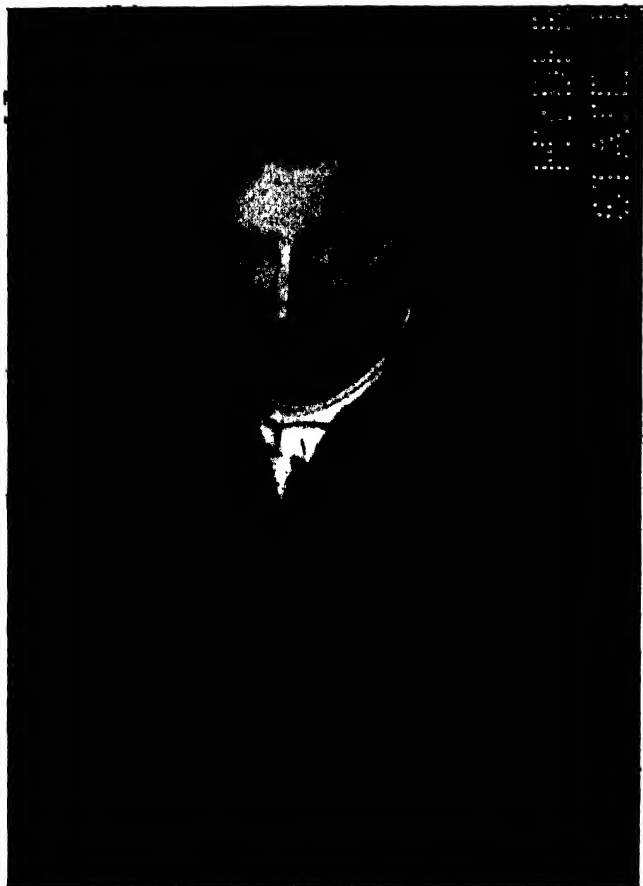
“You may well imagine our astonishment and joy at hearing of the wonderful change in dear Alex’s prospects. I really could hardly believe my senses when Uncle Tom arrived and told us the joyful news. Is it not providential? and how much we have to be thankful for! I can think of nothing else. I really think he is a most fortunate boy, and after all the disappointment caused by the cadetship, the *Godsend*, which it certainly is, comes doubly welcome. Accept of our warmest congratulations, dearest Mrs. Arbuthnot: while I am rejoicing over Alex’s good fortune, I feel so happy on your account, for in every point of view few things could have offered which would have been so advantageous for him. Instead of going out at once as an inexperienced boy, he will not go now till he is nearly twenty, an age at which you need have no fears for him, and you will have the enjoyment of seeing him twice a year, I suppose. Sir Thomas is quite delighted and pleased altogether at the way in which Mr. Astell did it. I trust dear Alex will be prepared for the examination. I suppose

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he will have to work hard, but he will be happy enough to do that, with such a good thing *staring him in the face*. May he prosper in every way! Give him my affectionate love and congratulations—and now my dear Mrs. Arbuthnot I must give you William's message, which is that he desires me to tell you with his best love that he will bear all the expense of Haileybury, and that he is most happy at this bright prospect for Alex. Indeed, I never saw him happier than when he heard of it. Everybody says his fortune is made. Have you got a paper of the regulations and expenses of the College? If you have I wish you would send it to us. Margaret shares in the general rejoicing; Uncle Tom begs that I will again urge Charley to be diligent while he is at Rugby 'to work very hard.' He is most anxious about them, and we can never forget his kindness. How fortunate it was he went with Alex to the India House! No doubt his going and *seeing* Mr. Astell was the means of this happy result being brought about. I long to hear how Susanna got home. I hope you all met in safety and happiness yesterday evening."

My Uncle Charles Arbuthnot wrote to me as follows :—

"I have not for a long time received so much pleasure as I did from hearing that Mr. Astell had been able to give you a writership. The Duke of Wellington had told me that it was next to impossible



RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES ARBUTHNOT.

(From a miniature lent by Mrs. Arthur Arbuthnot.)

to get one. The directors give them to their own relations, or to their intimate friends. I was only acquainted with Mr. Astell from having known him formerly in the House of Commons. I most sincerely wish you and your brother all the happiness and prosperity that this world can afford. I shall wish to see you and your brother before you settle at the College, and before he returns to Woolwich. I go to Woodford on Monday next, the 23rd. Come when you like, both of you. You had better not wait till Sir Thomas comes, as his coming will be very uncertain. . . . At the Angel Inn, Northampton, you will find a coach which will bring you both within a few hundred yards of my house. If you will write the day before your coming, a servant shall be at the bottom of the lane to bring up your clothes. You had better come soon, as I may be obliged to go from home for a day or two."

[The two brothers duly paid their visit to Woodford, and their mother received the following letter from Mr. Charles Arbuthnot, dated December 28, 1839:—

"I can't let your sons go back without saying that I think there never were more pleasing youths; and I regret that I cannot have them longer with me. They are in manners, appearance, and intelligence everything that one could wish; and I pray to God that they may prosper in life. Indeed, I have no fear of the contrary."]

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My cousin Marcia Cholmondeley wrote to my mother from Strathfieldsaye :—

“I must add in a line to my father’s frank to express to you how very happy I am to find that your son has obtained a writership after all. It indeed appears most providential that this one should have become vacant, as they are so difficult to procure. I trust it may please God to give him health and assistance in his course in life, and that your children may all turn out as you could wish. We were for a few days at Woodford, but as my father could not come home to meet us, the Duke of Wellington asked us to stop here on our way home, to see him, and we came here yesterday, and to-morrow we hope to reach home. Our eldest boy is coming home from school to-day.”

My course of life was now definitely decided upon, and the next step was getting through the pass examination for Haileybury. I have already mentioned the kindness of my cousin Henry Arbuthnot, and his wife, Lady Charlotte, in inviting me to their house in Chester Street, Belgrave Square, during the week in January that the examination lasted. The following letter was written by me to my sister Mrs. Chatteris.

“CHESTER STREET,

“*January 13, 1840.*

“I have just returned from the India House, and I thought you would like to know how I got off to-day. I was examined in Greek Testament and

mathematics, and in Greek Testament I got off very well indeed, for he put me on in two places, and I construed it all right and answered all his questions right. I hope this will counterbalance my deficiency of the other things. I did all my Euclid and part of my arithmetic, but I had not time to finish it as we had only three hours altogether. But on the whole I did better than I expected. The examiner, Mr. Dale, gave me a great deal of advice about Haileybury, and added that he had no doubt of my *passing this time* from the way I did my Greek Testament; but that is only one thing out of a good many, so I must not be too sanguine, as I dread the history paper very much. . . . The examination will end on Wednesday, and I will write you a line as soon as it is over to tell the result. I am now going to work at my Paley in which I shall be examined tomorrow."

I got through the trial satisfactorily, and returned to my home at Rugby. My mother greatly valued a kind letter of congratulation which she received early in 1840 from Dr. Arnold, which I have also kept through my long life.

"Fox How,

"January 19, 1840.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I am truly obliged to you for your kind letter, and am rejoiced to hear that he went through his examination for Haileybury so well. It gave me great pleasure to hear that he had succeeded in obtaining a writership. There are few

situations in life which I should more covet for my sons, as none, I think, offer a finer field for the exercise of any great and good quality. My sincerest good wishes attend both your sons on their onward course in life. We are all well, and Mrs. Arnold, I think, has derived benefit from her stay here, which is now drawing very nearly to its close. She unites with me in very kind remembrances and regards to Miss Bingham and yourself, and believe me to be, dear Madam, with very sincere respect,

“Very faithfully yours,

“T. ARNOLD.”

My eight years of school life at Rugby were now over. I had spent nearly two years in the Sixth Form, and had consequently filled the honourable post of præpositor. I find among old papers what would now be called a “cheeky” letter from my sister Margaret, written in February, 1838, and beginning :—

“MR. PREPOSTOR,—Your honour’s most gracious letter was received by me the Wednesday after you went. I think myself honoured by receiving a letter from a prepostor, but certainly Mr. P. was not then promoted to his new dignity, or he assuredly would not have deigned to address such an insignificant being as I am. I now suppose that Mr. Prepostor is shirked by all the boys, except those of the Fifth with whom he was before intimate, lest they should feel his heavy arm. It is a very great pity that Mr. P. left his servant his stick, it would have made such

a good cane. I am aware that I take a great liberty in addressing such a learned gentleman as Mr. P., but, hoping that all mistakes will be forgiven, I have ventured to do so." She goes on to say: "As you may suppose, I was very much surprised to hear of your promotion. I can hardly fancy you strutting about with a cane; you must look like a *Peahen* suddenly grown into a *Peacock*. Excuse the resemblance."

At the time when I left Rugby, Theodore Walrond was next above me and George Granville Bradley (afterwards Dean of Westminster) was next below me in the Sixth Form. Bradley entered Rugby five years later than I did, at the age of fifteen; he was a month or two my junior. He got a scholarship at University College, Oxford, and a First Class in Classics in 1840. He returned to Rugby as an Assistant Master in 1846. He and I were always friends; we met again years afterwards when we were both on the Council of Marlborough College. Theodore Walrond went to Balliol, where he was Senior Mathematical Scholar in 1847, and he also obtained a First Class in Classics in 1846. He was for a time Secretary and Examiner to the Civil Service Commission, and afterwards became a Commissioner. He was also a remarkably nice fellow, but, alas! he and Bradley have both gone before me.

There was no reason why my mother should stay on at Rugby when her two sons had both left the School, and in the spring of 1840 she gave up

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her house on the Hillmorton Road and, after a few months, settled at Cheltenham, where she resided until her death. We had several friends at Rugby from whom we parted with regret. On one side of us lived Mrs. Ward, sister to Dr. Arnold, and on the other side a Colonel Hardy, who had retired from the Bombay Artillery, with whose family we were very intimate. His sons went as day-boys to the School, as did my brother Charles and myself. I paid the Hardys a visit in 1842 before going out to India, when I saw Dr. Arnold for the last time. When I arrived in India the sad news of his sudden death awaited me.

CHAPTER V

HAILEYBURY, 1840-41

Life at Haileybury—Le Bas—Dr. Jeremie—The Professors—Prizes—Monier Williams—Edward Lushington—William Grey—Robert Cust and W. Seton-Karr—The *Haileybury Observer*—Introduction of Rugby football—Death of Margaret Arbuthnot.

ON January 23, 1840, I entered Haileybury, at that time the College which young men nominated to the Indian Civil Service had to pass through. On my arrival I wrote to my sister Mrs. Chatteris,—

“EAST INDIA COLLEGE,
“January 24, 1840.

“I arrived here last night, at about eight o'clock, for the roads were dreadfully bad, and as I was told that the railway was stopped up I was obliged to go in the coach. . . . When I was in London yesterday I saw Newman,¹ and he gave me a message from Mr. King saying that he had spoken to Mrs. Le Bas's brother (alias 'Brown Stout') and

¹ A fellow-Rugbeian and an intimate friend.

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would send me a letter to the Le Bas' from himself immediately."

Mr. King was a man about town, known as "Toe-King." William Chatteris said that the name originated in his habit of treading on the toes of well-known people and then apologising, and in that way he managed to scrape acquaintance with them!

The change from the Sixth Form at Rugby to Haileybury was very great. At the latter place I, then a boy of seventeen, mixed with young men ranging from the age of twenty-two and upwards. In these circumstances the life was, of course, more free than it was at Rugby, but the change was in some ways by no means for the better. The change between daily contact with Dr. Arnold, the great man who for some twelve years had administered Rugby and had made it a model public school, to the society of a Principal and Professors who, whatever their attainments might have been, were as men vastly inferior to the great Headmaster, was decidedly a change for the worse, while the position of a student at the East India College was far less responsible than that of a Rugby præpositor. The tone of Haileybury was decidedly low, nor was it improved by the great differences which existed in the ages of the students. The College contained boys of sixteen and young men whose ages reached to nearly twenty-three, which was the limit of age for admission into the Indian Civil Service. The freedom which was necessary in the case of the latter was not suited to boys of a school-going

age. However, the freedom of the life was enjoyable, and some of the Professors were very distinguished men in their respective branches of knowledge.

The Rev. Charles Webb Le Bas had been Principal for some years. He was said to be a scholar, but he did not impress me as at all a strong man. He was always kindly and courteous. I once went to apply for leave of absence for a short time owing to the dangerous illness of my sister Margaret, and nothing could have exceeded the kindness of his manner and his expressions. The Dean, Dr. James Amiraux Jeremie, who was Classical Professor, was a most accomplished classical scholar, and a learned Divine. His lectures were exceedingly erudite and very interesting to those students who had made some progress in classical learning. His sermons in the College chapel were very impressive. The Mathematical Professor, Mr. (afterwards Canon) Heaviside, was an accomplished Cambridge mathematician, and a most genial man. Mr. Richard Jones, one of the original Tithe Commissioners, was Professor of History and Political Economy. He was an eccentric man, but very able, and his lectures were full of interest. Empson, the Law Professor, a very shy man, but I believe a sound lawyer, was a very indifferent lecturer. His voice was so weak that very few of the students could in any way profit by his lectures. In the Oriental studies Professor Johnson, a very hard-working man, who had studied in Europe Sanscrit and Persian and one or two of the vernacular languages

of India, and took great pains to assist those among the students who were willing to profit by his instructions, was to idler students rather a butt in consequence of some peculiarities of manner. I found him a very good fellow and acquired, under his instruction, a fair knowledge of Telugu, one of the Madras vernaculars, and made some slight progress in Sanscrit. I also acquired a smattering of Hindustani. In each of the various subjects of study prizes were given at the end of each term, and medals to those students who were first in each subject at the end of the last term. It fell to my lot to win the Telugu prize in the second and third terms, and the medals in Classics and in the Telugu language in the last term. At the end of my last term I translated into Sanscrit the opening lines of the "Iliad," as an extra, which so pleased Dr. Horace Hayman Wilson, the Sanscrit Examiner and Professor of Sanscrit at Oxford, that I found he had been rather disposed to award the medal in that language to me instead of to Schalch, another student, who had taken up a much larger quantity of "extra" than I had. Among my fellow-students at the East India College were Monier Williams, who never went to India, but won a Sanscrit Scholarship at Oxford, went to Cheltenham College as Assistant Professor, and afterwards filled the chair of Sanscrit at Oxford. Edward Lushington was another contemporary, delightful companion and excellent *raconteur* even in his youth. I remember well the stories he told us in the College about his runs with the York and Ainsty hounds. In his

first term he got into rather a wild set, and by the advice of Le Bas he remained away from Haileybury for a term and was with a private tutor in Yorkshire. He was a son of the celebrated judge, Dr. Lushington, friend of Wilberforce and of the Gurneys and Buxtons and Amelia Opie. He went to Bengal, so that we did not meet in India until I went to Calcutta in 1855. Subsequently Edward Lushington and his wife came down to Madras to stay with a cousin of his, James Law Lushington, who had been at the East India College with us. Franklin Lushington, another cousin, was also in Madras. He had been at Rugby with me, but was several years my senior.

Among the seniors in the College when I entered was William Grey (afterwards Sir William Grey), a son of the then Bishop of Hereford, and nephew of Earl Grey, the Prime Minister. Grey went to Christ Church when he was eighteen, but left Oxford without taking his degree, on being appointed by his cousin, Lord Howick (third Earl Grey), to a clerkship in the War Office. While at the War Office he was nominated to a writership in the Bengal Civil Service, by one of the directors of the East India Company. He was at Haileybury from January, 1839, to July, 1840. He was several years my senior, but was always very kind to me.

He was very idle in those days and was rusticated in his first term on account of having allowed a somewhat disorderly wine-party to sit late in his room, but he made up for all delinquencies in his second and third terms, and already showed indications of the talent which he afterwards displayed in India,

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and which made him one of the ablest men in the Bengal Civil Service. Robert Cust and Walter C. S. Seton-Karr (we called him "Seton" at Rugby) were in the term below me. Seton-Karr was a favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold's and was a brilliant classical scholar. He was one of the Editors of the *Haileybury Observer* in my day; I have a copy of Parts I. and II. bound together, and find in it many forgotten jokes and allusions. One of my effusions is in Greek verse, signed "A Lover of Cricket." Sir Steuart Bayley, in his chapter on "College Literature" in the volume of "Memorials of Old Haileybury College," edited by Monier Williams, thus mentions the *Observer*: "From December, 1839, to September, 1840, the *Observer* failed to appear. After the literary activity of the previous year there had been a lull, but at the latter date it came out, none the weaker for its long quiescence, under an entirely new Editorial Committee, and with almost a wholly new set of writers. At no time in the whole life of the magazine was it so brilliant as in these years. Among the contributors to Part II. I find a leading part taken by A. J. Arbuthnot, Clive Bayley, Robert N. Cust (whose classical and quasi-classical contributions were a new feature), W. S. Seton-Karr, who was equally at home in translations from the Greek, in classical parodies and in local squibs; and Monier Williams, to whose guiding hand are due the introductory notices, and whose contributions include translations from the Greek, descriptions of travel, and verses of serious intent."

I wrote to my sister Anne :—

“ E. I. COLLEGE,

“ *March 6, 1840.*

“ I have now a great deal to do, for the Easter examination is coming, and the Sanscrit is very difficult. The Classics is not very difficult, but there is a great deal of it, and therefore it takes a great deal of time. I have not been very well this last day or two, for there was a pane in my window broken, two nights running, which has given me rather a bad sore throat. . . . I have not been able to change my room, and shall not be able to do so till next term, and I am then going to have one of Grey's rooms if he gets out. The Monthly Reports came out last Monday, and I had a very good one. . . . I am a subscriber to a reading-room which we have here, and we see all the papers; and I have seen a great deal about the runs the Vine Hounds have had, but nothing about the Craven. We are to have a ball here on the 9th of April, to which all the students have subscribed, in honour of Miss Le Bas', the Principal's daughter's, marriage. . . .”

“ E. I. COLLEGE,

“ *May 10, 1840.*

“ We are hard at work again, and I am taking up an extra in Sanscrit in the hopes of getting a *Great* at the end of the term. I had a letter from Mamma this morning, saying that they are to leave Rugby on Tuesday. . . . I have not been out fishing since I came here, but I have played cricket a good deal, and I believe I am in the Eleven. The country about

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here is very pretty now that the trees have come out. It only wants four weeks to the examination, for it lasts three weeks, and the Sanscrit examination will be much harder than it was at Easter. I have not heard from Charles since my return, but I suppose he is hard at work. There has been a great row in College about some of the students having gone to a badger-bait contrary to the orders of the Dean, and some were very near being rusticated ; but we supposed it had all passed over, and I believe nothing more would have been done, when last night some of the students broke a number of windows, and there is to be a council to-morrow, and they say that something very serious will be done. But I am glad to say that I have had nothing to do with either affair. . . . I have got very little news to tell you, for it is the same thing day after day."

I played football a good deal at Haileybury, and helped to introduce Rugby rules. In 1897 I wrote as follows to the Committee of the "Old Rugbeian Society," who were occupied in tracing the origin of Rugby football :

"When I went to Rugby in 1832, the practice of running with the ball was in full force, and I never heard, until I read your letter this morning, when or under what circumstances it had commenced. When I went from Rugby to Haileybury, then the East India College, in 1840, I found the Harrow game in vogue there. I thought it a stupid game and got a committee appointed to devise a new game. The

committee consisted of a Harrow boy, a Woolwich boy, who had also been at Rugby, and me. We abolished running with the ball, but with this exception adopted the Rugby rules as to 'off your side,' &c. . . ."

In April, 1840, my mother gave up her house at Rugby, and prepared to take a house, temporarily, at Anglesey, near Gosport. My sister Margaret was staying with her sister Mrs. Chatteris at the time, and I conducted her from Sandleford to the south of Hampshire. She describes in a letter to her sister our journey, which seems to have been a roundabout one from Southampton to Gosport, as she mentions that after leaving Southampton we touched at Cowes, Ryde, and Portsmouth. After our arrival my mother wrote the following to Anne; her letter was written on a large sheet of paper, folded and sealed, as was still the custom in those days:—

"As Margaret was anxious to be the first to tell you of their safe arrival, I told her I would add a few lines. You may suppose how happy I feel at having them all again with me. Dear Alex is looking very well indeed, but completely grown into the man, and he certainly is a very *good-looking* one, and as affectionate as ever. . . ."

My recollections of Anglesey, or Alverstoke, as it would generally be called now, are not very distinct, though I recognised much of it when I went there sixty-four years later. The floating bridge is still

in existence, though the steam-ferries are newer. I remember seeing Lord Hill hold a review on Southsea Common. Charlie and I walked to Gosport and crossed Portsmouth Harbour on the floating bridge.

Lord Hill was then a stout man and was said to be very like my uncle Sir Robert Arbuthnot. He was at that time Commander-in-Chief of the Army. I dined at the Mess of the 15th Foot twice, having been invited first by Charles Astell, son of the Mr. William Astell who had given me my nomination to a writership, and afterwards by Charles Horrocks, then a Captain in the 15th Regiment, a brother of Mary Horrocks, who lived at Newtown House with the Edmund Arbuthnots. Lord Charles Wellesley, second son of the Duke of Wellington, who commanded the 15th Foot, was present on both occasions. I also dined at the Mess of the 72nd Highlanders, which my cousin Charles Arbuthnot, my uncle Charles's eldest son, was commanding. At the Mess of the 72nd there was much less geniality than there was at the Mess of the 15th. Charles Arbuthnot was a stiff sort of man, and it struck me he was not at all on such easy terms with the officers of his regiment as Lord Charles Wellesley was. But I saw both regiments on parade on Southsea Common, and it was evident, even to my unmilitary eye, that the drill and training of the 72nd Highlanders was far superior to that of the 15th Foot.

My sister Margaret was then a very attractive girl. I remember hearing my uncle Sir Thomas allude to his beautiful niece on the occasion of our interview with Mr. Astell at the East India House; but she



CHARLES AND HENRY ARBUTHNOT.

(From a pencil drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)

had always been delicate, and her fatal illness began soon after my mother had left Rugby, and had settled at 13, Rodney Terrace, Cheltenham. I find a letter from Margaret, dated from that town, in December, 1840, when I was still at Haileybury, asking me to bring Arnold's "Rome" with me when I returned for the Christmas vacation, and also "Lord of the Isles," "Rokeby," and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," as she was very anxious to read them. She mentions also that her mother had seen our aunt, Lady Arbuthnot, the second wife of Sir Robert, who has been very kind to them, and my eldest brother George's son and daughter, George and Susan, who were with their grandmother, Mrs. Ormsby, at Cheltenham. The following spring I wrote to my sister Anne:—

"E. I. COLLEGE,

"*March 27, 1841.*

"I have just seen the list and I find that I have gained in the examination, for I am fourth and have got above all the other Madras men. I hope I shall be able to keep it. I was 1st in Teloogoo. . . . I hope you will come here in June as you say, but you must think *one* prize quite sufficient. I was staying at Rugby with the Hardys, and enjoyed very much seeing all my old friends, who seemed very glad to see me. The School is very much altered, for a great many of the old ones have left."

Shortly after this letter was written a summons came for me to go to Cheltenham on account of my sister Margaret's serious illness, and, as I have said,

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the Principal gave me the required permission in the kindest manner possible. In May Margaret died, and was buried in Trinity Church, at Cheltenham. It was the greatest calamity which could have befallen my mother, as we, my brother Charles and I, had looked on our sister as her mother's companion, when we were far away. It was fortunate that my aunt Susanna Bingham, who was most tenderly attached to her sister, was with her for the next twenty years, or her life would indeed have been a solitary one.

I left the East India College at the end of 1841. George (afterwards Sir George) Campbell succeeded to my room on my leaving the College. He was not particularly popular among his fellow-students, and some of them urged me very much to destroy the paper in my room in order that he might be compelled to re-paper the walls. This I refused to do, but on my re-visiting Haileybury, after I had left the College, I found that the mischief which I had refused to sanction had been perpetrated, and the walls of the room had been defaced with ink, which George Campbell had not troubled to cover with fresh paper ! It was from the window of this room, looking on the quadrangle, that Pendock Tucker jumped one evening disregarding my warning, and narrowly escaped alighting on the head of the Dean, Mr. Jeremie, who happened to be passing at the time, and was doubtless much astonished at Tucker's unlooked-for appearance.

CHAPTER VI

ROUND THE CAPE

Farewell to London—Sir Robert Peel's Income Tax speech—Madeira—The "buoyancy of youth"—Mauritius—A disagreeable incident—The Madras coast—Dinner at Guindy—"Out of College"—Madras in 1842—Lord Elphinstone—Lord and Lady Tweeddale—An incident at Albuera—Hunting in India—Surprising news.

IN the early months of 1842 I was in London staying with my sister Anne and William Chatteris, in Lower Brook Street. William mounted me and I rode in the Park in the afternoon; it was not the fashion to ride in the Park in the morning in those days. I rode in a frock-coat, and tall hat, and trousers with straps. I used to meet the Queen and Prince Albert driving in a low phaeton with postillions, and always took off my hat to them and received a gracious bow in return from both. I saw Count D'Orsay often, driving in the Park and in Piccadilly in a cabriolet, and Lady Blessington was pointed out to me in the Park, but she was not with Count D'Orsay. I was riding one day with my cousin Edmund Arbuthnot, when I noticed a very pretty woman with a beautiful figure, who was also riding.

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I expressed my admiration in strong terms, and when we left the Park was much chaffed by Edmund, who told my sister Anne Chatteris that I had an eye for beauty. It was the notorious Laura Bell.

In February, 1842, I went to the House of Commons with William Chatteris and his friend Cecil Turner. As we were entering the House Sir Robert Peel was speaking, and I heard him in a sonorous voice allude to the Mutiny of the Nore. It was his famous speech introducing the Income Tax. Peel struck me as a fine-looking man with a fine voice. He was answered by Lord John Russell, a small man, with a very poor voice. Lord John was then Leader of the Opposition, but we did not stay to hear him finish his speech.

About that time I remember going with the Chatterises and my cousins, George Vesey and Charles Corkran, to a whitebait dinner at Greenwich. The General Election was going on at which the Tories came in after a long exclusion from office. While we were at dinner Lord Charles Wellesley arrived and told us that "Johnny Russell is out." He was member for the City of London at that time.

The overland route to Bombay was then just opened, but I was strongly advised by a retired Madras civil servant not to attempt that route, as at the time of year I was going out (May) I should have to go by ship from Bombay to Madras in the height of the south-west monsoon. I therefore took my passage in one of Green's sailing ships, and prepared to make the voyage round the Cape in the *Northumberland*. My cabin had to be furnished for

the long voyage, with a sort of bed-sofa which turned up in the daytime and the usual bedroom furniture. It was on deck, the "booby-hutch" as it was called, the corresponding cabin to the Captain's, and though small was far more airy than the larger cabins on the lower deck. My brother-in-law, William Chatteris, to whom I already owed so much, continued his kindness, and saw to the furnishing of my cabin.

Anne wrote to my mother :—

" LOWER BROOK STREET,

" May 17, 1842.

" . . . I can quite understand all you must feel, and all you will feel, though you must not look upon the parting as you do, *the time* will pass quickly after just the *first*, and how much less *anxiety* you need have, to what many other parents suffer who have not the same reason to *depend* on their sons. . . . Dear Alex and I received the Sacrament on Sunday, and I think it was a solemn moment to us both. I felt it much myself, and I saw that my beloved brother was deeply impressed. I thought *then* that you had not *laboured in vain*. God grant that you may live to see the fruits of all you have done for your children. Charlie is to spend Thursday with us, his own birthday as well as the Queen's, so that he has a holiday, which he will enjoy, I daresay. . . . His [Alex'] cabin looked *much* more comfortable with the furniture in, his bed will be as *comfortable* as the *width* will allow of, and he will have *plenty* of *air and light*. . . ."

I will not dwell on the parting from my mother or

from Anne, who had always shown me so much kindness, and had taken me under her special care, ever since the days when I was said by some of my family to be an ugly baby, and she maintained that I was nothing of the sort, to these days of early manhood, when she had been my best friend. It was a good thing, perhaps, that we could not then know what the future held and that we were never to meet again.

I found my last letter, dated Portsmouth, May 22, 1842, among my mother's papers. "I would give anything to know how you are, my dear mother, but I shall not know that for some time, I fear. I hope you will endeavour to feel how fortunate I am in getting such a good appointment, and turn your thoughts to the brighter prospects which are before me. I have no doubt I shall be very happy. . . . I feel that there is no profession that could have offered to which I am better fitted, and no kind of life better suited to my habits and feelings. One of my greatest happinesses will be to be enabled to assist you and render you more independent of other people, for anything from me will be only a debt which I can never fully repay. . . ."

Captain Robert Warner was in command of the *Northumberland*. Among my fellow-passengers were some of the young Civil Servants who, like myself, were going out to India for the first time, also Captain G. of the Madras Artillery, Mr. and Mrs. Lyall (Mr. Lyall was going out to be Advocate-General at Calcutta,) and a young cadet of the name of Cameron, a very nice young fellow, with whom I

made friends on the voyage. Our first stop was at Madeira, where we stayed for two or three days. I remember meeting a Portuguese priest on the beach one day, who entered into conversation with me, but as I was not acquainted with the Portuguese language we did not get far. The priest then spoke in Latin, and we conversed in that tongue and got on fairly well.

Some of the young passengers, including myself, hired horses at Funchal and rode out to a place called "The Carral," a high point on the coast, some miles from Funchal. I noticed that there were heliotropes and fuchsias in flower in the hedges. Some of us had a gallop home into and through the narrow, stony, and steep streets of Funchal, after which we were summoned by the police, or some sort of municipal authority, for furious riding. We were brought before a Portuguese magistrate and, at the request of my friends, I became their spokesman. The magistrate endeavoured to impress me with the heinousness of our offence. My excuse was "that it must be put down to the buoyancy of youth." This produced a titter among my fellow-passengers, on which the magistrate, who knew but little English became very angry, evidently imagining that I had said something insolent. However, I soon appeased his wrath and we were let off with a warning not to break the municipal regulations again. It had been a race chiefly between Cameron and myself, and in clattering over the paved cobblestones every shoe came off our horses' feet. Cameron, who was posted to the 37th Madras Native Infantry, died at

Vizagapatam within a few years after his arrival in India.

The voyage was long and tedious; Captain Warner, who was a very nice man, and I became great friends. We did not touch at the Cape because it was the winter season there, and it had not been intended that we should stop anywhere after leaving Madeira. But owing to adverse winds our voyage was so much prolonged that it became a question whether we should sail straight on to Madras, being put upon rations of salt beef, or whether we should put into Mauritius, which was rather out of our course, but where a fresh stock of provisions could be laid in. I was very much in favour of going to Mauritius for the sake of seeing that island, and my fellow-passengers followed my lead. We therefore altered our course and put into Port Louis early in September. Mauritius is a very picturesque island, and I think I never saw anything prettier than the view of it as we sailed along the coast to Port Louis. Residing in Mauritius was a namesake of mine, a Mr. James Edward Arbuthnot, a partner in a mercantile firm at Port Louis, who lived some miles from the town. He, on seeing my name in the list of passengers by the *Northumberland*, very kindly invited me to stay at his house, an invitation which I accepted with alacrity, riding out thither with his brother-in-law (then Captain Staveley, afterwards General Sir Charles Staveley), who gave me a mount on one of his horses. On the morning after our arrival several of us rode to see Paul and Virginia's tomb. I stayed with the Edward

Arbuthnots, and on one of the evenings during my stay we went to a ball at Port Louis given by Mrs. Arbuthnot's father, Colonel William Staveley, afterwards General Staveley, C.B., who as senior military officer in the island, was acting as Governor, the post being then temporarily vacant. The ball took place at Government House.

The termination of our voyage was characterised by what might have been a disagreeable incident. Among the passengers was Captain G., whom I have already mentioned. He was an excitable man, and in the course of his voyage was guilty of some proceeding which led the Captain of the *Northumberland* to confine him to his cabin. This action Captain G. greatly resented, and shortly before we arrived at our destination he wrote a note to the Captain calling him out. Upon this Captain Warner asked me to act as his second, to which I agreed, though somewhat reluctantly. However, when we reached Madras it turned out that Captain G. had failed to induce any of his brother officers to be his second in the projected duel, and consequently that affair did not come off, to my great relief, as I felt that on joining the Indian Civil Service it would have been a bad beginning to appear as second in a duel. Although Captain G. was an officer in the Madras Artillery, and was for a time stationed at St. Thomas's Mount, I did not meet him again for a great many years. Some years after I had left India, and was serving as a member of the Council of India in London, it became part of my duty to inspect an asylum near London for officers of the

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Indian Army, and I found there, among the inmates, my fellow-passenger, Captain G. I reminded him of our previous meeting, and he remembered my name and that of the Captain of our sailing ship.

We arrived at our destination early in the morning of Wednesday, September 21, 1842, having left England on May 24th! As we drew near land Captain Warner remarked to me, "Here is the Madras coast," and I saw what looked like a sandy desert, and I thought to myself "What a place to spend the next ten years of my life in!" Little dreaming that with the exception of one visit to England in 1860, which, including the voyages to and fro, occupied rather less than four months, I was destined to spend the next thirty years of my life in that Presidency. The ship anchored off Madras about seven o'clock in the morning, and shortly afterwards my half-brother, Captain George Bingham Arbuthnot, who was then commanding the Madras Governor's bodyguard, came on board and took me on shore to his house. We dined that evening with the Governor, Lord Elphinstone, at Guindy, which is the Governor's country house, about six miles out of Madras. As I sat at dinner, the thought passed through my mind whether it would ever fall to my lot to fill the office of Governor and live at Guindy. This idea, after an interval of nearly thirty years, was actually realised in 1872, when, after the assassination of the Earl of Mayo, it devolved upon me, as the Senior Member of Council, to act as Governor of Madras for a few months, on Lord Napier (afterwards Lord Napier

and Ettrick) assuming the office of Governor-General.

For the first nine months of my stay at Madras I was the guest of my brother George in a house on the Mount Road. He and I had not met since 1829, when, shortly after his marriage to Harriet Ormsby, I, being a boy of seven, had stayed with him in the house of my sister Fanny Law, at Salmesbury, near Preston, before Patrick Law had been presented with the living of North Repps. George, like his sisters Anne and Fanny, was always a kind brother to me, nineteen years his junior. On our meeting in Madras, though he was so much my senior, we soon got on very intimate terms. I wrote to my sister Anne after my arrival, and she sent the letter on to my mother at Cheltenham.

“SANDLEFORD PRIORY,

“November 14, 1842.

“I send you dear Alex’s letter and I congratulate you heartily on this good acc^t of him. May God bless *him* and grant *you* every happiness in this dear child. . . . I need not tell you the happiness we both felt on reading this dear letter. Poor William *cried* over it, and we were both greatly affected at this first one from the distant land he has chosen for his present home. It is such a blessing to know he is safe and comfortable with his dear brother. Write to me and tell me you are *very* happy ab^t our darling boy.”

During the nine months of my stay in Madras with my brother George I studied Telugu and Hindostani

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with the assistance of a moonshee, passing "out of College" on December 15, 1842, and then remaining on to study for the honorary reward of a thousand pagodas (or 3,500 rupees, which in those days was equal to £350). This I obtained in June, 1843. Madras in those days and India generally were very different from what they are now. It was the custom there, as well as in other parts of India, for Englishmen to wear much lighter clothes than are worn nowadays. An Englishman's ordinary dress when dining in his own house was a white suit, or at any rate coat and waistcoat of some thin white cotton material. When dining out most Englishmen wore evening coat and trousers made of thin black cloth, but often a man carried his white jacket with him, and it was a common custom for the host, on his arrival, to request him before dinner to put on his white jacket in the verandah. When dining at Government House or at formal dinner-parties the invariable dress for a civilian was the usual black coat and trousers and white waistcoat.

Shortly after I landed the mails began to arrive from England once every month by the overland route. There were no railways in India when I first went there. The ordinary means of locomotion was the palanquin, a long sort of hollow box with sliding doors on each side, in which the traveller laid down. It was carried by native bearers, generally eight in number, who went at the rate of about four miles an hour. My first carriage was a buggy, something like the London cabriolet of that day, in which I drove myself, with the syce, or horse-keeper, running

alongside, holding on to the buggy by a leather strap. We drove Arab or country-bred horses. Australian horses became common shortly after I reached India.

The custom of taking wine with your host or fellow-guests was still common. Sherry and champagne were the most usual wines at dinner, and a good many men drank bottled beer. A story was told me of a naval captain who was dining at Government House in Lord Elphinstone's time, and had taken a good deal of wine. Old Lady Gambier (Sir E. Gambier was Chief Justice at Madras) was also dining there, and was somewhat eccentric in her dress. The naval captain happened to sit opposite to her and called to her to take wine with him. She took no notice of him, and others of the party tried to attract his attention, but he persisted in calling out, "No, no, I mean the old girl in the yellow toque," and he had eventually to be removed. This was shortly before Lord Elphinstone vacated the office of Governor.

The newspapers at that time published in Madras were the *Madras Athenæum* and the *Madras Spectator*, both published weekly; there were no daily papers. The Madras Club was founded about ten years before I reached India. When I arrived a namesake of mine, Mr. A. F. Arbuthnot, was President of the Club, and I was appointed President in 1866 and again in 1871.

In those early days the British Army in India was smaller than it is now, or than it has been since the Mutiny. There was one British regiment in Madras, at Fort St. George, namely the 57th Foot. At St.

Thomas's Mount, the headquarters of the Madras Artillery, there were several batteries stationed.

On the Saturday after my arrival a new Governor, the Marquis of Tweeddale, arrived at Madras, relieving Lord Elphinstone, who returned home. Lord Tweeddale had been intimate in England with my uncle Charles Arbuthnot, whom he used to meet at Apsley House, and therefore he was by way of being civil to me and interested in my career. Lord Tweeddale was a very different man from Lord Elphinstone. He was a soldier and had been somewhat distinguished in the Peninsular War, and he was said to be a fine swordsman and a man possessing considerable physical strength. He was not a scholar nor indeed a highly educated man. A story used to be told of him that his mode of expressing his concurrence with a Member of the Council who dissented from some proposal then before Government was to write on the paper which contained the minute of dissent the words "Nor me!" Lord Elphinstone, who was a much younger man than Lord Tweeddale, had the reputation of being a man of pleasure, and by no means devoted to his official work; but from what I saw of his work—and I saw a good deal of it in after-years—I came to the conclusion that he was a man of very good ability and that he discharged his duties very well. I only saw Lord Elphinstone once after the day of my arrival, when I accompanied my brother George on his calling to take leave of the retiring Governor. On that occasion Lord Elphinstone received me with great courtesy and kindness. I saw very little of Lord Tweeddale,

as I was then young in the Civil Service and my work, for a time, took me away from Madras; he gave me my appointment as Head Assistant of the Sadr Court in 1845, which was the first step on the ladder of promotion. Lady Tweeddale was a very handsome woman, with charming and agreeable manners. Her portrait and that of Lord Tweeddale, both by Sir Francis Grant, are in Government House in Madras, and were bought by public subscription.

Before the end of 1842 my uncle Sir Robert Arbuthnot, who had been for some time commanding the Meerut Division in Bengal, arrived at Madras on his way to England, his promotion to Lieutenant-General having compelled him to vacate his command. He stayed with my brother George for about a month before proceeding on his homeward journey. Sir Robert was an agreeable man and very popular in society. During his stay at Madras the 57th Regiment, which garrisoned the Fort, gave him a dinner, to which George and I were also invited. Sir Robert's health was drunk and speeches were made. When returning thanks for the toast of his health Sir Robert remarked that "this is not the first occasion on which the 57th have accorded to me a very warm reception." Then he referred to an incident which had taken place at Albuera, where he was present as aide-de-camp to Marshal Beresford. It was raining heavily and the soldiers wore their greatcoats. This led to the 57th mistaking a Spanish regiment for a regiment of the enemy and firing upon them, whereupon Sir Robert was sent to stop the firing. In order to do this he had to gallop between the two regiments,

waving his hat for the purpose of stopping the firing. Fortunately, he ran the gauntlet without being hit, and lived to tell the story.

In June, 1843, having made some progress in learning Telugu and Hindostani, and having, as I mentioned before, obtained the "honorary reward" of a thousand pagodas for proficiency in those languages, I was appointed assistant to the Collector and Magistrate of the Chingleput district, and took up my residence at Vellacherry, a few miles from Madras. My work at first consisted in writing abstracts of the petitions daily presented to the Collector, also in trying unimportant cases.

I got some little hunting in those early years in India. One year we had two packs of hounds near Madras, brought out from England. I never lost a chance of hunting when I could get it, whether as a schoolboy with the Pytchley, or later with the Craven and Vine, or in India, with a scratch pack, after jackals. At one time we hunted foxes near Madras with a pack of beagles. The Indian fox is a smaller animal than his English namesake, but he gives good sport for short runs, about five-and-twenty minutes. I had some pig-sticking when I was assistant at Nellore, but I had little opportunity of pursuing that sport.

An old schoolfellow of mine, George Martin, who went out to India earlier than I did, and whom I met at Cheltenham in 1841, when he was home on leave, was a clever artist, especially as a painter of animals. He and I took some long walks together, and he told me a good deal about India, and we

recalled the days when he was in the same form with me at Rugby, and he used to do drawings for me, and I did his exercises for him in return! I still possess a spirited sketch of a boar hunt which he painted for me in later days.

I kept a couple of mongrel greyhounds when I was living at Vellacherry, and went out coursing Indian foxes. Some of the men who had been in my term at Haileybury came out coursing with me, but they were mostly Scotchmen and not much good on horseback.

When I landed in India Major-General Robert Bryce Fearon, C.B., was holding, and had held for some years, the post of Deputy-Adjutant-General of British troops in Madras. General Fearon had commanded the troops on board the *Kent* East Indiaman, when, in March 1825, she was burnt at sea. His wife and children were also on board. One of General Fearon's elder daughters, named Margaret, married Sir Relph Palmer, when he was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Madras. It was said that Margaret Fearon behaved with great coolness during the terrible time in the *Kent*, and that Sir Ralph Palmer was so much struck by the account of her bravery that he determined to marry her if he ever had the chance. Early in 1844 General Fearon's health obliged him to resign his appointment and leave Madras. General Fearon's family were originally French Huguenots from the Province of Brittany, where the name, "unanglicised" as he noted in a fragment of autobiography written for his children in January, 1844, of "Féron" is still to be traced.

His ancestors fled at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and settled in Lancashire, where one of them married a Miss Capper, the daughter of a merchant, and established himself at Liverpool. General Fearon's grandfather, Robert Fearon, was also in a mercantile house at Liverpool, and was said to be "a man of considerable abilities and accomplishments, as well as an elegant poet." He married Elizabeth Campbell, eldest daughter of Archibald Campbell, of Duntroon in Argyleshire, second son of the laird of that ilk, and a Captain in the 22nd Regiment, then denominated Offarell's Regiment. The Campbells were a branch of the Duke of Argyle's family, the Lairds of Duntroon and Melfort possessing the privilege of supporting the head of a deceased Duke of Argyle at his funeral. General Fearon's father, George Fearon, born in 1760, was sent at an early age to Woolwich, and at the Academy was chum of Cadet Robert (afterwards Sir Robert) Brownrigg. Promotion in the Artillery being very slow, many young men after being educated for the Artillery at the Royal Academy, preferred entering into the Line, which they were allowed to do in those days. Robert Brownrigg and George Fearon were among the number who elected to do so, George Fearon obtaining an ensigncy in the 31st Regiment. He married Margaret, eldest daughter of Captain Bryce, of the same regiment, General Robert Bryce Fearon was twice married, the children by his second marriage consisting of four daughters, Frederica, Elizabeth, Charlotte, and Augusta, and one son, Frederick.

The following letter from George Bingham Arbuthnot, her step-son, was found among Mrs. Arbuthnot's letters ; it was dated Madras, January 20, 1844 :—

“I received your kind note of the 29th Nov^r. a day or two ago, and as I have news of importance to tell you, lose no time in replying to it. Alex is ab^t to be married. I daresay tho', you will not be more surprised to hear of it than I was—it was ab^t a week ago that he told me he had for some time been seriously thinking of proposing to Miss Frederica Fearon daughter of General Fearon, the Adj^t-Gen^l to the Queen's Troop here. . . . She is a very nice girl, very pretty and highly accomplished. . . . You will have a famous opportunity of hearing all ab^t her before long from Mrs. Arbuthnot wife of Archibald Arbuthnot of the house here, and son of old Sir Will Arbuthnot of Edinburgh. They go home next month and I fancy will go to Cheltenham as I believe Lady Arbuthnot lives there. . . . Mrs. Arbuthnot is a daughter of Sir Hugh Gough's. . . . The Fearons are great friends of the Tweeddales, and Lady Tweeddale wrote a very kind note to Miss Fearon on hearing of the approaching wedding. Alex and I went to see the Marquess to-day and he spoke very kindly to him about it—tho' he told me quietly he thought it a pity he should have determined on marrying so young. . . .”

CHAPTER VII

UP THE LADDER

Marriage—Early appointments—William Ambrose Morehead—Sir Henry Montgomery—Founding of Madras Cricket Club—112 “not out”—William Oswell—Lord Dalhousie—A “morning dress” levee—The Nilgiri Hills—Death of Anne Chatteris—Sir Henry Pottinger—Literary work—Arnold Ward.

ON February 1, 1844, I married Frederica Eliza Fearon, one of General Fearon's daughters by his second wife. We were married in St. George's Cathedral by the Rev. W. T. Blenkinsop, and shortly after my marriage I got myself transferred to the Nellore district, about a hundred miles to the north of Madras. There I served for about a year, after which Lord Tweeddale gave me the appointment of Head-Assistant to the Registrar of the Court of Sadr and Foujdàri Adàlat, and we removed to Madras, where I took a house in the part called Nungumbaukum. In the year following my appointment to the Sadr Court (1846) differences occurred among the judges which resulted in the removal by Lord Tweeddale of three of them from

their posts, and new judges were appointed to fill their places. The ablest of the new judges was Mr. William Ambrose Morehead, who speedily became a fast friend of mine. About the same time I made the acquaintance of Sir Henry Montgomery, who was then appointed Secretary to Government, and afterwards became Chief Secretary. I owed my subsequent promotion in a large measure to my friendship with these two men.

I had been fond of cricket when at Rugby and at Haileybury, and continued my devotion to the game after my arrival in India. In 1846 I was instrumental in founding the Madras Cricket Club, and fifty years later, in 1896, I received a souvenir in the shape of a programme of the Jubilee dinner of the Madras Cricket Club on which appeared my portrait as the founder! I used to play a good deal and was a fairly good bat. On one occasion, in a match between the Madras Cricket Club and the Royal Artillery at St. Thomas's Mount, I made a score of 112 not out, which exceeded the scores made by the artillerymen in their two innings put together. In my youth cricketers always played in tall black beaver hats, and I wore a similar top-hat, made of white felt, in India. I played football now and then, but it was rather too hot for that sort of fun, though I remember playing in a football match at Madras, and kicking two goals, when I was a Member of Council. In 1847 or 1848 I met an old Rugbeian, Oswell, on the Neilgherry Hills, who had been at Rugby in my time, and was a tall, good-looking, athletic fellow and a wonderful shot. I remember seeing

him throw a cricket-ball right over the top of the elms in the Rugby School Close, the ball falling on the lawn in front of Dr. Arnold's house. Oswell in 1849 joined Dr. Livingstone and with that great explorer discovered Lake Ngami.

I only once saw Lord Dalhousie, whom I have always considered the ablest Governor-General who has ever presided over the destinies of India. In 1848 he touched at Madras on his way to take up the post of Governor-General. I saw him land in a somewhat inglorious manner ; as far as I remember, he was held up by bearers under his arms, and then jumped ashore as soon as he got through the surf. I attended at a levee which he held in the Banqueting Hall in Madras a day or two after his arrival, and made my bow to him. He was a little man, but very distinguished-looking. I heard later on that he got stouter and rather lost his good looks. The civilians who attended the levee went in morning clothes, frock-coats and trousers; only the military men wore uniform. I believe this shocked Lord Dalhousie, as a levee is supposed to be a very dressy affair, but it was the custom in those days as civilians had no uniform. In 1855 he came to the Neilgherry Hills, his health being then very bad, but I did not see him, as he saw no one whom he could avoid. With Lord Dalhousie in 1848 was an aide-de-camp, Captain Francis Fane, a connection of my Uncle Charles Arbuthnot's wife, who was pointed out to me, but whom I never saw again.

I found the following account of his appointment in the volume of correspondence, before men-



HARRIETT FANE.

Second wife of Right Honourable Charles Arbuthnot.
(From a miniature lent by Mrs. Arthur Arbuthnot.)

tioned, between Lady Burghersh and the Duke of Wellington, edited by Lady Rose Weigall (p. 188): "In August, 1847, Francis William Fane (afterwards 12th Earl of Westmoreland), who was then a young subaltern, twenty years of age, in the 74th Regiment, was staying with the Duke at Walmer, recovering from an attack of fever. He was entirely alone with the Duke and Mr. Arbuthnot, and used to regret in after-life that he had not made notes of the stories they used to relate in the evenings of their reminiscences. One evening the Duke surprised him by saying suddenly: 'Francis, do you mind hot weather?' 'No, sir.' 'Are you fond of drink?' 'No, sir, I don't like wine.' 'Oh! very well.' That night he [the Duke] wrote to his mother offering to recommend the boy for India, and he was in due course appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Dalhousie, Governor-General of India."

I bought my furniture from a well-known cabinet-maker in Madras, a Frenchman called Deschamps, who was a humourist in his way. He used to sell a good deal of furniture to the Nawab of the Carnatic, who had the reputation of seldom paying his bills. Deschamps being asked one day by an Englishman how he managed to get his money from the Nawab, replied, "I charge him doobel and take half in advance." He made first-rate furniture. I have a carved writing-table of his still in my possession, a copy of one which he made for Lady Canning.

In 1846 the doctors said that my wife's health was suffering from the heat of Madras, and that it was

necessary for her to go to some cooler place, and advised me to send her for a time to the Neilgherry Hills. I had not myself then seen the "Blue Mountains" with which I afterwards became so well acquainted. Men in those days used to be sent to the Cape as a sanatorium. A man called Beauchamp, one of the best fellows I ever knew, told me he was sent on sick certificate to the Cape, and went through the grape-cure at Wynberg, near the Cape of Good Hope. He said he was ordered to eat the skins as well as the juicy part of the grape. The Neilgherry Hills were, of course, nearer and more accessible for a young civilian and his wife. We went in palanquins to Mettapolliam, three hundred miles from Madras, near the foot of the Neilgherry Hills, several days' journey, but we were young in those days and everything was new and exhilarating. We rode six thousand feet up the mountains to Coonoor, F—— on a pony and I on a horse, on a misty morning in June, a drizzling rain falling the whole of the way. The Coonoor Ghaut (or Pass) was exceptionally picturesque. The change from the arid plains of Madras to the verdant sides of the mountains was very remarkable and delightful, and we did not care a rap for the drizzling rain. We found comfortable rooms ready for us in the Hotel at Coonoor. I was not able to stay for much more than a week, but I explored the place and rode one day to Ootacamund, fifteen hundred feet higher than Coonoor. I thought it rather a dreary-looking place. I saw Lord Tweeddale there, and with him was a Colonel Felix, who was a friend of Lizzie Vesey, my first cousin, and an intimate friend

and contemporary of my sister Anne, whom I had met often at Sandleford and Newtown. He was interested in me on that account. Lord Tweeddale was a brusque sort of a man, not particularly noticeable for good manners.

In 1847 I took my wife up to Ootacamund, the climate of that place being a good deal cooler even than that of Coonoor; but the good effects of mountain air were not very lasting, and in 1848 the doctors sent her to England. Before she left she had a great shock in the death of her sister Charlotte, who had married a Mr. Serle, Registrar to the Supreme Court in Madras. William Serle was a nephew of Lady Gambier, wife of Sir Edward Gambier, Chief Justice at Madras. A short time after her child was born Charlotte Serle was seized with cholera. F—— and I were sent for, and were with her when she died shortly after we arrived, and I spent the night quite alone in the house. There was no epidemic of cholera at the time, it was merely a sporadic attack, and no one knew how Mrs. Serle had caught it.

In that year also I had a loss which I have never ceased to regret. My half-sister Anne Chatteris died at Sandleford Priory on March 15, 1848, at the age of forty-five. I learned afterwards that my brother-in-law felt her death most deeply; he shut himself up in his room for the week before her funeral, and would see no one but his groom, William Stratton, whom he sent up to London on horseback, as his custom was, on some necessary business.

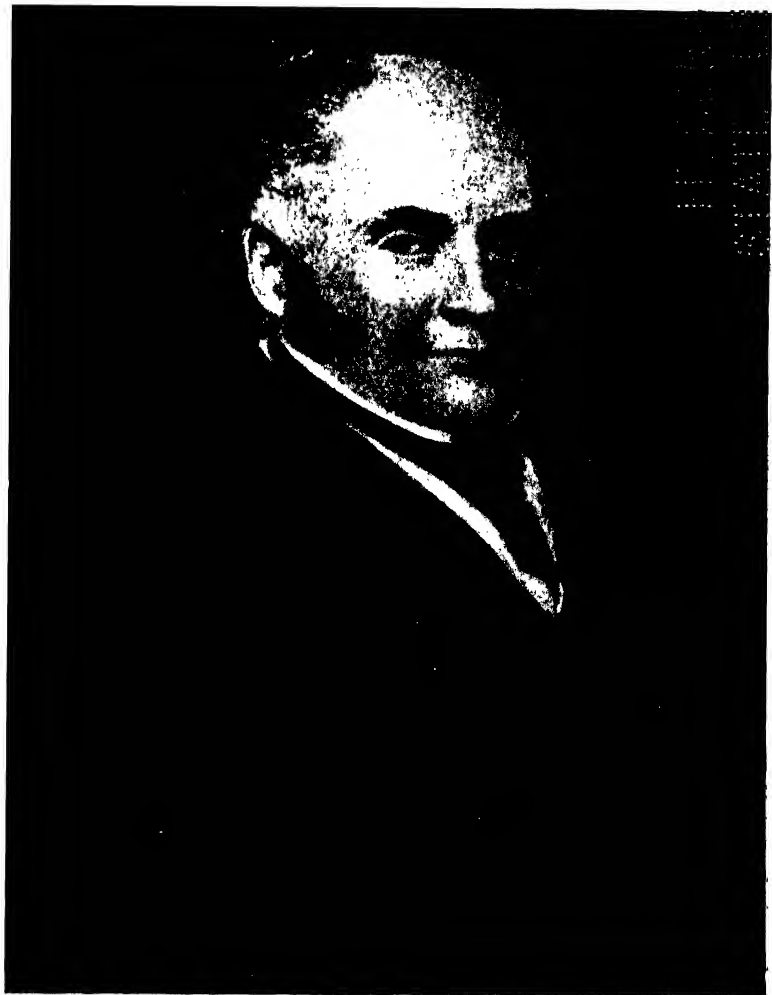
He wrote a few days-later to my mother :—

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“Dearest Anne, I can hardly realise yet that she is not with me, and I trust one day, and I don’t care how soon, that our spirits will be reunited, and that we can serve the same Gracious God together for ever and ever. It is a most comforting feeling as you say, to think that there is a recognition after death with those who are gone before us, and it is singular how dear Anne a few hours before she died was calling for her father and mother and dear little Margaret, and how these dear ones for a while absorbed her thoughts. Death in every sense was *indeed* to her a gain, but to those who are left, *what a fearful blank*. . . .”

My half-sister Fanny was the only sister left to me. The year 1848 was a year of sorrow and trial to me. The separation from my wife, who was sent to England on account of her health, and who had a serious illness while in that country, involved me in heavy expenses, but I worked hard to make two ends meet, and I studied the Malayalam language, knowing that a translatorship in that language would shortly be falling vacant. This post I held temporarily, and in the following year, 1849, it was confirmed; this brought me an additional income of Rs. 250 a month, besides my regular salary as Head Assistant Registrar in the Sadr Court.

At the beginning of 1849 my mother, her sister Susanna Bingham, my brother Charles, and my uncle Sir Robert Arbuthnot were all staying at Sandleford Priory with William Chatteris. My mother noted in her diary that she felt very ill and unable to dine



SIR ROBERT ARBUTHNOT, K.C.B.

[To face page 102.]

at Newtown with the Edmund Arbuthnots, with the rest of the party. She mentions that Charles was out hunting most days, and notes the news received on January 27th of my uncle Sir Thomas Arbuthnot's death, and also of her first meeting with my wife in April of that year (1849), to whom she gave my gold Haileybury medal, which was one of the few things afterwards stolen from us in India. My sister Anne's death the preceding year had been a great shock to my mother, and she herself was in bad health and felt much the parting from both her sons, my brother Charles having gone to Halifax. During the same year my nephew George Alexander, son to my elder brother, George Bingham Arbuthnot, obtained a cadetship in the Madras Army. He afterwards succeeded his father as Commandant of the Bodyguard in Madras.

In 1848, while I was Deputy Registrar of the Sadr Court, Lord Tweeddale's term of office as Governor of Madras came to an end and Sir Henry Pottinger succeeded him. I had heard a good deal about Lord Tweeddale's administration from my friend Sir Henry Montgomery, at that time Chief Secretary to the Government of Madras, and had not formed a favourable opinion of his qualifications as Governor. On that account Sir Henry Pottinger's appointment was received with general approbation, as he had the reputation of being a strong man, and had had a distinguished career in the Bombay Presidency. As a young man of twenty, in 1809, Henry Pottinger volunteered to visit Persia and obtain information, which at that time was much needed in anticipation

of a mission which was being sent to Persia under Sir John Malcolm.

He left Bombay with a friend of his, Captain Charles Christie, in January, 1810, both men being disguised as natives, and by different routes the two travelled through Persia and met at Ispahan. Christie remained at Ispahan and was killed by Russians in 1812. Pottinger, returning via Bagdad, reached Bombay in 1811, and later on published an account of his travels. He began his Indian career as a cadet in an infantry regiment, and served in the Bombay Presidency, and was appointed aide-de-camp to Mountstuart Elphinstone, a distinguished Bengal civilian, who was sent as Resident to Poona, in that part of the Bombay Presidency known as the Deccan. Pottinger was made a baronet in 1840 in recognition of his service as political agent in Scinde. He was sent to China by Lord Palmerston in 1841 as plenipotentiary, where he concluded the treaty of Nankin ; by this treaty Hong Kong was ceded to England and the five ports opened to British trade. It was said that a letter from a distinguished Chinese official to his Government was intercepted in which he complained that it was waste of time trying to deceive the barbarian envoy, who only knit his brows and said "No." As Sir Henry Pottinger's reputation had preceded him to Madras, it was a great disappointment to find that he had become very indolent and had lost his capacity for hard work. His minutes invariably began with an apology for having delayed so long in writing them. It was in his time, in December, 1852, that I made my record innings of

112 not out. We were engaged to dine at Guindy that same evening, and Sir Henry was much interested in the result of the match, though he was no cricketer. For one brief evening I was the hero of the hour!

When I was Acting Registrar at the Sadr Court, a Mr. P—— was my assistant. He was not by any means a brilliant man, and in connection with some proceedings of the Court, of which he had to make a report, he wrote as follows: "The Court of Sadr Adalat request that the District and Sessions Judge will *make more energy*."

I had occasion to see Sir Henry Pottinger and I mentioned this to him and told him I considered P—— absolutely unfit for his post. "It is quite true," said Sir Henry, "P—— has been a curse to me." P—— had a managing sort of wife, and Sir Henry Pottinger was very much under the influence of her family, whom I knew pretty well, as I had served under her father at Nellore in 1844.

The first plant of *Bougainvillea* ever seen in Madras was sent from Bombay to Sir Henry Pottinger, and he gave it to me, as he was not much of a gardener, and he knew that my wife and I were fond of our garden and devoted to flowers. He left Madras much broken down in health in 1854, and died at Malta two years later.

In 1851, while I was still employed as Head Assistant to the Registrar of the Sadr Court, I compiled a selection of reports of criminal cases determined in that Court between the years 1826 and 1850, to which I wrote a Preface containing a sketch

mation, however trifling, will be gratefully received by his sorrowing mother and sisters. . . . I have one more favour to ask, which is, that you will let me know the name of the brother officer, or friend, who furnished you with the particulars of the last few hours of my beloved son's life, for in years to come he may be met by some of my family, who would always be interested to see him, and though years may pass yet his name will be ever remembered by us as the friend of my son. . . ."

Miss Caroline Ward enclosed a few lines in her mother's letter in which she says: "Reading your letter brought so strongly before me 'old Rugby days,' when yourselves, the Hardys, and we were neighbours—what changes have since taken place!"

I complied with Mrs. Ward's wish and was able to send her more particulars of her son Arnold's last illness, and to secure some of his effects, and also to put her in communication with Mr. Spurgin, the brother officer who had been in Madras when Arnold Ward arrived there. I had never known Spurgin before, but I found him a very nice fellow. I think he and Ward belonged to the 1st European Madras Regiment.

I received another letter from Caroline Ward, which was of interest to me, as it mentioned several members of Dr. Arnold's family :—

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
"October 18, 1854.

"I return you very many thanks for your kind

softened the first shock, and I beg you to accept my most grateful thanks for being so truly kind as to consider my feelings under so melancholy an event. The event to me was quite unexpected, for I have not heard from him since he arrived at Calcutta on his way to Madras. He then wrote very cheerfully, mentioned his illness which had obliged him to leave Burmah on sick certificate for six months, but added: 'I have quite recovered my appetite and may say I am quite well again and able to enjoy myself in Calcutta, which is delightful after the Burmah jungles. I shall go to Madras by the next steamer and most likely stay there for five months, and if possible I shall try to come home without returning to Burmah, but of course this depends on many things.' This is an extract from his last letter to me, written March 18th. The great interest you have taken in the loss of my dear son, by so kindly communicating many particulars which I had no other means of knowing, induces me to ask you a few more questions as to his last illness. Was he again attacked by the same complaint on his passage to Madras, or was it after his arrival there that he was reduced by the sad complaint. And had he suffered long? I fear I am giving, or proposing to you a great deal of trouble, but I know you will forgive a mother who is most anxious to hear every particular of the last sorrowful illness that has attended the loss of her dearly loved son. Perhaps some friend might have been with him during his illness, and from him some particulars may be obtained, and pray believe that any infor-

mation, however trifling, will be gratefully received by his sorrowing mother and sisters. . . . I have one more favour to ask, which is, that you will let me know the name of the brother officer, or friend, who furnished you with the particulars of the last few hours of my beloved son's life, for in years to come he may be met by some of my family, who would always be interested to see him, and though years may pass yet his name will be ever remembered by us as the friend of my son. . . ."

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"TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

"October 18, 1854.

"I return you very many thanks for your kind

letter. Every little thing you mentioned about my dear brother was most interesting to us, and the parcel you so kindly sent (containing the prayer-book, watch, rings, &c., &c.) reached us about a fortnight ago, and we feel very grateful to you for having secured these precious relics for us. We also have to thank you for a few more particulars from Mr. Spurgin. It was most gratifying to my mother and all of us to find from his letter that the officers of my dear brother's regiment intend erecting a memorial stone—it is a consolation at such a distance to hear of such kind sympathy. . . . You ask after the Arnolds. We had the pleasure of seeing my aunt¹ this summer with Mrs. Twining and 'Fan'²; they were all very well, particularly my aunt, who really looks very little older than she did at Rugby. Matt, with his wife and two children, are now at Fox How; his poems are not very popular, though they are considered very clever and classical. 'Oakfield' interested me exceedingly. I should like to know what is thought of it in India. Willy is now in Germany—his health is better since his return, but he is not strong.³ Edward, however, is the one most out of health, and I fear he will be obliged to give up his appointment of Inspector of Schools, if he does not get better. Times are indeed changed since we lived neighbours at Rugby! Your mother seems much pleased to have the Hardys

¹ Dr. Arnold's widow.

² Dr. Arnold's daughters.

³ Willy Arnold died in 1859.

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living at Cheltenham. I was very glad to hear good accounts of her and Miss Bingham. Mama begs I will thank you for your last kind letter to her—as she is writing to Mr. Spurgin I promised to acknowledge it for her.”

CHAPTER VIII

EDUCATION IN MADRAS

Lord Harris—A new department—Director of Public Instruction—Sir Frederick Halliday—Appointment of inspectors—The “Benighted Presidency”—Echoes of the Mutiny—Lord and Lady Canning—Glenview—The Coorg Rose—Sir John Adye—Leech Falls—Sir Henry Ricketts.

LORD HARRIS arrived in Madras as Governor in May, 1854, having been previously Governor of Trinidad. He was much Sir Henry Pottinger's junior, and at once showed himself energetic and devoted to his work. His chief undertakings were the reform of the police and the establishment of the Education Department in Madras. He appointed William (afterwards Sir William) Robinson, a hard-working man who had been in my term at Haileybury, Chief Superintendent of Police, and he organised the police very efficiently throughout the Presidency. Robinson was afterwards a Member of Council and acted as Governor of Madras on the death of Lord Hobart in 1875 until the Duke of Buckingham, who was Lord Hobart's successor, reached Madras. Lord Dalhousie had

originated the idea of founding departments for the promotion of education among the natives of India through the medium of the English language, and the idea was taken up by the Court of Directors. The scheme was being promulgated in all the presidencies about the time that Lord Harris arrived in Madras, and in 1855 I was appointed the first Director of Public Instruction for Madras. Sir Henry Montgomery was Chief Secretary to the Madras Government at the time, and was instrumental in obtaining the appointment for me. I had been previously connected with Indian education, having been, in addition to my appointment in the Registrar's Department of the Sadr Court, Secretary to a Board styled the "University Board," which was engaged in starting some of the initiatory measures for promoting the study of the English language throughout our Presidency. I had also compiled an exhaustive account of matters relating to public instruction in Madras from 1822 to 1853, which was published in 1855.

When I was first appointed Assistant Registrar to the Sadr Court my chief was a certain Mr. Henry Dominick Phillips, a very good fellow, who from the first took great pains to teach me my work. I had sometimes to draw up reports of the cases which came before the Court, and he corrected my drafts and taught me more in the way of official composition than any one I ever served under. This facility of correct writing was most useful to me in my future career. I always felt much indebted to Mr. Phillips, and was most indignant when Lord Tweeddale

removed him from his position in what I considered a very unfair manner. The Government had got themselves into a muddle, and some of the judges of the Sadr Court had quarrelled among themselves, and Henry Phillips was made a regular scapegoat. I had the pleasure of telling Colonel Felix my opinion. Colonel Felix was then private secretary to Lord Tweeddale, and he spluttered a good deal and was very angry with me. I used to be told that Felix wanted to marry my first cousin, Lizzie Vesey (whom I also admired in my Haileybury days), and for that reason he had always been friendly with me.

I had to organise the new department from the very outset, which involved a good deal of travelling about, and soon after my appointment I was deputed by Lord Harris to visit Calcutta to see what they were doing in Bengal in the matter of education. The day after I arrived in Calcutta I found a letter awaiting me at the Bengal Club, from my old Haileybury friend William Grey, inviting me to stay with him at his house in Old Post Office Street. In May, 1854, Grey had been appointed secretary to the first Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Mr. (afterwards Sir Frederick) Halliday, and he was holding that post when I visited Calcutta. I stayed with him for three or four weeks and found him a very interesting companion and a hard-working man. I conferred frequently with a Mr. Gordon Young, who was then Director of Public Education for Bengal, and had two or three long conversations with Halliday. The latter was a very agreeable

and as far as I could judge an extremely able man, immensely tall and broad in proportion.

Many years afterwards I read with much surprise a letter from Lady Canning to her mother, published in "Two Noble Lives," in which she spoke in a somewhat contemptuous manner of Sir Frederick Halliday and his wife as "mere Indians." I believe such a description of them to have been extremely unfair, as Sir Frederick was thoroughly cosmopolitan in his views and opinions. In my judgment it is a pity to publish such superficial remarks, as, on better acquaintance with her new surroundings, Lady Canning's opinions probably underwent considerable modification.

Grey and I had long talks over old days and our fellow-students at Haileybury and their subsequent careers. He told me that he had seen a good deal of one of them, John Warrender Dalrymple, who had been rather an idle youth at Haileybury, but who he considered had the soundest judgment of any of the young Civil Servants with whom he had lately come in contact.

I received a letter from my sister Fanny Law concerning my new appointment.

"NORTH REPPS, "

"Tuesday, 5 July 1855.

"I have been intending to write to you ever since I heard of your new appointment. . . . A *wonderful* appointment it sounds for so young a man to attain to, and after so short a service, but, it says plainly how *well* you must have worked to have reached

such a point. You have indeed cause for thankfulness that you have been given both the *inclination* and *power* to do so, and I trust that your future labours may be equally crowned with success, both for your own sake as well as for the *twenty-two millions* committed to your guidance. . . . Your mother tells me that you have enlisted Mr. Richards in your service, and a capital, energetic help he will be, I should think. Will you remember us all very kindly to him."

My wife had again been ill and had been for some time at Ootacamund, and my sister Fanny comments on this in her characteristic way :—

"I often think how equally the goods of this life are distributed to us. There is no one who has not some drawback ; yours seems to be your wife's continual delicacy. I am sure we all require a *something*, or we should be far too elated if *all* went smooth with us. *I* am learning my lesson now ; your mother no doubt has told you how long I have been an invalid. I, that *used* to be so strong, and active, and untiring—but a time of quiet was thought good for me by our merciful and gracious God. . . . We are all in great anxiety about poor dear Charles,¹ in the midst as he is of this horrid war.² The *Telegraph* accounts of the sorties and bombardments keep us in much suspense as to the result, which we can know nothing of till days after.

¹ My brother, then a Captain in the Royal Artillery.

² The Crimea.

I feel greatly for your poor mother, it must be an immense trial to her. He is very good about writing, dear fellow. . . . Poor Lord Raglan's death was very sad—don't believe all the *Times* said of him, for other papers speak very differently of him. I do believe he acted to the best of his judgment—and as to want of looking after the troops, many contradict the statement altogether. It has certainly been a most disastrous war hitherto, and such sorrow has it caused at home; few families have escaped. . . . George Arbuthnot of the Treasury has a son¹ in the trenches (Artillery); young Charles Vesey² there also in the 72nd Regiment, and two Broughtons either in the Baltic or Black Sea."

My sister mentioned some of her Norfolk neighbours whom I had known in my youthful days.

"Dowager Lady Buxton not often at the Hall now. She is much away with her children. Sir Edward has been dangerously ill, but I trust now that he will do. He would have been a *terrible* loss not only to his wife and ten children, but a *public* loss. He is an *excellent* man and most useful. Tell Mr. Richards Fowell has a large family of young ones, and Charles has his third just born. They seem most happy in their families. . . . Miss Gurney has been in town for some time in Dover Street, and while there she and the Edmunds [Arbuthnots] and Chatteris became great friends. Her kindness to me is great."

¹ Now Major-General Henry Thomas Arbuthnot, R.A., retired.

² My first cousin George Vesey's son, Major Charles Vesey. [Major Charles Vesey died 1910.]



ALEXANDER JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

(From a water-colour drawing by Roehard, 1842.

[To face page 116.

The Dowager Lady Buxton mentioned by my sister was one of the Gurneys of Earlham, and was the widow of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, the well-known abolitionist of the Slave Trade. Sir Edward was her eldest son; Fowell and Charles, her younger sons, were my contemporaries and friends at North Repps in former days.

Among my early duties as a Director of Public Instruction was that of providing inspectors to visit and report on the native and mission schools to which we proposed to extend the "grant-in-aid" system. There were many good mission schools in the Presidency, which formed the foundation of elementary education, and we proposed to extend their scope for instruction, through the medium of the English language in the provinces, besides assisting the native schools and providing new Government schools. One of the first inspectors I advised Lord Harris to appoint was a Mr. Richards, a Government chaplain, who had been tutor to Fowell and Charles Buxton at North Repps Hall, and was, I thought, a suitable man for the post. Lord Harris quite agreed with me, but the Court of Directors eventually refused to sanction the appointment, as they considered it inadvisable to introduce a clergyman of the Church of England into the Department of Public Education, and on this ground they ordered the removal of Mr. Richards from his appointment. I considered this objection practically unfounded, as there were large numbers of schools in the southern part of the Presidency supported by the clergy. A member

of the Civil Service was another of my inspectors of schools. He turned out to be rather an impossible man to work with, and, after repeated efforts on my part to stir him up and to make him more energetic, he wrote to me one day that "if he had known he was expected to make bricks without straw, he would not have accepted the appointment!" I went at once to Lord Harris, and told him that in my opinion the gentleman referred to was not fit for the post, and that he must find him some other employment, and as the gentleman was a Civil Servant, Lord Harris was, fortunately, able to do this.

My brother George used to tell a story of an old Colonel of the Madras Army who was somewhat of a martinet, who on being asked how he got so much work out of his officers, replied, "I kill them with courtesy, but keep their noses to the grindstone."

The best inspector I had in those early days of my work as Director of Public Instruction was a Major Macdonald, of the Madras Staff Corps. I have great faith in a military training and wish all civilians could go through it. I found Major Macdonald most punctual and exact in his work, and thoroughly painstaking; one of his best qualities, as far as I was concerned, was his habit of discipline, which led him to obey orders, even if he disagreed with them, without arguing the subject.

When I first knew Madras it was known as the "be-nighted Presidency." There were strong Presidency jealousies and the Bengalees always affected to despise

Madras. This was absurd even in those days, for as a matter of fact the Madras Presidency was in some respects in advance of any other part of India. The English language was spoken by natives in Madras very much more than was the case elsewhere, and in the Madras Army the discipline was far superior to that of the Army of Bengal. The prejudice against Madras died out a good deal, especially after the practice was introduced of sending out to India middle-aged men, such as Sir Arthur Hobhouse and others, who had already been professionally employed in England, and were naturally devoid of any presidential jealousies. The inclusion in later years of distinguished Madras civilians in the Governor-General's Council also tended to remove the old reproach.

In 1855 my wife's sister Elizabeth Hutchinson Fearon was married from my house at Ootacamund, to Major John Sherbroke Banks of the 33rd Bengal Native Infantry. Major Banks had won a considerable reputation as an efficient public officer both in civil and in military affairs. When the annexation of Oudh was decided on by Lord Dalhousie's Government in 1855, Major Banks, who then held the office of private Military Secretary to the Governor-General, was sent on a confidential mission to Lucknow to confer with the Resident as to the steps to be taken to carry into effect the annexation of the Oudh territories. He was subsequently appointed Commissioner of Lucknow.

Shortly after the Mutiny broke out, in 1857, Major Banks was named by Sir Henry Lawrence, then

Chief Commissioner of Oudh, as the fittest person in Oudh to succeed to that office in the event of any casualty befalling himself; and on July 2nd, 1857, when Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded, Major Banks assumed the office of Chief Commissioner, being assisted by a Council composed of Colonel Inglis of H.M. 32nd Regiment, (afterwards Major-General Sir John Inglis, K.C.B.) and Major (afterwards Lieut.-Colonel) Anderson, R.E. On the 22nd of the same month Major Banks was shot dead during a night attack upon the garrison, but my sister-in-law and her child, after suffering great hardships, lived to return to England. Major Banks kept a diary from the day on which Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded until within two days of his own death. This diary appears to have been seized by the mutineers and used by them as an account-book, but was afterwards recovered by the Assistant Commissioner of Lucknow, and is now in the possession of his daughter, Miss F. L. Banks.

We heard but little of the Mutiny in Madras, as the disaffection did not reach our Presidency. I thought at one time the Mutiny would reach Hyderabad, and in that event I felt sure it would spread to Madras. But there was, luckily, a very good Minister at Hyderabad, who was practically the ruler of the Deccan, Sir Salar Jung, who had been well educated, and who was a very enlightened man. Salar Jung realised the power of England and the benefits derived by the native States from the just rule of the British Government, and he remained

loyal through all those troubled months. I had a long talk with him once, before the Mutiny broke out, when he was staying at the Marine Villa in Madras (a detached part of Government House). He spoke English like an Englishman and seemed very wise and intelligent. Echoes of far-off horrors reached us as they reached the public in England. I met a man called Hillersdon one day early in 1857 at Higginbotham's, the Madras bookseller, and had a little talk with him. He had been at Haileybury with me, but senior to me, I think in his third term, the same term as William Grey, when I first entered the East India College. He had just returned to India with a young wife when we met in Madras, and we parted little thinking of the fate which was in store for them. Kaye in his "History of the Sepoy War" thus describes it: "Hillersdon the Collector, who had negotiated the alliance with the Nana Sahib, fell a corpse at the feet of his young wife, with his entrails torn out by a round shot. A few days afterwards she was relieved from the ghastly memories of her bereavement by a merciful fall of masonry which killed her."

Lord and Lady Canning arrived in Madras, on their way to Calcutta, in February, 1856. Lord Canning had been as a private tutor in his youthful days with Lord Harris, then Governor of Madras, and the two were great friends. There were sundry receptions and functions in honour of the new Governor-General at which I had an opportunity of seeing Lord Canning, and had some talks with him. He was a decidedly good-looking man. Lady

Canning was very handsome. I saw her again in 1858, on the Neilgherry Hills when she had a house, or rather a collection of cottages, at Coonoor, called "Glenview," which I afterwards bought from the owner.

We were staying at the hotel at Coonoor and often met Lady Canning in her walks and rides, and also made the acquaintance of the aide-de-camp in attendance on her, Mr. John Stanley. There was a certain view some miles distant which she described to me in terms of great admiration, and I often visited it afterwards and christened the spot "Lady Canning's seat," by which name it always went and possibly is still known. "Glenview" consisted of three cottages, on the side of a hill nearly facing the mountain called Hoolikal Droog, meaning "the Rock or Hill Fort of the Tiger's Cave." There are letters written from Coonoor by Lady Canning and her cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart, published in "Two Noble Lives," which give charming descriptions of the place.

" COONOR,
April 7, 1858.

"The road to this place is very beautiful, and I came along the twelve miles in my tonjon most comfortably. The latter part wound through a most picturesque glen, craggy but nicely wooded, and with a stream running through it, the scarlet rhododendron in trees, and an immense variety of trees and ferns, especially tree-ferns, which are really splendid, and the Coorg rose, which grows in clusters of deep pink. The verandah of these

bungalows is covered with it. . . . The garden is full of flowers and shaded by very fine trees, between the boles of which, as I sit in my bungalow, I see across the deep glen to the opposite side on which Tippoo built a fort. We are facing south, 5,500 feet above the sea. To the east the hills open, and you see the plain stretching away far below; to the west you look over lower hills.

And again: "This is a perfect climate . . . and this cottage and view and garden are like a scene in a play. These are only hills, not mountains, but they are on a grander scale than many mountains. The Droog opposite is full six thousand feet above the plain, of which we have a glimpse."

I met Sir John Adye one summer at Coonoor, when he was staying there on leave and I was living at Glenview. He and I had long walks together, and we became great friends. He was a very pleasant companion and a good artist. He gave me four water-colour sketches which I greatly prize, one a view from my garden at "Glenview" looking across the Ghaut to Hoolikal Droog, as described by Lady Canning, another sketch of the Droog from a nearer point of view, another of Ootacamund with St. Stephen's and its white tower, which was said to have been built in imitation of Magdalen College Chapel at Oxford (that church did not exist when I first knew Ootacamund but I cannot remember exactly when it was built); and the fourth sketch represents a waterfall, a little way down the Ghaut, which I christened Leech Falls. My wife went down to the Falls one day when there had been heavy rain, and

as she stepped across a marshy bit of ground she must have encountered some leeches, which she brought home with her unconsciously till they manifested their presence in a very unpleasant way! This waterfall was a favourite walk with us and our friends. I remember on one occasion, when I had taken some of my friends to see it, that one impulsive lady, looking round at the beautiful spot, suddenly exclaimed: "Is this heaven, or"—after a short pause during which she became suddenly aware that a leech had attacked her—"or the other place?"

Some years after I left Madras I was dining in London with my old friend Lady Denison, the widow of my former chief, Sir William Denison, where I met the Adyes, and she asked me to act as host for her and take Lady Adye in to dinner. From my seat at the dinner-table I could hear Sir John Adye holding forth to his hostess, at the other end of the table, in his well-known way, expressing the most violently Radical sentiments. I turned to Lady Adye and asked, "Does Adye believe all he is saying?" and she replied with a smile, "Not a word of it."

It was in Coonor in 1856 that I first made acquaintance with Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Ricketts and his daughters. He had been sent by Lord Canning on a mission to the different Presidencies with a view to ascertaining whether any considerable reduction of salaries in the Civil Service could be made. Mr. Ricketts travelled about each Presidency during two years and made careful inquiries as to expenditure, but on the whole when

his report came to be considered in 1858 it was found that his recommendations would lead to increased instead of diminished expense. Ricketts was a Bengal Civil Servant, twenty years my senior, but he and I became great friends, and I found him a very agreeable and clever man. To him was due a most practical suggestion in the method of procedure in the Governor-General's Council. Up to his time all papers used to be sent round to each Member of Council in turn until all had seen them and had had an opportunity of expressing their opinions. This caused a great delay in the dispatch of business. Most individual members had knowledge of some particular subject, and yet all subjects had to be circulated to the whole number of members. Ricketts suggested to Lord Canning that it would be a saving of time and trouble if each Member of Council took charge of a single department and dealt with all matters connected with it, reserving only the most important papers for circulation and for the attention of the Governor-General. Lord Canning approved of this change, which was at once carried into effect, and the system then adopted has continued in force up to the present time. In May, 1859, not much more than a year after he had joined the Governor-General's Council, Ricketts' health broke down under pressure of work, and he was ordered to the Neilgherry Hills to recruit, but, his illness returning after his resumption of work, he resigned his seat in January, 1860, and finally left India. He was always fond of horses and riding. After his retirement from the public service, when

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he had settled at Surbiton, another friend of mine, Sir Godfrey Lushington, once asked him how many horses he used to keep in India, to which Sir Henry Ricketts replied, "As many as I could afford, and often more."

CHAPTER IX

A NOBLE BAND OF BROTHERS

Arthur, Sydney, Richard, and Frederick Cotton—Irrigation in India—A romantic story.

I FIRST met Frederick Conyers Cotton, then a Captain in the Madras Engineers, at Ootacamund in 1847. Captain Cotton had the Neilgherry Hills as part of his charge, doing the work of a civil engineer, superintending the construction of roads, &c. He had a very pretty house at Ootacamund called "Woodcote," which he had built a short time before, and he also had, what was very rare in those days in India, a small greenhouse attached to his dwelling-house, and a nice garden well laid out and prettily planted, for Fred Cotton was always a great gardener. He was a charming companion, always full of interesting talk, as he had been about the world a great deal. He was the youngest of a noble band of eleven brothers, and was born in 1807. His father, Henry Calveley Cotton of Woodcote, Oxfordshire, was uncle to the first Viscount Combermere. Among the eleven brothers were several distinguished men, of whom General Sir Arthur Cotton, K.C.S.I., was perhaps the best known.

The third son, Richard Lynch Cotton, who married a sister of Dr. Pusey, was Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, for forty-one years; and the second son, General Sir Sydney Cotton, G.C.B., died in 1874, as Governor of Chelsea Hospital. Sydney Cotton's distinguished services are to be found narrated in the Dictionary of National Biography; he was a fine soldier, and, like the rest of the brothers, a thin man with no superfluous flesh on him. It is told of him that some man having asked his advice as to what course he should take in a certain difficult matter when his conduct might be misjudged, Sydney Cotton's reply was, "Go on never-minding."

Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, to whom I sent a paper I had written on Sir Arthur Cotton's services in 1900, wrote to me from Harrow:—

"That is a *most interesting* little paper which I found here on my return to-night, on Sir Arthur Cotton. I am very glad you have done him such full justice. What a beneficent life his was—no drawbacks to it. I saw him once, as my father-in-law, Mr. Wickham, of the Holmwood, Dorking, knew him extremely well. Several of his brothers were highly distinguished, particularly, I suppose, the General Cotton[†] who was at Peshawar when the Mutiny broke out and worked so well with Lawrence, and who, when he felt himself dying, put on his full uniform and all his Orders, that he might meet his Maker with all reverence. Yule told me this last anecdote apropos of some remark of mine in 'Lord

[†] General Sir Sydney Cotton, G.C.B.

Lawrence,' on the Roman Emperor who arranged that he should die *standing!* "

General Fred, and Sir Arthur Cotton and another brother, Major Hugh Calveley Cotton, were all in the Madras Engineers. Fred Cotton obtained his commission in 1825. When he was a young man he was sent to the Cape of Good Hope on sick certificate, and being a good horseman and keen sportsman, travelled up the country as far as Kuruman in Bechuanaland, where he made friends with the well-known missionary Robert Moffatt. Cotton in after-years destroyed a diary kept in those days, which would have been of great interest as he travelled over parts of South Africa, then quite uninhabited, which are now centres of industry and populous towns. In 1838 he visited America and Russia, and also travelled in Norway, whence he returned in a small fishing boat, landing on the north coast of Scotland. He served through the first China war in 1841-2 under Sir Hugh Gough,¹ and was Commanding Engineer when Canton and Amoy were captured. On his return to India he was put in charge of all engineering work in Malabar and Canara, and it was then that I met him on the Neilgherry Hills. Fred Cotton gave valuable assistance in superintending the great irrigation works on the Godavery River during the absence of Sir Arthur Cotton on sick leave. Sir Arthur Cotton's great services in the matter of irrigation works in the Madras Presidency are well known, and he may be regarded as the founder of a School

¹ Afterwards created Viscount Gough of Gujerat and Limerick.

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of Hydraulic Engineering in which he has had several distinguished pupils. In 1890 Sir Arthur Cotton applied to the Secretary of State for India for a grant of money in consideration of the advantages gained to the revenue of India by the irrigation works he had planned, and carried out. The application was refused, and I, being then a Member of the Council of India, recorded the following protest :—

“I cannot agree with the proposed draft letter, nor can I think the summary manner in which it is proposed to reject Sir Arthur Cotton’s application will redound to the credit of H.M. Government of India. To tell Sir Arthur Cotton, as the draft implies, that his services to India have been sufficiently rewarded by the decoration of the K.C.S.I.—a decoration which has been conferred upon numbers of men whose claims can bear no comparison whatever with those of Sir Arthur Cotton—and by the appointments which he held in India, the highest of these appointments having been that of Commandant of Engineers at Madras, indicates, I venture to think, a most inadequate estimate of the great services rendered to India by Sir Arthur Cotton. It is perhaps to be regretted that this application has been so long delayed, and that it was not preferred at a time when the recollection of Sir Arthur Cotton’s services was more fresh in the minds of the Indian Office officials than it appears to be at the present time. But this delay in no way affects the real merits of the case. On the contrary, as years have gone by, the immense

value of Sir Arthur Cotton's work has become more and more apparent. In the great famine of 1877, as is truly stated in the Memorial, many millions of lives were saved by the great irrigation works for which the Madras Presidency is indebted to Sir Arthur Cotton, and as recently as January of the present year, 1890, in the interesting narrative of Lord Connemara's tour in the north-eastern districts of Madras, fresh testimony is borne to the enormous value of the Godavery Irrigation Works. The truth is, I firmly believe, that no Englishman who has ever served in India has done so much as Sir Arthur Cotton has done to advance its material progress. We give grants of money to our successful military commanders with no stinted liberality—our civil administrators are rewarded by very high salaries and in a few special cases by large pensions. Is it right in these circumstances, or is it worthy of a great Government to award no recognition, beyond a decoration of the Second Class of the Star of India, to a public servant who has been the means of saving millions of lives and adding millions of money to the wealth and to the revenues of the country? I think that if any doubt is felt as to the propriety of complying in some form or other with Sir Arthur Cotton's application, it should be referred to the Government of India with a request that they will report upon it after consultation with the Government of Madras.

"November 5, 1890."

My protest received no support, and the only

reward vouchsafed for Sir Arthur Cotton's illustrious services was a tardy pension eventually granted to his widow.

I received the following letter from my old friend, then eighty-seven years of age :—

"WOODCOT, DORKING, SURREY,
"November 24, 1890.

"I wish I could thank you as I ought for taking all this trouble about me. I will take care not to speak of your most able protest.

"What delights me is, that in spite of all mistakes, God has so blessed India under our rule, far beyond any man's imagination. If any man had written, when I went out, expressing a hope of anything approaching to the present state of things, he would have been thought the greatest fool in India.

"I hope the young Russian prince¹ will have seen enough to see that our rule is strong, not only because we have soldiers that in single line can laugh at his solid columns, but also because we rule justly and wisely, as God has taught us. But if he has not sense enough for this, I think a review of our N.W. frontier will make him think twice before he tries to carry out the one desire of his Government to bring anarchy, massacre, and robbery into our peaceful districts.

"I have been particularly delighted lately at hearing that after completing the whole line of outposts from Quetta to Sirinagar you are preparing to establish a second depôt behind the Indus."

¹ I do not remember to whom this alludes.—A.J.A.

To return to Fred Cotton. He married a Miss May Cunliffe soon after I first made his acquaintance. I knew from our mutual friend Mrs. Hew Dalrymple that the circumstances of his engagement and marriage were somewhat romantic, but I did not know the details accurately until his and my old friend Miss E. C. Ricketts told the story again to me, and gave me permission to add it to my recollections of old days and friends.

Miss Ricketts says :—

“The old love-tale was told to me by the two dear people themselves, when we three were riding in single file on a narrow path in the Neilgherry Hills many long years ago.

“The Cotton and Cunliffe families have been county neighbours so long in Cheshire, that there is no tradition when our friends first became acquainted. They must have been respectively about thirty and twenty years of age, when Captain Frederick Cotton, while on leave from India (in 1838), was much in the society of the charming May Cunliffe, and became deeply attached to her. Shortly before the expiration of his leave he met with a slight accident, while at her father's house, which detained him there, and threw him still more into her society. Soon after he left England—taking leave of her in her own garden. Not a word had passed between them of what was filling both their hearts, as Captain Cotton did not consider that his circumstances warranted a proposal of marriage ; but she, that day, gave him a spray of fuchsia, and soon after she received a little parcel from him from Paris, contain-

ing a pin decorated with a fuchsia. There were family ties which must have prevented each from losing all knowledge of the other's existence, and as years passed on Fred Cotton heard that Miss Cunliffe could not be won by any of her besiegers. After nearly ten years of silence Cotton confided in an intimate friend of his, Mrs. Hew Dalrymple, then on the eve of returning to England and made her promise that she would, while in England, make Miss Cunliffe's acquaintance and ascertain for him whether he had any chance. Mrs. Dalrymple abundantly fulfilled her promise. She made acquaintance with the Cunliffes and was invited to stay with them, and talked much about her friends in India. One evening while she and Miss Cunliffe were sitting up with an ailing child, she spoke again of Fred Cotton. At length Miss Cunliffe said: 'Have you nothing more to tell me?' Then Mrs. Dalrymple felt that her lips might be unlocked and she recounted her conversation with Captain Cotton in India, and told of his self-denying and lasting devotion. The result of this conversation was that Mrs. Dalrymple wrote to India and recommended him to come home and speak for himself.

"Mails were slow in those days, and circumstances connected with his profession made it impossible for Captain Cotton to apply for leave just then, so he wrote to Miss Cunliffe. During the ten years' silence Mrs. Charles Cotton's brother, Mr. William Egerton, had married a younger sister of May Cunliffe. On the occasion of a marriage the Egertons were staying with the Charles Cottons, and Miss Cunliffe

was also of the party. On the wedding morning among the letters on the hall table lay a thick Indian packet addressed to Miss Cunliffe in Captain Cotton's unmistakable handwriting. The house was full of connexions and friends of both parties, so Mrs. Egerton seized on the packet (which told its own story) and decided with Mrs. Cotton to keep it back till night. Then after the gay party had dispersed and all had retired Mrs. Egerton took the letter to her sister. Miss Cunliffe seemed turned to stone. Her sister begged her to open it. No, she did not, she sat in silence, until her sister, bursting into tears, left the room. Then the letter, sheets upon sheets, was opened, and Miss Cunliffe it was said sat up half the night reading it.

"Next day everybody heard the welcome news, and then came the discussions as to the next step. It was not possible for Major Cotton to return to England just then, and the barrier of silence once broken down, both were anxious to have no further delay. Eventually Mr. Cunliffe took his daughter as far as Ceylon, where at Galle, in 1849, Major Cotton met them and the marriage took place. And an ideally happy couple they were for eight and forty years; and death only divided them for the short space of five years."

Fred Cotton was a man of varied interests. Farming on scientific principles, travels in the Holy Land and in Egypt, botanical and microscopical research, all helped to fill the forty-two years after his retirement from the Madras Engineers. After he settled in South Kensington he became vice-chairman of

the Society of Arts and he continued his enjoyment of natural history and his wide reading until increasing blindness cut him off from his favourite studies. General Michael, C.S.I., who served under General Cotton in Madras, points out in the *R. E. Journal*, February 1, 1902, that "the foundation of practicable and profitable forest conservancy [in India] was due to his [Fred Cotton's] initiative."

Under his direction conservancy measures were adopted in various districts of Madras, the Government of India took the matter up, and the Imperial Forest Department was formed about 1862. Fred Cotton was always a zealous advocate of his brother Sir Arthur Cotton's views on irrigation, and in the last year or two of his life (and he lived to the great age of ninety-four) he wrote several articles on the subject of utilising the great rivers of India for navigation and irrigation, which were first printed in *Blackwood's Magazine* and were afterwards published in pamphlet form by Messrs. Rivington.

I have always regarded my friendship with Fred Cotton as one of the greatest privileges in my life. I valued his friendship and companionship more than I can say. I have met but few men who have been such excellent company, whatever the subject of conversation may have been. In 1869, when I was a Member of Council in Madras, I expressed the following opinion of General Cotton's work :—

"With mental powers of no ordinary stamp, unflagging energy, and capacity for work, General Cotton combined in a marked degree that fine tact and knowledge of men, the accompaniment of a

generous and unselfish spirit, which enabled him to secure the cordial co-operation of all who worked either with him or under him, in whatever capacity and of whatever grade. From the scientific superintending engineer to the humble road serjeant, there is hardly a man in the Presidency who ever served under General Cotton and who does not speak of that service as one of the happiest periods of his life. It was the same with the various civil and military officers with whom General Cotton's duties brought him into contact."

On July 25, 1899, I heard from Fred Cotton of his brother Arthur's death at the advanced age of ninety-six :—

"13, LONGRIDGE ROAD, S.W.

"I can't anticipate the *Times*' report of my dear old brother's death; but I must tell you how free from all pain and distress it was. . . . My whole feeling is thankfulness for the manner of the good man's death, and the pity that more was not made of his extraordinary engineering ability and courage for the benefit of India, in which, I am sure, you will feel with me."

Early in December, 1900, he wrote of his brother :—

"He was what so few are on any one subject, and still fewer are on all subjects, an original thinker. Any subject in his brain became a new subject, and was wonderfully clearly worked out by him. His views not only on water and its various uses, but on the shapes of vessels for the sea or for rivers, the effect of surface friction on those vessels, deep

cultivation, the learning of living languages—*cum multis aliis*—were alike original and most highly interesting as he treated them.”

He mentions my old schoolfellow Oswell, and the Memoir lately written by his son: “Oswell was a very fine fellow, and whatever he did, he did well, in all the very different phases of his life. . . . Oswell’s strength was the result of his entire indifference to self.”

In 1901 I wrote a notice of Sir Arthur Cotton’s life for a supplementary volume of the “Dictionary of National Biography,” and General Fred Cotton wrote with his usual freshness and vigour to thank me for sending him a copy of my paper. He was then in his ninety-fifth year.

“July 9, 1901.

“I have much to thank you for. I thank you for your most truly kind letter and invitation, and I thank you too for letting me see your admirable article on my brother’s life. You could not have said more or put it more urgently before the world. Of course it was impossible to go into all the subjects he had made special studies of. One thing he had admirably worked out, which was power with reference to navigation, in which his extraordinary talent for calculating was highly exemplified. I don’t think he left much record of this, but his head was very full of it.

“I am so very much interested in all you tell me about Sir H. Fowler. As for —, if he has done nothing else for the injury of India, he did it an

irreparable wrong in putting aside Arthur, who was the only man of his time capable of making a comprehensive design for the utilisation of its waters. I am now publishing a pamphlet containing my other two papers,¹ and a letter to my brother engineers, begging that some of them will take up the matter, which from age and blindness I am obliged to drop. In this letter I have given full credit to Lord Curzon for the steps he has taken, and I hope you will approve of what I have said on the whole subject, which I put in the form of a letter, to enable me to make it, as I hoped, interesting to the general reader. It is being published by Rivington. . . . The point I should continue to urge if I was able to do anything would be, what you notice when writing of the effect of the Godavery works, *i.e.*, the effect of water on the national wealth and prosperity. It seems to me impossible to make anybody understand how great the difference is between the returns from the hydraulic works to the Revenue treasury and to the nation. No one denies that there is a national return, but none seem to realise how great that difference is. So great is this *now* felt to be in all the other great nations of the world, Austria included, that vast navigation projects are planned all over the world on which countless millions are proposed to be spent with no expectation of any direct return, the nation's prosperity and consequent wealth being the only return calculated upon."

Alluding to this pamphlet, Cotton wrote to me December, 1900: "My pamphlet brings me a good

* Articles on the subject of irrigation.

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deal of fun. One man writes that I ought not to take the whole credit for the crop to the water, as it could not have produced a crop without the land. To which I reply that I shall never again give the credit to the fire of warming my room without admitting the grate to a share in my comfort, or allowing that it would be not only unfair but wickedly misleading to ignore the help of the poker, tongs, and shovel. The whole letter, which was on my pamphlet—not written to me—was in like manner a caricature of Indian revenue officialism, too absurd for anything and yet by a man signing himself a correspondent of the *Athenæum*.

In the meantime I have more hope than I have had before that the necessity for making use of the water of India is every day becoming better understood.

CHAPTER X

INDIAN AND ENGLISH GARDENS

Foliage plants—Climbers—Flowering trees and shrubs—The Syspara creeper—the “mossing process”—“Mossing” a Madame de Watteville—Plan of a rosehouse—*Tropæolum Speciosum* in a Hampshire garden—The Dutch garden—Last visit of General Cotton.

I HAVE been fond of gardens and flowers all my life. We had a garden behind our house in the Hillmorton Road at Rugby, and a nursery garden very near us out of which we used to buy plants with our scanty pocket money. I remember particularly buying plants of double lilac primroses, which I much admired. There was a tradition in our family that the *Verbena*, scarlet flower with a white eye, which is such a useful flowering annual, was introduced from America by a man called Perry, who was gardener to my brother-in-law, William Chatteris, at Sandford Priory, soon after he purchased that property. I had several gardens in India, notably my garden at Coonoor, on the Neilgherry Hills, and at a house called Elphinstone

Park, which stood in a compound of eighty acres in a suburb of Madras called the Adyâr. I learned much from Fred Cotton, for he was staying with me at Coonoor when I laid out my garden there, and he taught me to plant a herbaceous border, not in a straight bed which gives a formal appearance, but in curved lines, in front of taller shrubs. The climate of Madras is essentially tropical, and only flowers which can stand tropical heat will flourish there. The only rose which did really well with me was the bright pink Rose Edward, originally brought (I think) from Mauritius. It flowered freely, and was very sweet-scented. I had no good lawns according to English ideas, but the grass made a pretty setting for scarlet Hibiscus, which I grew in beds in place of Geraniums, shrubby Allamandas, pink and white Oleanders, Clerodendron Balfouri, which was one of our most ornamental shrubs, Roupellia Grata, from South Africa, clumps of Plumbago Capensis, and Duranta Plumeri, with bright blue flowers and yellow berries. Crotons and Caladiums, which in this country we see in stove houses, in Madras grew out of doors into large and ornamental shrubs. But the most attractive plants which can be cultivated in the plains of India are the climbers. I had an arch in my garden at the Adyâr covered with Bignonia Venusta, with clusters of orange-coloured tubular flowers drooping amongst shining leaves. Not less beautiful was a bed of Ipomœa Rubra Cœrulea, which I grew in the following way: A pole was fixed in the centre of a round bed from which strings were

stretched all round it to the edge, *Ipomæa* seeds were sown at the base of each string, forming as they grew and came out into flower a sort of tent covered with enormous blue flowers, of a singularly beautiful colour.

Other beautiful climbers which grew in my garden in Madras were the brilliant scarlet *Combretum Coccineum* and *Petræa* with star-like sprays of plum-coloured and grey blossoms. A particular favourite of mine was *Antigonon leptopus*, bearing clusters of bright pink flowers resembling in appearance clusters of tiny grapes.

But beautiful and brilliant as are the flowering shrubs and climbers and the flowering trees on the plains of India, such as *Poinciana Regia*, generally known as the "Gold mohur tree," with its gorgeous masses of red and orange flowers, the true poetry of gardening is to be found on the Neilgherry Hills, where many European flowers flourish with a semi-tropical luxuriance. At Ootacamund in front of the principal hotel, which used to be Dawson's and then Silk's, there grew two enormous bushes of *Heliotrope*, each of which was ten feet in height and forty feet in circumference. In the Government Gardens at the same place, which are situated on a mountain slope, a broad path ascending the slope is protected on one side by a thick hedge composed half-way up of *Heliotrope* and the other half of *Fuchsias*.

My hill garden round my house "Glenview" at Coonor, was the garden described in Lady Canning's letters. There I grew a wealth of roses, especially

Tea roses and Noisettes, most of them raised from cuttings and grown on their own roots. We grew carnations also, and they alone of all the flowers seemed to bear sending down in boxes to Madras. In a shrubbery grew Poinsettias, a shrub of the Tea-tree, and a *Datura Arborea* side by side, the white Tea-flowers and *Daturas* contrasting pleasantly with the scarlet Poinsettias. Not far from my house there was a half-wild garden made out of a wood, which had been partly cleared, but contained a number of very fine tree-ferns indigenous to the spot, among which flourished fuchsias and other English plants, a mountain stream running down the centre of the garden. In my own garden grew a beautiful creeping plant on the banks of a little stream, which I brought from Wainad. It is called *Torenia Asiatica*, or more often the "Syspara creeper," its native habitat being the Syspara Ghaut. The flowers of the *Torenia* are small and bell-formed, in colour pale amethyst with a large blotch of clear purple on the lower lobe, which sparkles like enamel. With perhaps the exception of our common English primrose, it is, I think, the most beautiful and refined wild flower in existence. I have seen the *Torenia* seed advertised in seed catalogues in this country, and have tried to grow it, but with little success; the flowers are not nearly so pretty, having a yellow blotch instead of the dark purple, which is such a feature of the true Syspara creeper. I embodied most of the above remarks in a short paper, which was published, I think, in the *Gardener's Magazine* in November, 1900. I sent a copy of the paper to

Fred Cotton, and received the following letters from him :—

“ 13, LONGRIDGE ROAD, S.W.

“ *December 19, 1900.*

“ MY DEAR ARBUTHNOT,—Your paper on your Indian gardens is quite delightful, and is a memoir in your best style of a number of the most dear of my friends in that country. For the plants of India were certainly amongst the best friends I ever had, even in that land of friendship. I wish I had eyesight to go into the subject further, for I have a great deal to say on it. It is curious that so many of the beautiful wild plants have failed in the hothouses of England. It is evident that it is not a matter of mere temperature whether they succeed or not. And this was still more clearly shown in plants taken from England to India. All sorts of curious results were found in the growth of English plants on the Neilgherries. The heliotropes at Dawson's Hotel were remarkable specimens of this. I remember them—for there were two of them—for many years, when they were each about a foot in diameter, perfect hemispheres, and they grew exactly like each other till they were, what you say, ten feet high. They never lost this form and they were never out of full blossom all the time, because, I suppose, they never could perfect their seed. The Scented Verbena, which went out a shrub, became a small timber tree there; but the most curious effect of climate was in the case of some kind of pine seed I sowed, which came up, and were little dwarfs of about one and a half inches high with stems as thick as an elephant's hair,

but they never grew more, and lived many years as dwarfs.

“*Re* plants sent to England. The *Torenia Asiatica* was a failure—*i.e.*, it never had its real beauty. The seed was sent first from Tinnevelly by one of the Maltby brothers, I think, and I sent it home from the Sysipara Pass, where it was in perfect beauty. It was very local, but seemed to enjoy the light and air from the pass being opened, and when I found it, it was on that pass, and after a few years became about the most beautiful bank of blossom, many yards in length, I ever saw—thousands of flowers all turning to the light and showing themselves off to perfection. In England they are very poor and never seem to do well.

“Another plant from the same ghaut, or near it, was the *Impatiens Jerdonæi*, which I found, and unfortunately pointed out its locality to McIver, who uprooted every plant of it, I believe, and sent to England fifteen hundred plants of it, which sold for a pound apiece, but never did well in England.

“In your gardens all the finest plants were either shrubs or climbers, and most beautiful they were. There were in the low country of India very few small flowers. I quite recollect the *Convolvulus* grown as you describe it up ropes to a centre post, and I ought to have trained a *Convolvulus* I have in my little back garden here in the same way. It is the Morning Glory of the United States. It grows here in great perfection and our old servant, Moore, makes much of it, when in blossom to

decorate the breakfast-table, for which it is peculiarly suitable.

“ But I must not go on. I thank you very much for giving me this turn to my thoughts, and I shall not give it up.”

In answer to a letter of mine, describing a *Torenia* I had seen in Travancore, with a yellow blotch on it, General Cotton wrote a few days later :—

“ Your letter gives me the greatest pleasure. It delights me to think of you and Lady Arbuthnot all amongst the flowers of the past and present. May you live long in your paradise together. The elephant *hair* I alluded to is the hair at the end of the elephant's tail, sometimes twisted into rings in India. It is much thicker than any other hair and the stems of my dwarf trees were not thicker. I know the *Torenia* you mention with a yellow centre and that may be the Tinnevely variety, I don't know how that is. The Morning Glory grows in my little back garden without any shelter, like the Bindweed, to which it must be nearly related. . . . I am too blind now to see the beauty of flowers, but they have always been my delight, as their physiology has been my greatest interest.”

McIver was the Scotch Superintendent of the Government garden at Ootacamund. He improved the culture of *Cinchona*-trees there. He found that we had a plan already in existence before he was

appointed, of cutting down branches of the Cinchona-tree and taking the bark off them, for, as every one knows, the virtue of the tree lies in the bark. It occurred to McIver that this was a wasteful way of procedure, something akin to the Chinese method of roasting sucking pigs described by Charles Lamb, and he therefore adopted what is now called the "mossing process." This process consists of peeling the cinchona bark off the trees and covering the bare places caused by the loss of bark with moss securely fastened on and kept continually moist, when in course of time the bark grows again and is again available.

Many years afterwards I tried this process on a rose-tree in England with great success. I had built a small rose-house and was engaged in filling it with roses. One of the new plants, a standard Mme. de Watteville, arrived with a large portion of the bark on the stem scraped off and it appeared so damaged that my gardener advised me to throw it away as it would never thrive. I told him to plant the rose-tree, to fetch some damp moss from the wood near by my house, and to fasten it on to the stem of the rose, leaving it there for three weeks and keeping it moist all the time. This was done, and the bark grew and covered the stem, and the Mme. de Watteville, so treated, has been the ornament of my Rose-house for some eleven or twelve years. It has grown to a good height and when covered with blossoms looks like a gigantic bouquet of roses.

The rose-house was built on a plan suggested to me by Mr. Frank Cant, the well-known rose-grower.

Roses, dwarfs and standards, are planted in beds, and bloom about the end of March. I have a *Solfaterre* growing all along one side of the house, which is a great sight when it is in flower; I have counted as many as ninety clusters of large pale yellow blossoms out at the same time. On the opposite side of the house I have trained a *Celine Forestier*, which also has a great wealth of flowers at the proper season; it is generally at its best in April. The roof is supported by two pillars, up which climb *Gloire de Dijon* and *l'Idéale*. The lights composing the roof are movable and are taken off in June, to allow the roses to grow in ordinary conditions of air and natural moisture, and they are put on again in September before frosts come. The only other plant I allow in the rose-house besides roses is a border of violets round the centre bed, which always flourish and add to the sweet scents. I have always preferred roses to any other flower, especially when they can be well grown, and I have planted them in most parts of my garden at Newtown House. The rose-garden proper is surrounded on three sides by a trellis formed by a double row of larch poles connected by wires, and on the fourth side is a wall, the gable end of an old toolhouse in the kitchen garden. The trellises and wall are covered with climbing roses, and two archways which form the entrances to the rose-garden are a perfect bower of roses in the summer. One arch is composed of *Leuchstern* and *Félicité Perpetue*, and the other is brilliant with *Reine Olga* of Wurtemberg and a very pleasing little rose of varied colour called

Papillon. Other roses which form a thick hedge on the trellises are Mme. Plantier, Mme. Alfred Carrière (which also climbs up the wall), the single Lucida, Mme. Marie Levalley, Claire Jacquier (an untidy grower), and several of the Gloire di Dijon family. A sundial designed by Mrs. G. F. Watts, and made at her pottery manufactory at Compton, forms the centre of the garden. The dial plate is old and bears the inscription "Jno. Pocock, Newton, Hants." On the terra cotta frame which encloses the dial is carved a motto made out of the Arbuthnot motto, *Laus Deo*; it runs thus: "Praise God, who giveth the sunshine and the shadow." My rose-garden is below the kitchen garden and quite away from the house, as I do not consider that rose-beds are ornamental adjuncts to a house, being very bare and untidy for a greater part of the year. Although we are in a cold part of Hampshire and near a small river, we hardly ever lose a tea-rose as we invariably adopt the practice of "earthing-up" the stems of the roses before the sharp frosts set in, and also put dry bracken leaves among the branches as a protection for the more delicate dwarf roses. I have noticed that both these expedients are generally adopted in the great rose-nursery gardens at Waltham Cross and thereabouts. One of the chief features in my Hampshire garden is the *Tropæolum Speciosum*, which grows on the yew and box hedges. My old Madras friend Mrs. Elphinstone-Dalrymple, sent me some tubers from Scotland, and an authority on gardening, the Rev. W. Wolley-Dod, advised the best means of planting them. The tubers arrived

in a box of sand, and when the right time came we planted them *under* the hedges in sheltered places, which evidently suited the capricious nature of the "Scotch creeper" as it grows like a weed. It embellishes not only the dark hedges, which form a perfect background for the festoons of scarlet flowers and pale green leaves, but has also invaded the ferns on the rockery, the rhododendrons, and some clipped pyramids of yew and holly. The *Tropæolum* flourishes in every aspect, except on the north wall of the house, which refutes the theory that it requires a north aspect. I have on a lawn in my garden what I have been assured is the tallest specimen of the *Araucaria Imbricata* now existing in England. It is just 60 feet high, and the lower branches feather quite down to the grass. Though I probably should not have planted it myself, I consider it to be quite one of the sights of my garden. My fernery is in an angle of the house facing east and north, and is filled with some interesting specimens of ferns, such as the American Maidenhair (*Adiantum pedatum*), *Osmunda regalis*, the American polypody, and others too numerous to mention. It was filled with ferns under the advice of Mr. George Schneider, who was for many years the head of the fern department at Messrs. Veitch's nursery in Chelsea and is the author of the "Book of Choice Ferns," published in 1892.

In one corner of the garden there is what has always been called the Dutch Garden, which is an oblong piece of ground, the centre part filled with beds forming a very good pattern, a sort of double Maltese cross, each bed having an edging of box,

and being divided from the adjoining beds by gravel paths. The box edging shows off the contents of the beds very well. They are planted in the summer with Begonias, Lobelia Cardinalis, Heliotrope, Fuchsias, a sweet-scented Geranium called Pretty Polly, which I have always understood was introduced at Sandford Priory by Brown, the gardener who helped William Chatteris to lay out his famous Rhododendron and Azalea Garden; and such like bright-flowering plants which have the quality of lasting in flower from the time they are put out in early June till frost cuts them off in September or October. On three sides of the enclosure are shrubberies, chiefly formed of Rhododendrons and Azaleas, interspersed with Laburnums, Lilacs, and white Japanese Maples; the fourth side is formed by a high wall with a border below it. Here flourish bushes of Gum-cistus, Carpentaria, Mediterranean Heath, and Wintersweet, while the wall is covered with Magnolia, Actinidia, various roses, and a Wisteria, ten feet high and forty feet long, which is a great sight when in flower; an arch, which forms one of the entrances to the Dutch Garden, is covered with Clematis Jackmanii, and Flammula; up one side grows a white Everlasting Pea, and another plant of my favourite Papillon rose, and on the other side a Boule d'Or. Another entrance is under a rustic pergola, which in summer is a bower of Roses and Clematis, the roses being Aglaia, Allister Stella Gray, Reve D'Or, and other yellow roses. I have a good many Pillar Roses, on or near a lawn beside the Dutch Garden. Each rose is supported by a larch pole, and the branches are

allowed to fall over naturally, the flowers coming out in great profusion all along the hanging boughs. In the autumn the old wood is cut out and the long young shoots are lightly tied in, which prevents them from being broken by windy weather and helps to keep the shape of the rose-tree. Of course they are untied before they begin to bud. A Crimson Rambler in the middle of the lawn grown in this way reaches a great height and falls over in a cascade of flower. The bed underneath it is filled with white flowering plants and Geraniums with white leaves. Near the Crimson Rambler is a small round bed filled with the hardy Fuchsia, the small old-fashioned flower which was, I believe, the first kind of fuchsia introduced into England. In this bed the *Tropæolum Speciosum* has introduced itself, using the fuchsia plants to support its delicate tendrils. I have several variety of Bamboos which grow among or near the rhododendrons, some of the clumps attaining a great height. The *Tropæolum* elects to creep over some of the fine-leaved Bamboo, *Bambusa Mitis*, a strange admixture of Northern Europe and the Far East.

General Cotton paid me a visit at Newtown House in the early autumn of 1901. He came from Southsea on September 24th, pausing at Winchester the same day to see the cathedral with his niece, Miss Frances Hordern, for his only companion and attendant. We, my wife and I, were greatly struck by his energy and power of enjoyment. The weather was summer-like, and in spite of increasing blindness my dear old friend was able to enjoy the garden and to go for long drives. He left us a few days later

to return to his home in South Kensington, and wrote the following letter the same day:—

“13, LONGRIDGE ROAD, S.W.

“September 27, 1901.

“We had a most successful journey home after our four delicious days with you, and we are with you still in all sorts of ways. . . . Our rooms are full of your beautiful roses, and if I have not your music and your mushrooms, I shall have my memories to give me as good a night's rest as I had at Newtown House each night that I was there.

“Some Frenchman said that the most perfect combination of beauty he knew was ‘an English lady, on an English horse, under an English tree.’ My idea of the most perfect combination of life's enjoyments is an English country house, an English lawn and gardens, and an English host and hostess with such a welcome as you gave us at Newtown. . . . We found everything in our house as we would have it, and on going out after luncheon we met our nicest neighbour of all, Mrs. Malleon, who said—having gout in her right hand—‘I must use my left hand, as I can't squeeze your hand with the other.’”

A fortnight later my dear friend had passed away after a very short illness, having retained his faculties and vigour almost to the last. On his walls hung pictures of his father and mother, painted soon after their marriage by Romney, and as fresh as when they left his easel. General Cotton was an intimate friend of the great painter Watts and his wife, and his

portrait, painted by Mrs. G. F. Watts, hung near the Romneys. The following lines were written by my wife on hearing the sad news:—

MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK CONYERS COTTON, C.S.I.

Born 1807. Died October 12, 1901.

Springtime and summer and harvest have come and gone,
Autumn with patient touch is painting the leaves ;
The barns are filled with straw, the harvested sheaves
Are thrashed, the ricks are thatched and the summer's
done.

The swallows wheeling and darting about the eaves
Have flown to the South in search of a summer sun.
So lately he came, the echoes of voices sound,
Yon moon has scarcely waned from her golden round,
The garden still reflects his lingering smile ;
Where late he walked the borders cover the ground,
And blossoms of perfumed roses still abound—

The hand of Summer holds Autumn in check awhile.
His age was mellow, and rich his harvested years
With love of God and all His created things—

With knowledge of older days, and wanderings
Many decades past in Eastern and Western spheres.
A ministering angel came with noiseless wings
And gently bore him away through a mist of tears.

Though frosts of Autumn have robbed each flower and
tree

Of the feast of Summer splendour he loved to see,
His faith has triumphed above all human strife,
Eternal Summer shall crown that blameless life.

CHAPTER XI

PRIVILEGE LEAVE AND PROMOTION

Sir Charles Trevelyan—Presidential jealousy—Furlough—Three months in England—Visit to Sandeford Priory—The Sandeford ghost—Rugby and Dr. Temple—Appointment as Chief Secretary—Death of Susanna Bingham—Sir William Denison—Sir J. Hope Grant—Sir Gaspard Le Marchant:

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN succeeded Lord Harris as Governor of Madras in 1859. Lord Harris was given an appointment in the Queen's household after he had been Governor of Madras. As he was one of the shyest of men he told me he was very much surprised at being offered the appointment, but I heard later that he was much liked and that he did very well. Trevelyan had been as a young man in the Bengal Civil Service, and had the reputation of being a hard-working and able man. He was mentioned by Anthony Trollope in a novel of his as Sir Gregory Hardlines, which shows the reputation he had gained of being a hard taskmaster. I saw very little of Trevelyan; for about a year after his appointment I took privilege leave to England, having been in India for eighteen years consecutively;

my wife had gone to England the previous year, 1859. I had only three months' privilege leave, with a possibility of extending it to four months, which I was able to carry out. I had hoped for an extension to six months after so long a sojourn in India, and I considered my case was a very hard one, as some new regulations had been made which would entail forfeiting my appointment (I was still Director of Public Instruction in Madras) if I took more leave. I applied for the extra two months, but Sir James Weir Hogg, formerly one of the old Court of Directors, and then appointed to the new Council under the Secretary of State for India, who had taken an active part in framing those rules, carried the Council against me, and I only got four months' leave. (It was this Sir James Hogg whom Sir Charles Napier, when he was Governor of Scinde, alluded to as the "Man-Hog.")

I left India in February, 1860, and travelled as far as Alexandria with the Fred Cottons, from whence they went on to Syria. We stopped at Galle, and I remember driving out with them to Erinborough, a few miles inland, where Fred Cotton and his wife had spent their honeymoon. The Suez Canal was not in existence in those days, so I went by train, sleeping at Cairo and proceeding to Alexandria next day. I thought the climate and air of Egypt at that season the finest I had ever breathed.

While I was at home Sir Charles Trevelyan was recalled in consequence of his having given to the Press some minutes written by himself and by other Members of the Government of Madras in opposition

to the imposition of an Income Tax, which was one of the measures adopted by Lord Canning's Government at the instance of Mr. Wilson, the Financial Member of Council.

Mr. William Ambrose Morehead, who was then a Member of the Madras Council, and was twice Acting Governor of Madras (after Sir Charles Trevelyan's recall and again after the early death of Sir Henry Ward), told me some time afterwards that Trevelyan had solemnly promised him not to give any publicity to the minutes in question. Morehead had suspected that Trevelyan contemplated doing so, and had warned him against doing anything of the kind. When I returned from England, after being absent for four months, I received a message from Sir Charles Trevelyan, before I had left the ship, requesting me to go at once to see him, his object evidently being to ascertain what was the general feeling in England regarding his recall. On this point I was unable to satisfy him, as it was apparently a matter which few Englishmen cared anything about. The chief topic when I was in England had been the repeal of the Paper Tax! I had heard that Lady Trevelyan said that Sir Charles's recall, or rather the circumstances which brought about his recall, would not have happened if she had been in Madras at the time. It has been stated that public men in Madras considered Sir Charles Trevelyan to have been unfairly treated, and that his recall was unpopular alike with Englishmen and natives. My opinion always was that presidential jealousy was at the bottom of this unpopularity. Jealousy of the Supreme Govern-

ment had always been very strong in Madras, and was even worse in Bombay. It was a feeling which I tried my best to combat as soon as I was sufficiently high up in the service to carry any weight. I happened to know some of the leading men in Bengal, such as Sir William Grey, Sir Cecil Beadon, and others, and I always endeavoured to persuade my friends and colleagues in Madras that those men were perfectly fair and just in their dealings with the other presidencies.

While I was in England I stayed at Sandleford Priory by the invitation of William Chatteris. My sister Anne (his wife) had died in 1848, and in 1850 he had married Miss Emily Hardy, a daughter of Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy of Trafalgar fame. My cousin Edmund Arbuthnot and his wife were still living close by at Newtown House and were hospitable and kind as ever. William Chatteris received me with his usual kindness, and his new wife was extremely nice to me and to my wife, who had been for some months a tenant of Sandleford Cottage, on the banks of the River Enbourne. F—— told me the following incident which happened to her shortly before my return to England. She had been dining one night at Sandleford Priory when the conversation turned upon ghosts, and Lord Rokeby, who was staying there, told one or two ghost stories, and spoke of the Sandleford ghost. Some one remarked that it would be terrifying to meet it, but Lord Rokeby answered that the Sandleford ghost was not at all horrible. "The rustle of a dress is sometimes heard and sometimes a lady is seen dressed in a pretty green gown just like that

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which Mrs. Alex Arbuthnot is wearing." All present turned to look at my wife, and at that moment a cold blast of air was felt through the room. There was some more talk about ghosts until F. begged them to stop, reminding them that she had to go back alone to Sandleford Cottage. When she returned home she found the members of her small household in the hall. She asked them what they were doing there, her maid among them, and she said: "Oh, ma'am, we thought you came home some time ago. We heard a noise and the rustle of your dress quite plainly as you walked down the passage, but when we came to look for you, we did not see any one."

William Chatteris invited my mother and her sister Susanna Bingham, and my cousin Lizzie Vesey to Sandleford to meet me. I missed Anne sadly, and my sister Fanny Law had also died in 1857, so that I found many changes. My brother Charles was quartered at Aldershot, and we met as often as possible; he had got a brevet-majority shortly after the Crimean War was over. During my first visit to Sandleford the party included Samuel Wilberforce, at that time Bishop of Oxford, who often stayed with William Chatteris. William had a good stud of horses, and Wilberforce, though an indifferent horseman, was fond of riding and invariably got a satisfactory mount at Sandleford. My first cousin Charles Corkran was also of the party, and his sister, Mrs. James Campbell, mother of my cousin and friend Colonel Walter Campbell of the Indian Staff Corps. One night at dinner the party included Mr. Wallace, who had been recently appointed Rector of the ad-



ALEXANDER JOHN AND CHARLES GEORGE ARBUTHNOT.

(From a photograph taken in 1860.)

jacent parish of Burghclere, and he and Bishop Wilberforce had rather an interesting conversation about ecclesiastical affairs. By degrees I noticed that most of the party gathered round the two talkers. Charles Corkran was standing near. In the course of conversation some reference was made to Gladstone, which led Charles Corkran to denounce him and say fervently, "I hate him!" and I heard the Bishop say in his suavest tones, "And I love him!"

My first knowledge of Dr. Temple (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) was in 1855, when I was organising the Department of Education in Madras. Temple was then Principal of Kneller Hall, and as I had to find efficient schoolmasters required by the new system of education which we were introducing into the Presidency, I wrote to Temple to inquire whether he had any men to recommend. He sent me two or three, of whom one proved to be a signal failure, and I had some correspondence with him on the subject. During my short furlough in 1860 I went to Rugby, where Temple was then Headmaster, and called upon him in the course of my visit. He asked me to stay at the Schoolhouse, but I had made other arrangements, and he then invited me to dinner, and inquired whether there was any one I should like to meet. Nearly all the Masters who had been at Rugby in my day had left, but Charles Thomas Arnold, (generally known as "Twiss" Arnold), who had been at Rugby with me, was now a Master, and on my mentioning him Temple kindly invited him to dinner to meet me, and we had a very pleasant evening. Next morning I breakfasted with

Twiss Arnold, who, by the by, was not related to Dr. Arnold. I never saw Dr. Temple again until years afterwards, when he was Bishop of London. I re-introduced myself to him one day at the Athenæum Club, but I found he had entirely forgotten me, and his only answer was a vague smile. Just after my time at Rugby a Mr. Sandford became Rector of Dunchurch, near Rugby, and his son, now Archdeacon Sandford, a good deal my junior, has lately edited a Memoir of Archbishop Temple.

I first met the present Archbishop of York (Dr. Maclagan) in Madras when I was quite a young man. I think my wife was on the Neilgherry Hills, and I was keeping house with Clarence Roberts, a member of the Madras Civil Service, but junior to me by some years. He told me one day that he had invited a young ensign of the Madras Infantry, named Mac-lagan, to dinner, and he came in his scarlet shell jacket. I remember that we both thought him a very nice young fellow. When we next met Maclagan had taken Orders and was (I think) a Bishop, and now when we meet, as we do occasionally, I connect the Archbishop of York in my mind's eye with a slim young ensign in a scarlet shell jacket. Clarence Roberts had a younger brother, Bertie Roberts, in the Madras Staff Corps, who was a very amusing fellow. We renewed our acquaintance years afterwards in London. I always remember our last meeting, on the steps of the Athenæum, when the "Senior" was shut for its annual cleaning, and we were entertaining its members. It was on that occasion that I first heard the nickname "the Twopenny Tube" for the

new underground railway just opened, and also that his own Club (the United Service Club) was known as the "Regimental" and the Athenæum as the "Mental." Both brothers are, alas! dead within a year of each other.

Before I left England I heard that my brother George, who was then commanding a regiment of Native Cavalry, had been deprived of his command by Sir Patrick Grant, then Commander-in-Chief in Madras. I wrote a memorandum addressed to the Government, protesting against the treatment my brother had received and stating the facts of the case as strongly as I could. When I reached Madras on my return Morehead, then Senior Member of Council, and afterwards Acting Governor, told me that Sir Patrick Grant was very angry and had requested the Government to censure me, which they proceeded to do. My answer was that I should write another letter as strong as the first in reply to the censure, as I felt that I was fully justified in protesting against the way my brother had been treated. I did so, and had my letter printed and privately circulated. Whereupon the matter dropped. A Colonel Marshall, then Military Secretary to the Government of Madras, had to draft the censure passed upon me, and afterwards, when I received a higher appointment and he was then under me in the Secretariat, he seemed relieved to find that I did not owe him any grudge in the matter, and he and I became great friends. In 1861 Colonel Sir William Denison was appointed Governor of Madras, having been previously Governor of Van Dieman's

Land (as Tasmania was then called) and then Governor of New South Wales, with the title of Governor-General of Australia. Denison himself was opposed to the retention of the latter title, which was abolished after his retirement. He was a strong man, very honest and straightforward, and I formed a high estimate of his character. I have written at length about his career in the "Dictionary of National Biography" (vol. xiv.). Early in the year 1862, when I had held the post of Director of Public Instruction for seven years, we were at "Glenview," the house I had bought at Coonoor on the Neilgherry Hills, when I received a letter from the Governor, through Tom Pycroft (afterwards Sir Thomas Pycroft), offering me the permanent appointment of Chief Secretary when it became vacant. I had done the work for a short time in Pycroft's absence. Pycroft was holding the post himself, but was shortly to become a Member of Council. It was an appointment I had always coveted but I never thought it would be offered to me. Pycroft was one of the men who helped me on considerably. He was a little man with a bad manner, but he was a good friend and a just man. He thought I had fair abilities and would justify his recommendation for promotion.

On January 3rd in this year (1862) my mother had the great sorrow of losing her sister Susanna, who had been her devoted companion for twenty years. The two sisters had been most fondly attached to each other, and my mother realised her complete loneliness for the first time. She rejoiced in hearing

of my appointment and satisfaction in my new work, but her health was bad and she lamented over the thought that the appointment as Chief Secretary would prevent my leaving India again for many years, and she feared we should never meet again.

While I was in England I had renewed my friendship with my cousin Lizzie Vesey, a charming woman still, though she was a good many years my senior. She wrote in November, 1860, after a visit to the familiar houses of Sandleford Priory and Newtown House: "We were a week at Newtown. I saw your photograph, which is wonderfully like. I was delighted with it, and hope to have a copy as your mother has promised to try to get me one. One evening up at Sandleford the room was the same, my old friend was not there, but I thought of him, and of Anne, and of years gone by. What a vexing state of affairs for George! Your mother sent me the answer to your letter. It struck me that the Government felt they had acted unjustly, and in consequence were annoyed at your having exposed their conduct; you acted a kind part towards George and this they must feel. . . . Sir H. Ward's death was very sad and a great loss to you—we missed some papers while we were abroad and I have not heard who has been appointed in his place—I hope one whom you can like. I shall be so interested in the progress of the asylum in the hills."

The asylum to which Lizzie Vesey referred was an orphanage in Madras which I was trying to get removed to the Hills, as I felt it would be a much healthier climate for the inmates than a prolonged

sojourn in Madras, but I did not effect my purpose for several years.

My cousin continues: "Do you remember telling me, shortly before you wished us goodbye that Sunday evening, of some coloured sands which you found at Cape Comorin? One was red composed of garnets. I have just come across the same thing in a work of Hugh Millar's; he found this garnet sand on the shores of Cromarty in great patches; it seems to be exactly the same as what you met with. Have you got a pinch of it that you could send me? I have a sort of passion for geology."

Another letter, written from Aylesbury, where my cousin was then making her home with her sister Mrs. Garry, and her nephew the Rev. Nicholas Garry (now Canon Garry,¹ Rector of Taplow), was written in August, 1861, tells me of their garden, for she knew my keen interest in flowers and gardening: "Our small garden here is on a slope towards the south and produces the most beautiful mignonette I ever saw. I wish I could send you a bunch of it. The other day I was looking over a book on wild flowers, and came across an account of the bluebell or harebell, botanical name *Campanula rotundifolia*—here it is of a pale blue. Professor Lindley says: 'On the Alps of India it is found of the deepest purple that can be conceived.' Have you ever met with it in your blue mountains?"

On January 8, 1862, my cousin mentions the recent death at Cheltenham of my aunt Susanna Bingham: "I am not certain whether the mail of

¹ Canon Garry died at Taplow June 12, 1907.

the 4th will have conveyed to you the intelligence you have long expected of poor Susanna's release from her sufferings. A happy change for her! the desolation of your dear mother is the sad and grievous thing. . . . A. K. [Anne Kirkland] tells me Charles is all tenderness to her, and the Chatterises are going there this week. How I wish you were within reach, that she might feel the soothing of leaning against her darling son; she once told me so touchingly that on the last journey with you to Cheltenham her arm was within yours during the whole of the way. Susanna loved you only less than with a mother's love."

I got on very well with Sir William Denison. He was a very plain-spoken man. When I was appointed Chief Secretary I wrote some rather objurgatory epistle censuring a man in unmistakable terms, which Denison enjoyed and put his initial to at once. He met my wife at some party the same evening and said to her, "I like your husband very much; he knows how to call a spade a spade!"

Sir William Denison once introduced a native, the son of the Nawab of Arcot, to some English personage as "Swivel-eye," a nickname of his own invention, but which he, of course, then used inadvertently. Fortunately, the young prince did not understand and bowed and smiled as if it was some great distinction.

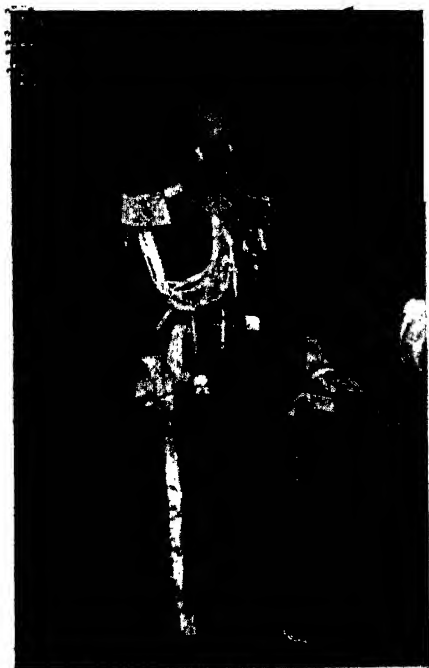
Sir William told me that when he was a boy at school (I think at Brighton), one of the ushers in the school was particularly disliked. As Denison was walking out two-and-two with his brother

(afterwards Archdeacon Denison), he remarked: "I should like to spit at that man," and suiting the action to the word, he did so. At that unlucky moment the usher turned round ——! and one can imagine the sequel to the story.

In 1865 I received a letter from my first cousin George Arbuthnot, son of my uncle Sir Robert, whom we used to call "George Arbuthnot of the Treasury." He and I had met occasionally at my aunt's, Mrs. Langley, at Southborough, and I knew him well by reputation as a very clever man and an able public servant.

"TREASURY, *May 2, 1865.*

"I have to thank you very much for your kind attention to my young friend Huntly Gordon, to whom I gave you a letter of introduction when he first went out to India. His father has several times mentioned to me the accounts which he had received from his son of the kindness which you had shown to him and his wife on every opportunity. . . . There is another subject on which I have to trouble you. I daresay that you read in the Indian papers a paper that I wrote in answer to Sir Charles Trevelyan's minute on the gold currency question. My paper was written confidentially for Sir Charles Wood and Trevelyan himself, and I only sent it to a few besides who had been mixed up in the discussions. I was surprised, therefore, to find that Trevelyan, with rather queer but friendly candour, published it by order of the Government. The consequence is that it has brought on me a notoriety



SIR WILLIAM DENISON, K.C.B.

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which I did not seek, and I am not unfrequently referred to as *an authority* in these matters. I lately received, for example, through Coutts & Co., an elaborate paper drawn up by the Secretary and Treasurer of the Bank of Bengal, with which 'Sir Chas. Trevelyan was delighted,' but on which the Secretary wished to have my opinion. It is a misfortune that I am never able to participate in Trevelyan's delights on these subjects; and in my reply I have stated views in opposition to those entertained by the Bank of Bengal. As, however, much personal responsibility is thrown upon me by these references I am anxious to be armed at all points, and I shall be much obliged to you if you will inform me, occasionally, of the effect in Madras of the Government order for the receipt of sovereigns in payment of duties at the rate of 10 rupees—*i.e.*, the quantity of sovereigns paid in, monthly, the amount of notes issued against gold, and the imports of sovereigns from England and Australia respectively."

I received this letter at Bangalore, in Mysore, where we had gone with the Governor, Sir William Denison, and where I was renting a house for a short time. Before I could get the information asked for by my cousin George I heard of his death. He was in bad health when he wrote to me.

Sir Patrick Grant retired in 1861, and was succeeded as Commander-in-Chief at Madras by General Sir James Hope Grant, who had seen a great deal of service and had just returned from China, where he had commanded our forces in the second Chinese

War, and had captured the Taku forts and Peking. He was a very good man, very religious, and in every way an extremely fine fellow. The post of Commander-in-Chief carried with it a seat on the Council. I was Chief Secretary and consequently had no voice in the discussions, but I was at a Council meeting one day when there were three Members of Council present, including Sir Hope Grant. I forget the subject which was under discussion, but it was one with which I was well acquainted, as I had heard all about it from Pycroft, and I intervened and suggested some point in the case which had not appeared. Sir Hope Grant rather lost his temper, and said abruptly: "Have we three Members of Council present or four?" When the Meeting was over it happened that Sir Hope Grant and I were alone in the room, and he came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder, and said, "I hope, Arbuthnot, you were not annoyed at what I said?" I could answer most sincerely that I could never be annoyed by anything he said, and we were always excellent friends to the end.

Both he and Lady Hope Grant wrote us the kindest of farewell letters when they left Madras in 1865, and we were extremely sorry at their departure.

Sir John Gaspard Le Marchant (whom we used to call "Gaspardo") was the next Commander-in-Chief. He had been under my uncle, Sir Thomas Arbuthnot, when Sir Thomas was commanding the troops in the North of England, and when he found I was a nephew of his former commanding officer he

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was always very civil to me. But he was not so to Pycroft and Phillips, two of the Members of Council, and treated them with scant courtesy. He used to call the former "Peacroft" for some reason unknown to any one else. Le Marchant had been successively Lieutenant-Governor of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and could never forget his former dignity. He fully expected to have been appointed Governor when Sir William Denison's time expired, and was thought to be much disappointed when Lord Napier (afterwards Lord Napier and Ettrick) was appointed as Denison's successor.

CHAPTER XII

THE GOVERNMENT OF MADRAS

Lord Napier of Murchistoun—Death of George Bingham Arbuthnot—University of Madras—Appointment as Vice-Chancellor—Acting Governor—Lord Hobart—Return to England.

IN 1866 Lord Napier of Murchissoun¹ arrived at Madras to take up the post of Governor, vacant by the untimely death of Sir Henry Ward. Lord Napier had established a high reputation in the various diplomatic appointments he had held; he had been a great success at Washington, where he was considered to have been the most acceptable envoy ever sent to the United States by Great Britain. He had had four interesting years as Ambassador at St. Petersburg from 1860-4, and by his tact and discretion had helped to keep peace between Russia and England at a critical time. The Czar, Alexander II., had wished to confer upon him the highest Russian honour, that of St. Andrew, in recognition of his efforts in the direction of peace.

¹ Created Baron Napier and Ettrick in the peerage of England in 1872 in recognition of his services in India.

But as that honour could not be accepted by a British Ambassador, the Emperor sat for his portrait and presented it to Napier; and the King of Prussia paid him the same compliment when he was Ambassador at Berlin. Lord Palmerston predicted that Napier would rise to the highest offices in the State, and I remember Lord Lytton remarking to me, when he was Viceroy of India, that he regarded Napier as the only man of genius in the Diplomatic Service in his time. Soon after he came to Madras he visited Calcutta and made friends with Lord Lawrence, with whom he always got on well, as he did with Lawrence's successor, Lord Mayo. Although the questions Lord Napier had to deal with in Madras were very different from anything he had met with in his previous appointments he entered into them fully, and easily mastered the facts. Though we had some decided differences of opinion, Lord Napier and I were always good friends, and I look back to the period during which I was Chief Secretary to his Government as one of the happiest and most interesting of my time in Madras. Lord Napier was specially interested in all matters connected with public health and kept up a correspondence with Miss Florence Nightingale, to whom he had been able to give valuable assistance in her work during the Crimean War, when he was Secretary to the Embassy at Constantinople. He visited the great irrigation works carried out and devised by Sir Arthur Cotton; and it was in his time that the Pennar anicut was built, and the immense project of diverting the Periyar River in Travancore from its

natural channel was brought by him before the Government of England and the Secretary of State. This remarkable work of diverting the river from the western to the eastern side of the peninsula was successfully completed a few years ago. I have written more fully of Lord Napier and Ettrick's career in the third and last Supplementary Volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

In February, 1867, my half-brother George, who had retired from the Indian Army and was then settled at Bath, wrote from me at Cheltenham, whither he had been summoned by the serious illness of my mother. She had been half poisoned by some strange doctor, and when her own doctor visited her he thought her case was hopeless. However, she recovered and lived for nine years longer. Unfortunately, her memory was failing her, and as it was no longer possible for her to look after her own financial affairs my brother wrote to tell me that he had offered to manage her money matters for her, and that she was willing that he should do so; and he begged me to tell my mother that I approved of this arrangement. This was the last letter I received from my brother George, as he died a few weeks after writing; the only near relative left to me, except my mother, being my brother Charles, then a lieutenant-colonel of Artillery.

During the time that I was organising the Department of Education I was instrumental in founding the University of Madras, of which I was one of the original Fellows, and was later, in 1871-2 appointed Vice-Chancellor. In 1858 I delivered the first

address to the first graduates, and in 1868, when I was a Member of Council, I again addressed them and reviewed the events of the past ten years. The Court of Directors had issued in 1854 the dispatch which has happily been called the "Great Charter of Native Education."

In my address of 1868 I alluded in the following terms to the earlier occasion on which I had addressed the graduates shortly after the close of the Mutiny :—

"It was already known that the Government of India would shortly be transferred from the control of the great Company which had administered it for a century to the direct control of the Crown. The Court of Directors which had sanctioned, and in whose name had been issued, the Education Dispatch of 1854, that once powerful body under which some of the foremost statesmen of the British nation had been willing to serve, which had censured Wellesley and recalled Ellenborough, which had honoured Malcolm and Munro, and to the great loss of this our Presidency had passed over the high-minded and heroic Metcalfe, that Court which had numbered among its servants, civil and military, some of the ablest public officers which any service produced, was about to be deprived of its powers ; that system of government which in the un-exaggerated language of its distinguished advocates had been 'not only one of the purest in intention, but one of the most beneficent in act ever known among mankind,' which had planted the germs and laid the foundations of nearly all the improvements since carried out in India, was on the eve of being

abolished. It was under these circumstances that the University of Madras held its first Convocation for conferring degrees, and, as might be expected, the character of the ceremonial was in keeping with the feelings of doubt and incertitude which prevailed. . . . We met on that occasion in a small and unpretending building, ill-adapted and inconvenient for an important public gathering. The ceremonial, if such it may be called, was of the most informal and unimpressive description. The attendance was scanty. The interest in the proceedings was confined to a few. During the ten years which have since elapsed a great change has taken place. Most of the questions which were then so eagerly discussed have been long since settled; each one of the benevolent measures sanctioned by the Court of Directors in 1854 has been more or less vigorously carried out. The University is no longer an experiment. It is an accomplished and admitted success."

I was anxious to impress upon my audience the useful work which lay before the members of the teaching body. Previously to that time the educated natives had somewhat despised the profession of a teacher; upon this point I endeavoured to correct their views, and I concluded my address as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I am aware that the profession of a teacher is generally regarded as deficient in many of the attractions which are to be found in other walks in life. The position is usually considered to be less influential than those which may be attained

by other professions. As a general rule the emoluments are smaller and the work, if it is to be done effectually, involves no slight amount of mental and physical labour : but the picture has its bright side as well. In no profession is a talented and conscientious man enabled to exercise a greater amount of real influence for good. In few does he see more speedily or more tangibly the result of his labours. And in the duties themselves, especially in the higher branches of the profession, there is surely much that must afford a constant interest and gratification to a cultivated mind—much that is perfectly consistent with the development of those qualities which go to constitute human greatness. If I were called upon to name the greatest man who has lived and died in this nineteenth century, I should select, not a great statesman, not a great orator, not a great general, not a great lawyer, not a great poet : not Pitt, not Canning, not Wellington, not Peel, not Wordsworth, not Metcalfe, not even our own Munro, though in him were embodied more than in most of those I have named the true elements of greatness. I should select none of these. My choice would fall on one who laboured long and nobly in the profession which I am now urging on your attention ; on one who in the piety and purity of his life, in the earnestness and simplicity of his character, in the largeness and liberality of his views, in the solidity of his learning, in the reverence for all that was great and good, in his abhorrence of all that was mean and petty, combined in himself more of the real characteristics of greatness than are to be found in any other

man of his time. I pray that among the graduates of this University there may yet be some who will strive to follow the example of him with whose name I close this address, the great and good Dr. Arnold."

I had been promoted to a seat in the Council of the Governor in 1867; and in 1872, on the death of the Earl of Mayo, when Lord Napier became temporary Governor-General, I, being then the senior Member of Council, officiated for three months as Governor of Madras. I thus fulfilled for a short time my boyish ambition of living at Guindy as Governor.

During my short term of office I had to attend in state at the Cathedral on the occasion of the Thanksgiving Service for the recovery of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and I had a visit from Lord and Lady Blandford, who had been travelling in Northern India and who on their way home had promised to stay with Lord Napier. I thought Lady Blandford very charming. Unfortunately, I was laid up part of my stay at Guindy from the effects of an inflamed mosquito bite, so that I could not ride daily in the park as I had intended. In March I went for a week to Ootacamund to join my wife, whose health would not allow her to stay in Madras, and then returned to Guindy, where in April I gave a musical evening, which was considered very successful. Sir Frederick Haines was then Commander-in-Chief at Madras, and his wife, I recollect, was one of the singers. On April 24th there was a fearful cyclone and seventeen vessels were wrecked on the beach at Madras; many years afterwards my wife was at Salcombe, in Devon-



LADY NAPIER AND ETTRICK.

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shire, and heard from some sailors there that they had been in one of the shipwrecked vessels and remembered my being on the beach doing my utmost to assist them with food and other comforts. On May 12th Lord and Lady Napier came to Madras on their way to England, and stayed with me at Government House, Lord Hobart, the newly appointed Governor, not arriving until the fifteenth.

While I was acting as Governor I gave a farewell dinner to a very estimable missionary and his wife, he being secretary to the S.P.G. at Madras and a great friend of mine, of whom I had seen a great deal when I was Director of Public Instruction. When we sat down to dinner the wife of the Member of Council who sat on one side of me asked whether I had seen the invitations which had been sent out, and when I replied in the negative she told me that the aide-de-camp had put on the cards—"To have the honour of meeting (!) the Revd. A. and Mrs. ——" which had occasioned a good deal of amusement.

I was very sorry to part from Lord and Lady Napier, and I can never understand why he was passed over for the Vice-royalty. He was a very able man and greatly interested in his work, which he performed with conspicuous ability. He was an excellent speaker. I thought his farewell speech, in answer to an address presented by the natives of Madras, a model of eloquence, and about the best speech I ever heard.

I saw very little of Lord Hobart, for I retired from the Madras Council in October, 1872, and proceeded

to England on furlough, and two years later retired from the Madras Civil Service.¹

The branch of public business which occupied the greater part of my time during many years of Indian service was education, combined with other cognate matters, such as the advancement of the natives in the public service. Among other questions which engaged my attention were the settlement of the Madras land revenue, the machinery for superintending the revenue and executive administration in Madras, the training of judicial officers, the police,

¹ Sir Alexander brought with him the following letter of introduction from Lord Hobart to his old Rugby schoolfellow Arthur Stanley, then Dean of Westminster :—

“GOVERNMENT HOUSE, GUINDY PARK, MADRAS,
December 5, 1872.

“MY DEAR STANLEY,—Mr. A. J. Arbuthnot, who was first Member of my Council, is on his way home to England, having served his term on the Council and therefore been obliged to retire. He is one of Dr. Arnold’s pupils, and I believe you had some correspondence with him a short time ago respecting a speech of his which he sent to you and in which he eulogised Dr. Arnold. I hope you will make his acquaintance, for he is a man whom I am sure you would like and respect in no ordinary degree

“His loss to this presidency is nothing less than irreparable ; and for himself what I fear is that the change to inaction and nonentity after his active life and distinguished position here may be painful and injurious. I trust, however, that he may find a place in the Indian Council, where he would be invaluable. In any case, it will be of great advantage to him to know you and Lady Augusta, and I do not think you will ever regret the introduction.

“Believe me most truly yours,
“HOBART.”

the decentralisation of Indian finance, the constitution of the Governments of Madras and Bombay and their relations to the Supreme Government and to the Secretary of State, the position of the Armies of those Presidencies in relation to the Local Government and to the Commander-in-Chief in India, questions of taxation, including import duties, income tax, &c., local self-government, the North West Frontier question, famines, and so on.

In 1871, when a member of Council at Madras, I was employed on a special mission to Travancore to settle certain differences which had arisen between the Maharajah and his Dewan or minister, Sir Madava Row. My services on this occasion were favourably noticed in a dispatch from the Secretary of State, and I had a grateful letter from Sir Madava Row, but the reconciliation between Maharajah and minister was only apparent, and a year later the minister resigned and his vacant post was filled by a native statesman named Sashiah Sàstri (afterwards Sir Sashiah Sàstri), and after that by another native gentleman named V. Ramiengar, who had worked with me, and whom I always consulted when I was in the Legislative Council about the Bills I was bringing in, on any question on which I wanted special information. He died in 1887, and I was asked to edit any papers he might have left, with a short memoir of my valued friend, on whose integrity and sound principles I had always relied; but, unfortunately, the necessary papers were not forthcoming, and I could not carry out my wish. Another friend with whom I had corresponded until

quite recent days is Dewan Bahadur V. Krishnama-chariar, who, like the two I have already mentioned, was a pupil of Mr. Eyre Baden Powell. This well-known educationist, a Junior Wrangler, went to Madras in 1848 to take charge of the new High School, and afterwards became Principal of the Presidency College and my successor as Director of Public Instruction. One of my most valued possessions is a large ivory casket, presented to me, with an address, by my native friends when I left Madras, in 1872.

The Madras *Athenæum* had written a good many adverse criticisms on my proceedings while I was Chief Secretary and also a member of Lord Napier's Government, and had attributed to my influence several actions with which I probably had little or nothing to do. I used to say that when they wanted "copy" they filled up a column with criticism of myself or Lord Napier, to which neither of us took any exception or made any public comment. I was therefore not surprised, when my time in Madras came to an end and an account of my career was published in the *Athenæum*, to find the following "blot on the character of Mr. Arbuthnot" alluded to: "He affected to be above the Press, imitating in this the sin of the Son of the Morning." If that was all they could find to charge against me I am quite content. The attacks on Lord Napier, during his administration, in the Madras newspapers were a source of pain to him and to Lady Napier. I have always considered that it was in some measure owing to those, frequently unjustifiable, attacks that

he was not confirmed in the appointment of Governor-General after the assassination of Lord Mayo.

I was very sorry indeed when the time came for my final departure from Madras. I had had a very happy time there during all the thirty years to which my stay extended. I had excellent health ; in fact, I doubt whether I should have had better if the years I passed in Madras had been spent in England or some other comparatively cool country. The climate of India suited me wonderfully well. During the greater part of the time I took a great deal of exercise, chiefly on foot. I sometimes walked as much as ten miles in the morning before breakfast. I did a good deal of hard work, but it agreed with me very well ; in fact, I had nothing to complain of ! The old friends of those days are mostly dead now. Forbes, Dalrymples, Cottons, Fordyces, "Boo" Stewart, Arthur Drury—all have gone before me, but the memory of the old days is still green and will abide with me as long as I live.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S COUNCIL

Promotion to K.C.S.I.—Rhododendron “Sir Alex.” Arbuthnot
—Article on Lord Ellenborough—“Poor Whites of India”
—Appointment to Governor-General’s Council—Simla—The
Home Department—A disappointment—The Delhi Durbar
—Counsellors of the Empress—Correspondence with Lord
Lytton and Sir Henry Montgomery.

AFTER our return to England in the autumn of 1872, I rented the Rectory House at Windlesham for a year. It was situated in a delightful bit of country, much the same as I had been used to in my youth when I stayed so much at Sandford Priory, near Newbury ; surrounded with fir-woods and commons covered with heather. I used frequently to go to a nursery garden full of rhododendrons and azaleas, owned by a man called Mason, and when I revisited Windlesham and my friend Mason some years later I found a rhododendron called by my name ; and a very pretty one it is, a pale pink flower in large trusses with a decided chocolate blotch. Mason’s nursery garden is now carried on by Messrs. Fromow & Co. While I was at Windlesham, in the May following my departure from India, I received

in no hurry to have it back, I thought I might venture to authorise her to detain it a few days longer. I have read it with the greatest interest : and if I may presume to express an opinion on its purely literary quality, I think the style of it *excellent*, dignified, sober, and sustained in a tone which certainly inspires the reader with great confidence in the strict impartiality of the writer, and his honest desire to do fair justice to the subject of his criticism. The criticism itself I am, of course, incompetent either to question or confirm, as I have not read the Ellenborough correspondence, and am but very imperfectly acquainted with the details of Lord Ellenborough's Indian Administration. I must say, however, that your review of that Administration greatly strengthens my previous impressions of Lord Ellenborough's character. When a boy I met him, not infrequently, at my father's house ; and he always treated me with a kindly seriousness, which to any *very* young man is irresistibly charming in his intercourse with an eminent elder. I was also in the gallery of the House of Lords (with old Lady Jersey) when Lord Ellenborough announced his resignation, and defended his conduct, in reference to the Canning dispatch (about Oudh). It was a very effective speech, which sensibly impressed the House, and quite carried away the Gallery—at least, that side of the gallery from which I listened to it. But I felt then, and have always thought since, that Lord Ellenborough was a very impulsive and impressionable man, gifted with many fine faculties and a singularly imposing presence, which, in their practical application to public affairs,

were neither guided by any steadfast purpose nor controlled by common sense, nor sustained by moral courage, and that, for this reason, he was a dangerously unreliable man. I am, however, rather startled by the insincerity of character which your quotations from his correspondence reveal. His character is, certainly, a curious study; and, on the whole, it remains to me a mystery. For, notwithstanding his undoubtedly brilliant gifts and great advantages, his public career was a gigantic failure. Do you know that he was the original of 'Long Ned,' in my father's novel of 'Paul Clifford'?"

With regard to my article on the "Poor Whites of India," it was written to refute what a Madras paper of the time called the "gushing twaddle" which had then recently appeared in the columns of the *Pall Mall* and the *Times*. The writer in the *Pall Mall* took his figures from a recent Census Report published in Calcutta, and found a total European and Eurasian population in Bengal of 83,935; on this he based his supposition that the "poor whites" of that Presidency, who were sunk in ignorance and neglected by Government, were the progeny of this not inconsiderable population. It may seem incredible that I should have had to point out that the aforesaid total included the British officers and soldiers and their families, the members of the Civil Service, the mercantile community, the Clergy, and Bar, besides all other professions, trades, and occupations carried on by Europeans, leaving only a small residuum of unemployed and unemployable to whom the remarks of the *Pall Mall* could in any way be applied. As

to the general character of the Eurasian community, I could speak with personal knowledge of the benefits they had derived from the education provided for them, chiefly by Government.

I will quote only one extract :—

“No one who has been at the head of a large office in India, where, especially in the Presidency towns, the Eurasians are employed in considerable numbers as clerks, can have failed to recognise the excellent business habits of many of this class, the unfailing courtesy, the patience, the industry, the honesty, and, in many cases, the acute intelligence which they bring to bear upon their duties.”

In the spring of 1875 I received a letter late one night from Lord Salisbury, then Secretary of State for India, offering me a seat on the Governor-General's Council. I had long wished for this appointment and was very glad to accept it, though I was obliged to return to India alone, as my wife was alarmed at the accounts she had heard of the climate of Bengal, and feared it would not suit her at all. There had been some talk of my getting the same appointment when I was at Madras in 1865, and I heard afterwards that Sir Charles Wood, who was then at the India Office, spoke to a Mr. William Urquhart Arbuthnot, then a Member of the Council of India in London, on the subject. He told Mr. William Arbuthnot that he heard Mr. Alexander Arbuthnot wished to be appointed, but that he considered that another Madras civilian, a year or two his senior, had a prior claim, and therefore he was sorry not to have appointed Mr. Arbuthnot's relation,



For $W_{\text{max}} = 0.1$ m, I find values of $M_{\text{end}}/M_{\text{start}}$ for H_2 and He of

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but a Mr. George Noble Taylor. "I thank you," was Mr. William Arbuthnot's answer. "I know Mr. Alex. Arbuthnot; he is a namesake of mine, but only a distant connection, but George Noble Taylor is my brother-in-law." I succeeded Barrow Ellis in the Governor-General's Council. He was a member of a Jewish family and had been a short time at Haileybury with me, whence he went to Bombay in 1843. I think he was a year and a half after me. He stayed with me once in Madras and I thought him a particularly nice fellow. Lord Salisbury asked me to call upon him at the India Office before I left England, and I did so.

Lord Northbrook was Governor-General when I joined the Supreme Council, but left in the following April, 1876, and was succeeded by Lord Lytton. Dr. Robert Milman, uncle to my second wife, was then Bishop of Calcutta, and I made his acquaintance and his sister's, and presided at some meeting in which he was interested, but he died at Rawal Pindi on a visitation tour in March, 1876, to the great regret of all who knew him. Mr. Jacob (now Bishop of St. Albans) was then his chaplain; and one of the Hardys, our old Rugby neighbours, was connected with the Cathedral. Among my colleagues were—Sir William Muir, Sir Henry Norman, Arthur (afterwards Lord) Hobhouse, whose house, "Ravenswood," I subsequently took at Simla, Edward Clive Bayly, and Lord Napier of Magdala, who as Commander-in-Chief had a seat on the Council. When I reached India I found the Government were at Simla, and I went from Bombay to Simla, halting at Jubbulpore,

where I stayed with a General Hume, who was commanding that district. My mother had known General and Mrs. Hume, and he had known my father when he was a young man.

At Simla I found my brother Charles, who was Deputy-Adjutant-General of Artillery, and I shared a house with him and his wife for some months. I considered the Himalayas were not to be compared to the Neilgherries either in scenery or in climate. I remember saying to General (now Earl) Roberts, who was then Quartermaster-General at Simla, that I was surprised to find Simla so much hotter than Ootacamund. He told me afterwards that he had telegraphed to the Quartermaster-General in Madras asking what the temperature was just then at Ootacamund, and the result proved that I was right, and that Ootacamund was cooler than Simla though Simla was so much farther north.

As each Member of Council was in charge of a department, I found myself in charge of the Home Department, which dealt with matters concerning the internal administration of India. I once had occasion to pass sentence on a man called Kavanagh, an uncovenanted servant, who had done good service during the siege of Lucknow by successfully passing through the mutineers, disguised as a native, with dispatches for Sir Colin Campbell, whom he succeeded in reaching at great risk to himself. Kavanagh had received a reward, but had managed his affairs badly, had got into debt, and was accused of some irregularity about money. I had a note from Lord Napier of Magdala, pointing out to me that Kavanagh

had rendered very good service in the Mutiny, and he hoped that I should deal leniently with him. To which I answered that I was quite of the same mind, and had already decided that I should be as lenient as possible. Ultimately he was let off with some very small sentence. I was dining with Lord Napier one night, and I think had taken Lady Napier in to dinner, when he said to me across the table, "Are you the Member of Council, Arbuthnot, who says I think in lakhs?" To which I answered that I thought it a brilliant saying, but I could not lay claim to it. Lord Napier was a charming man and I liked him very much indeed, though he had large ideas about public expenditure and was not celebrated for economy.

I think I have already mentioned my friend Sir Henry Montgomery, whose acquaintance I had made in Madras, when he was Chief Secretary to the Government there. He was one of my kindest friends and we corresponded constantly after I returned to India. He was an extremely useful public servant, and his advice and opinion were always valued by the successive Governors under whom he served in India, and by the Secretaries of State in England. He served in the Indian Council in London for the long term of eighteen years, for there was no time limit in his day as there was in mine. He finally retired from official life as his health failed in 1878, and was appointed a Privy Councillor on the recommendation of Lord Salisbury, an honour which is rarely conferred upon Indian civil servants. He retained to the last a keen interest in the Presidency

of Madras, in which the whole of his Indian service had been passed; indeed, he carried his advocacy of the claims of his old presidency almost to excess. He wrote to me in 1875:—

“I take it your work is heavy. A dispatch to Madras was before our Revenue Committee when your telegram to stay proceedings arrived. We are rather puzzled to understand how, under your late dispatch regulating the interposition of the Government of India in revenue matters of Bombay and Madras, and limiting them to matters of principles or affecting Imperial revenue, you propose to interfere in this matter of detail. . . . I hope you will not too greatly exercise your power in even more admitted grounds of interposition. The Madras land tenures are little understood in Bengal; and though you may be competent to express opinions on Madras revenue procedure, your successor will not, and however advantageous your enforcing views gained from your own experience and knowledge of the country, the precedent of frequent interpositions may have an injurious effect in times to come. . . . It is to me lamentable to see the increased amount of correspondence on trifles that now exists. Acts of the Legislature are now thought necessary to allow of doing what in my day any collector worth his salt would have done without asking any leave. . . . Now the system is to incur no responsibility and to write on every occasion for orders, and collectors are esteemed in proportion to their power of drawing up long reports and having their accounts neatly prepared and

regularly submitted. Of course it is all right that this should be—but I fear the more important duties of a collector are often neglected or hustled over to effect those objects. He will be a real benefactor to India who will diminish the clerical work in London in all departments. . . .” And in the same letter he says: “What we do want is help in Madras *representation*, which at present I solely hold, and find it more than I can attend to. We Madras folk depend much on your advocacy of our *just* rights, and feel satisfied the claims of the Presidency will not be ignominiously put aside, as sometimes has been the case, while you sit at the Supreme Council Board.”

In another letter, dated “India Office, October 26, 1876,” Sir Henry remarks: “I am this afternoon the only ordinary Member of the original Council, established 1858, this *very* day seventeen years ago.”

In September, 1876, I was nominated by Lord Lytton for the post of Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Sir Henry Montgomery wrote on hearing the news: “I have only time by this mail to acknowledge the receipt of yours of September 28th from Simla, and to congratulate you on your having been selected for the Lieutenant-Governorship. Lord Salisbury told me, as a reason for deferring at once acting on my resignation, that there were arrangements in contemplation which would probably render your seat in the Governor-General's Council vacant. I thought he pointed to Finance Minister, but Sir John Strachey has courageously undertaken that office, so important in the present financial condition of India. . . . I

shall, before the next or following mails come, have heard from Lord Salisbury whether there exists any legal objection to your holding the Lieutenant-Governorship while no longer on the list of the Madras Civil Service. . . . It is a high compliment to you to have been selected by Lord Lytton after he has had full opportunities of judging of your qualifications. . . . I expect Lord S—— will take the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, for objections are sure to be made by Bengal civilians of our Council.”

I very much appreciated Lord Lytton's kindness in offering me the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal, and was greatly disappointed when an adverse decision was come to. I looked upon it as entirely due to presidential jealousy, as the Bengalis did not choose to see a Madras man appointed, and the rejection of my appointment was intended to pave the way for the nomination of Ashley Eden. It was one of the “might-have-beens” which caused me the greatest disappointment of my life, which had hitherto been wonderfully prosperous.

The following letters from Lord Lytton will show that he also appreciated my disappointment and entered into it himself :—

“GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SIMLA,

“*September 28, 1876.*

“I am sensibly touched by the kindness of your letter. Indeed, I think I owe to it the happiest moment of my official life in India thus far.

“I take it for granted that the result of the letter I have written to Salisbury, by this mail, will involve

our separation next year; and I can truly say that nothing but a strong sense of what I owe to the public interests temporarily confided to my charge could reconcile me to that prospect. However, I shall always feel that, as public servants, we have both of us done our duty, I in offering you the Government of Bengal and you in accepting it. It will be an additional satisfaction to me if the appointment I have recommended to the S—— of S—— should prove as congenial to yourself as it will, I am convinced, be beneficial to the welfare of this Empire.”

About this time the plans of the great Delhi assemblage of 1877 were being matured.

“NARKUNDA,

“October 25, 1876.

“ . . . W—— has announced in the newspapers the probability of his being unable to attend the Delhi Assemblage on account of this scarcity. This is done to embarrass the Supreme Government in a great imperial undertaking, and provoke an opposition to our Delhi programme. . . . As soon as I can find time to write to him he shall certainly learn my own view of his conduct—which is not only disloyal, but ungrateful. For I have hitherto treated him with scrupulous forbearance and consideration.

“*Bengal.* Not a word or a sign as yet from Salisbury on the subject of your appointment. I suppose he will not answer till he has consulted with Maine¹ or some legal authority on the technical

¹ Legal Member of the Council of India.

point. But I think that no news is good news. In my letter home to-day I have strongly pointed out in detail both to Salisbury, Mallet, and Strachey (whose appointment is now officially announced) what I consider to be the vital importance of securing your co-operation in Bengal as regards any new financial policy. But the matter will doubtless be decided (and I trust satisfactorily) before my last letters about it reach England. . . . Whilst I am in the way of confidences I may tell you, no less confidentially, that we are on the eve of a war with Russia, who is already strengthening her forces in Central Asia, and reinforcing Kauffman. Pray continue to write to me—though a vile correspondent I am not an ungrateful one.”

A few days later I heard finally that the “legal authority” to whom the Secretary of State had referred the question of my appointment had decided against me. Lord Lytton conveyed the disappointing news to me in a letter containing the substance of his communications with Lord Salisbury. Nothing could have exceeded Lord Lytton’s kindness and consideration in the whole matter.

“SULTENPUR,

“November 3, 1876.

“I am much disappointed and distressed by the enclosed telegram received this morning from Lord Salisbury. You will see by it that the legal question connected with your appointment to Bengal has been referred to Maine, and answered by him in a sense

adverse to your eligibility under the Act. I fear this verdict is final; but if you can suggest any grounds for a revision of it I will urge them. The vexation it causes me would be so greatly increased by any doubt upon your part as to the sincerity and zeal with which your claims have been recommended by me, that after some hesitation I think I am justified in sending you very confidentially, in extract, those portions of my letters to the S—— of S—— which refer to this subject. I do so without omitting a single word. . . . My first letter referring to this appointment was written on September 28th and contained the following: 'I may therefore mention at once the name of the man I am myself most anxious to recommend to your favourable consideration for this appointment. It is that of my present colleague, Sir A. Arbuthnot. My recommendation is a very unselfish one: for he will be a serious loss to me in the Council: but I feel that this consideration ought not to interfere with the frank expression of my very high opinion of his qualifications for the government of Bengal. On every question that has passed through his hands to mine I have been struck by the common sense and breadth of his views, which appear to me more statesmanlike than those of the views in short of a man who thinks out questions thoroughly on their own merits, independently of official formulas. Singularly open-minded and accurate in his political instincts, he never mistakes the small for the large side of a political question. Some of my other colleagues have greater departmental experience and special knowledge; but none of them,

me judice, an equal faculty for sound generalisation : and in all cases where the opinion of an experienced man of the world is more to the point than that of an experienced official, I regard Arbuthnot as my safest adviser. With these qualities—not common anywhere—with a sensitively fine point of personal honour, excellent temper, tact, and *savoir faire*, I think him by far the best man for the Government of Bengal, and believe that his administration would be a great success and very helpful to my own. I am not sure, however, whether there may not be a technical difficulty in the way of this appointment. Sir A—— is a retired civil servant, and I know not whether, under the Act, retired civil servants are eligible for this appointment. But I should think there must be some practical way out of this difficulty, if it really exists. If it be possible to appoint a military officer to a Lieutenant-Governorship, why should the Viceroy or S—— of S—— be debarred from appointing to it a Member of Council who, in that capacity, is actively serving the State?’

“Again on the 28th I wrote: ‘I forgot to mention in my letter on the subject of appointments that Sir A. Arbuthnot was, I believe, named second in Lord Mayo’s list for the government of Bengal when it was given to Sir G. Campbell. The Act to which I referred as seeming to raise a legal difficulty in his case is Geo. IV. c. 52. But having looked at the clause pointed out to me, my own impression is that [it] contains no bar. It stipulates that a person eligible for the government of a Regulation Province must be “a servant of the

Company." By Acts 16 and 17 Vict. the Queen has replaced the Company, and it seems to me that in his capacity as member of the Viceroy's executive Council Sir A—— must fairly be considered a servant of the Queen.' I also telegraphed to Lord S—— that I was particularly anxious—if he approved my suggestion about P. Works expenditure—to secure your co-operation in carrying it out, as Governor of Bengal."

The copy of Lord Salisbury's telegram to the Viceroy, enclosed in Lord Lytton's letter to me, ran as follows: "Maine after careful examination of Statutes is of opinion that Arbuthnot, having resigned Civil Service, is not eligible for Bengal." With all respect to Sir Henry Sumner Maine, I think this was an erroneous opinion, as I had again become a "servant of the Queen" in India, and was therefore distinctly eligible for the office of Lieutenant-Governor according to law.

Sir Henry Montgomery wrote to my wife:—

"The extract from Sir Alexander's letter puts the case very clearly. I sent it on to Lord Salisbury this morning. I gather that the disposition is to accede to Lord Lytton's recommendation in favour of Sir Alexander and that the legal opinion is alone the obstacle to the appointment being at once approved. I shall ask Lord S—— to take the opinions of the law officers of the Crown and not to depend upon one he has from another source where there may be a bias in favour of Bengalees.

. . . But Sir Alexander's career is a bright one even if he remains as he is. Sir H. Norman's time is up early next year, then Mr. Clive Bayley has got through the best part of his, and then comes your husband to the top of the Council ready to occupy the President's chair, while the Governor-General is absent or in the event of a vacancy ; after such a high position he would command a seat in the Home Council on his return."

I cannot resist adding a further extract from a letter written by Lord Lytton soon after the last letter I have quoted in November, 1876:—

"I am inexpressibly touched by your letter of the 6th just received. It deepens, without embittering, my own disappointment, which is very great ; and I assure you that I have read it with very moist eyes. I shall send to Salisbury a copy of the memorandum on the Acts inclosed in your letter. I have already expressed to him by last mail my grievous disappointment at his inability to forward the attainment of an object which I had deeply at heart. But I have no expectation now of any reversal of the legal fiat. I earnestly hope that in some way or other, and at some time or other, in the course of our lives, it may be in my power to give some emphatic public expression to the feelings of personal confidence, appreciation, and gratitude with which, from an early period in our official relations, you have inspired me. . . . Disraeli once said to me exactly what you say now,

that a man should always obey the voice of his Dæmon. But one's Dæmon is not always trustworthy. My own Dæmon assured me that I might confidentially reckon on your assistance in the government of Bengal."

Sir Henry Montgomery's predictions were fulfilled, as on two occasions, in 1878 and again in 1879, I was President of the Council of the Governor-General during the absence of the Viceroy from the Council; and in 1887 I was offered by Lord Cross, and accepted, a seat on the Council of India in London, which I held for the accustomed period of ten years. At the end of 1876 the Members of Council accompanied the Viceroy to Delhi, and made a public entry into the city on Saturday, December 23rd. Lord and Lady Lytton were seated in a gilded howdah surmounted by a crown, borne by the Viceroy's state elephant, which was covered with gorgeous hangings. The Lieutenant-Governors of the Punjab, Bengal, and Bombay, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Frederick Haines,¹ followed on elephants, and then came the Staff and a squadron of the 10th Hussars, and Norman and Hobhouse, Sir Andrew Clarke, C. Bayley and I also followed on elephants. I thought it the least enjoyable and most shaky mount I had ever experienced! The viceregal camp was on the famous Ridge, and we, as his Excellency's guests, were accommodated with most comfortable tents. It was the first time I had inspected the memorable scene so closely connected with the Siege of Delhi.

¹ Now Field-Marshal Sir F. Haines, G.C.B. (died 1909.—Ed.).

From December 23rd to the last day of 1876 the Viceroy was occupied with receiving and returning official visits; on the 29th he presented gold and silver commemoration medals and silken banners to the chief European functionaries, and native chiefs and nobles; and on Monday, January 1st, he held the Imperial Assemblage for the purpose of proclaiming to the people of India the assumption by H.M. Queen Victoria of the proud title of "Empress of India." The scene has been so often described that I will not attempt anything of the sort, but will content myself with repeating that it was a most brilliant spectacle. I suppose there are few men, excepting Sir John Strachey, Field-Marshal Sir Frederick Haines, and myself, who survive of the original list of "Counsellors of the Empress."

The proclamation concerning this new dignity was read at the Assemblage, and was as follows:—

"Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom and Empress of India, being desirous of seeking from time to time, in matters of importance, the counsel and advice of the Princes and Chiefs of India, and of thus associating them with the paramount power in a manner honourable to themselves and advantageous to the general interests of the Empire, has authorised me, through her Principal Secretary of State for India, to confer, and I do hereby confer, in her name and on her behalf, upon the under-mentioned Chiefs and High Officers of Government the most honourable title of "Counsellor of the Empress."

As my name begins with the first letter of the alphabet it occurs at the head of the list of those nominated to this new title. The idea, however, which I believe originated with Disraeli, was carried out for only a very brief period, Disraeli's successors in the Government taking no interest in the matter.

The opportunity afforded by the great meeting at Delhi for discussing matters of interest was fully taken advantage of. Questions of finance and foreign policy were discussed, and also matters connected with education. The Viceroy presided at a meeting of the Council of the Mayo Rajput College, and there were also discussions about a College in the Punjab. In connection with this latter College I find the following amusing letter from the Viceroy:—

“I had no opportunity of exchanging half a dozen words with you after dinner to-night, but I cannot go to bed without relieving my soul by thanking you for your invaluable assistance in Council this evening. Although I had fully satisfied myself, when at Lahore, that the right decision about the Punjab College was the one we have now come to, yet, when I sat down in Council this evening, all I had wished to say on the subject went clean out of my mind—which retained no other impression than that of paralysis on the brain—till you began to speak. Then I felt that Blucher had arrived upon the field in time, and Waterloo was won. I can hardly describe the singularly luxurious sense of intellectual relief you afforded me by the sort of *fiat lux* with which you suddenly cleared away all confusion from the ques-

tion really at issue, illuminated one by one the essential points of it, and then left them in conspicuous command of the whole discussion. Forgive this 'note of admiration.'

Sir Henry Montgomery wrote to me in reference to the Great Assemblage and the scarcity in Madras :—

"BURNHAM,

"*January 12, 1877.*

"I received a few days ago with much pleasure your letter written just before leaving Simla for Delhi—where I hope you passed an agreeable week—meeting many old friends and seeing a great deal of finery. Lord Lytton seems to have performed his part with very great success, and I doubt not Lord Beaconsfield will be greatly pleased and strengthened by the success which has attended this grand ceremonial announcement of her Majesty's assumption of the Imperial Crown of India. I believe the opposition which was last year made to his proposition has dwindled down into a very slender portion of those who joined in the cry against Government, and I should say there will be little said against the proceeding by any one but Mr. Fawcett, when Parliament meets. I do trust that this is about the last of these Durbars, which entail such heavy expenses on the native chiefs. They require several years' respite to recover from the many calls on them on this account during and since Lord Mayo's administration, and I trust this may be Lord Lytton's

opinion. He seems thoroughly to understand making such ceremonies go off with *éclat*, and to have great facility in speaking on such occasions. There is plenty of occupation for him without having his attention distracted by such displays, and the finances of India must stand in the way of all expenditure on such account for some time to come.

“The accounts from Madras are very sad, but the Government there appear to be doing all in their power to alleviate the distress. Lord Northbrook and Sir R. Temple set such an example of lavish and unlimited expenditure during the Bengal famine, and made so much of the loss of life by starvation of even one individual, that the Madras Government may well be held blameless for following suit under similar circumstances, and so avoiding the certain censure that any considerable loss of life from want would bring down on them, not only in India from the Supreme Government but from the home Government, from Parliament, and from the Press and country at large. They ought nevertheless to keep your Government fully informed of all their wants and intentions, and in these days of ready communication there is little excuse for any delinquencies on this score. I suppose if there has been any it must be attributed to the head of the Government, and many of its principal officers being called away to Delhi at this momentous time.”

By this time my old friend had retired from office and was enjoying a well-earned leisure in the country, but he found, as all old officials must find in their

turn, a great change in his every-day life and interests. In one part of his long letter he refers to the lack of congenial society, and at the end he writes somewhat sadly :—

“I find my severance from office carries with it complete severance from all knowledge of what is going on at the Council Table. So many of the members are new that I have no one save Sir Robert Montgomery with whom I have any correspondence, and now Pears will be gone in a few days, and it would seem that the last link between me of the old school and those of the present is broken. I see you say, what I have heard others speak of for several years past, that India is so changed that those who knew her well fifteen or twenty years ago know little or nothing about her wants in these altered times. Such being the case, it is indeed high time that old hands like myself should leave the country to be governed by younger men cognizant of the actual conditions of the country and of the feelings of the people towards us. It is difficult to be certain of the latter, and it is doubtful to my mind whether we have not those whom you have been highly educating amongst the most disaffected of our rule. The Government of India must be always watching and often distrusting the appearance of tranquillity and contentment and be prepared for emergencies.”

CHAPTER XIV

THE FAMINE

Sir Richard Temple's mission—Sir Henry Montgomery protests—The importation of grain—The "ration"—The cotton duties—A minute of dissent.

AT the time of the great Delhi assemblage our thoughts were very much taken up by the anxieties which arose regarding the famine which was threatening in Madras and Bombay. At a meeting which the Viceroy held at Delhi and at which the Governors of Madras and Bombay were present, the Duke of Buckingham, then Governor of Madras, made a long speech regarding the famine which gave us some cause for anxiety.

He had considerable aptitude for mastering and expounding details, but he had not the same capacity for grasping general principles, and the conclusions he drew from his facts were sometimes erroneous. The result of this speech was that the day after it was made Sir John Strachey suggested the appointment of Sir Richard Temple as delegate to the two Governments, the object of this delegation being

to enable the Government of India to obtain information which was being withheld from them, and also some control over the expenditure which was going on in Madras without any check, and over the measures which were being carried out in that Presidency. Bombay was included in Sir Richard Temple's mission. Temple had had experience of famine relief measures as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal in 1874. He was a man of considerable energy : I used to say of him that he could ride farther and work for more hours consecutively than any man I ever met. I was in charge of the department which dealt with the famine business during the greater part of the time the famine lasted, and was in daily correspondence with Temple during the months in which he acted as delegate. His appointment was resented by my old friend Sir H. Montgomery, who wrote as follows :

"5, MANCHESTER SQUARE, W.,
"June 8, 1877.

"The accounts I have received from Robinson and other Madras correspondents have indeed been saddening. I hope something brighter is now in prospect.

"The imposition of Sir R. Temple on the Madras Government was the most degrading thing that has ever occurred. I don't know whether you opposed the plan ; I shall truly be glad to hear it had at all events not your support. How the D[uke] of B[uckingham] could consent to such a measure is marvellous to my mind. Temple too has been wrong . . . about

short commons to the coolies and worse in recommending suspension in place of entire remission of balances. No man acquainted with district working is unaware of the means of corruption and extortion such outstanding balances place in the hands of the Indian Revenue servants, and I do trust Sir R. Temple's proposition will be scouted by the Government of India."

There was a partial failure of the south-west monsoon both in Bombay and Madras in 1876. In the latter presidency it was not until late in November that all hope of a good north-east monsoon, upon which most of the Madras districts are mainly dependent, was finally at an end. In both presidencies there were displays of strong resentment at any interference on the part of the Government of India. This began in Bombay in the latter part of 1876, when the local Government, urged by their secretary in the Public Works Department, General Kennedy, endeavoured to take advantage of the famine for the purpose of obtaining authority to carry out certain very large and costly works, some of them of doubtful expediency, and greatly resented the refusal of the supreme Government to sanction them and the injunctions which were sent to employ the people in the distressed districts near their homes. For this policy I, as the Member of Council in charge of the Revenue and Agricultural Department, was largely responsible, but my views were at the time fully concurred in by the Governor-General and by my colleagues.

In Madras the authorities took great offence at the Government of India expressing disapproval at a step taken by the local Government in embarking, without the sanction or knowledge of the Supreme Government, in a large importation of grain from Calcutta at a cost of 32 lakhs of rupees. The Governor-General was away from his Council when this incident took place; but after seeing the correspondence, he expressed full approval of the course taken by the President in Council. It so happened that at that juncture the members of the supreme Council were either *en route* or were about to proceed to Calcutta. Sir Henry Norman, President in Council, and I were the only two members at Simla, and indeed Norman was just starting for Calcutta when the telegram from Madras, reporting the importation of grain, was put into his hands. The reply was drafted by me with Norman's assent. It prohibited any further importation of grain. My view was, and still is, that such importations by the Government are open to the grave objection that they unsettle the grain trade and tend to discourage exportation from the parts of the country which are not affected by scarcity, and that in this way importations of food in sufficient quantities into the distressed tracts is seriously imperilled. Up to this time, and until late in December, 1876, the Governor-General and the members of his Council were acting in unison, but towards the end of that month Sir John Strachey replaced Sir William Muir as the financial member of Council, and from that time there was less unanimity of opinion. Sir John Strachey held and

persuaded Lord Lytton to adopt the opinion that the orders previously sent to Bombay were erroneous, and that the right policy was to employ the distressed poor upon large works and in large gangs, irrespective of the distance of the works from their homes. This change of policy caused a certain amount of friction in the Supreme Government, and was not altogether conducive to efficiency of administration. It of course intensified the reluctance of the Bombay Government to obey the orders they received.

There was much difference of opinion on the subject of the ration prescribed by Sir Richard Temple. Some of the Bombay doctors and the Sanitary Commissioners under the Government of India asserted that it was quite sufficient to support life, while Dr. Cornish, the Madras Sanitary Commissioner, denounced it as absolutely inadequate. In consequence of Dr. Cornish's denunciations the Madras Government were, after a time, permitted to raise the ration. Whether the inadequacy of the ration had anything to do with the heavy mortality I cannot venture to say. The partial failure of the south-west monsoon in June of 1877 was not unprovided for, but it added largely to the anxieties of the Viceroy and his Government. My recollection is that there was some rain in August. I remember when I travelled down to Poona and Madras in August, 1877, in company with Lord Lytton and the officials whom he took with him, we had some heavy rain on the journey, and also after we reached Madras, but there is no doubt that the monsoon was a good deal below the average.

I cannot now call to mind what happened in regard to the north-east monsoon of that year. The question of public subscription in aid of the efforts of Government to cope with the famine brought a further difference of opinion between the Supreme Government and the Government of Madras; and I recollect that Lord Lytton was very much opposed to any appeal being made for such subscriptions, either in India or in England, but a large fund was raised and the general opinion in Madras was that the help thus given was most useful. My impression has always been that ever since the Government of India have declared themselves responsible for sparing no efforts to keep the people alive in times of famine, the advantage of such subscriptions is mainly political. They serve to show the natives of India that their English fellow-subjects sympathise with them in their need. I find that I have by me an interesting letter from Lord Lytton, written when he was first contemplating his visit to the distressed districts in Southern India :—

“SIMLA,

“July, 1877.

“MY DEAR ARBUTHNOT,—Strachey came to see me this afternoon, and I have had more than an hour’s very important conversation with him on the subject of our famine prospects and the measures to be taken to meet them. I felt sure that you would not object to my repeating to him the substance of our conversation of this morning, and your most generous offer to go at once to Madras. I also told him exactly what I had told you as to what has been weighing

and working in my own mind for the last two or three days, in regard to my own personal duties towards the very anxious situation we have now to deal with.

“Strachey strongly deprecated the idea of my going to Madras myself, at any rate immediately; but I must confess that, little as I like the prospect of going to Madras in the character of a dog on a racecourse, all he said to dissuade me from it has rather strengthened the impression in my own mind that I ought to go, were it only (as the Irishman said when he went in a sedan chair with the bottom out of it) ‘for the look of the thing.’ On the other hand, Strachey seemed to think that (whether I go or not) *your* visit to Madras might be of the greatest practical use; and that you might do more towards reconciling the Madras Government to the necessary measures for grappling with the present difficulty than any one else in India. This, I cannot deny, is also my own impression, though I feel, in avowing it, as though I were asking a general officer to lead a forlorn hope.

“But I was struck to find that apart from, and independently of, the special personal question affecting yourself and me, Strachey’s opinions and conclusions strongly confirmed the notion that has lately been growing in my own mind, that whatever the *means* we take to effect it with the minimum of friction and difficulty, the *thing* we have to *do*, and *must* do, now is to bring to bear upon the situation in Madras and Mysore all the highest available ability and experience throughout India as regards the

technical details of famine management. I take it that we are now fairly engaged in a tremendous battle with Nature—that our line is dangerously broken at Madras—and that we have not a moment to lose in throwing all the best troops we can get together upon this menaced point. The presence on the spot of the Commander-in-Chief and Staff may encourage the troops—if they are there, and, without the direction of the staff, the troops might be unable to hold the position. But it is useless for *us* to gallop to the front, if there is no squadron behind us—no troops to encourage and direct.

“Discussing, from this point of view, what ought now to be done if possible, it seemed to us that we ought to secure all the ablest and most experienced famine managers we can lay our hands on—in every part of India—and despatch them to Madras to work out in detail, and in concert with the local Government, the best possible scheme of general operations, as regards the selection of public works, the organisation of supervision, relief, traffic, &c., and the strengthening of the local staff.”

Lord Lytton then proceeded to discuss the best methods of obtaining support from the home Government as well as the Madras Government for his projects and goes on:—

“In *that* case we can go forward fearlessly—and instead of going to Madras on a vague and tentative mission, you will be able to go there authoritatively, with definite measures to propose, or discuss, and complete powers to enforce them. In such case, I would propose, either to accompany you or to follow

as speedily as possible—say as soon as I have heard from you—or whenever you say ‘Come.’”

As I have said, I accompanied Lord Lytton when he paid a visit to Madras and the distressed districts about a month later (August, 1877); and though I did not approve of all the actions of the Supreme Government and was overruled in many instances by the Governor-General and my colleagues, I shared in the unpopularity which the friction between the Government of India and the local Government created. I was not altogether aware of the extent of the unpopularity which I had incurred from some of my old friends in Madras until the end of that year, when my wife heard from Mrs. Morehead, widow of my earliest and best Madras friend, William Ambrose Morehead, and early in 1878 I also heard from Sir Henry Montgomery:—

“CHELTENHAM,

“December 19, 1877.

“My DEAR LADY ARBUTHNOT,—I am so obliged to you for the reading of *your* Star’s letter! as it unfolds what little I heard that was a mystery to me. How *he* never upheld Madras—and was a kind of Traitor! I wanted to ask you about it the day I saw you—but was afraid I should say anything I should be sorry for! it is wonderful the deceit and falsehoods that people repeat! but now I am so little behind the scenes. I don’t suppose a man in Sir Alex’s position can always agree to what is going

on—even in Madras!! but that he helped with ‘Bengalies’ to run it down, I *never* believed.”

Sir Henry Montgomery wrote as follows:—

“5, MANCHESTER SQUARE, W,
“January 31, 1878.

“I take up my pen again with the object of explaining to you the erroneous impression which existed in my mind regarding your views and action on public matters relating to Madras.

“ . . . I do not intend to say that the Madras Government were always right. The interference with the grain trade to any great extent was palpably wrong in principle, but here even exceptions might be imperative, and there were parts of the country where the Government were warranted in storing grain which otherwise would not have penetrated into those remote corners.

“It was with very considerable pleasure I and others learnt of your disagreement with — while at Bangalore, and of your resistance to his measures, and this satisfied me and others who took my views, that you were not the originator or promoter of the action of the Government of India towards Madras, but on the contrary were the supporter of that Government in many cases. . . .

“I wish you fully to understand that I much regret having at any time entertained the belief that you were not well disposed to our old Presidency, for which I naturally have a full regard, and I more

regret having at times expressed those feelings to others and so fear I have done you injury, for which I have to ask your forgiveness. Since I heard of my error I have done everything in my power to disabuse men's minds of the impression adverse to you that was generally entertained, and I shall continue to do this to the fullest extent of my power."

Not only was it untrue that I was in any way ill-disposed to my old Presidency, but in April, 1877, I had argued against a further interference with the Government of Madras which would have caused still deeper ill-feeling between the two Governments. Sir Richard Temple, who was leaving Madras to take up the post of Governor of Bombay, recommended that his secretary, Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Bernard, should be appointed in his place to continue his mission. Also he suggested that if the famine threatened to recur, and the Government of Madras gave trouble, he should himself resume his duties as Delegate of the Government of India, making over for a brief period the charge of the Bombay Government to the Senior Member of Council. Both these measures I opposed in April, 1877, and was supported in my opposition by Lord Lytton, who wrote as follows :

"Note by his Excellency the Viceroy on the proposed Appointment of Mr. Bernard."

"I have read with attention Sir Alexander Arbuthnot's note on this subject and the papers which accompany it.

"I agree with Sir Alexander Arbuthnot and Sir John Strachey that Sir Richard Temple's draft instructions to Mr. Bernard are inadmissible, and that the alternative proposal contained in Sir Richard's private letter to Sir Alexander is still more inadmissible.

"The arguments urged by Sir Alexander Arbuthnot against our adoption of either of these two proposals appear to me unanswerable. Sir John Strachey has proposed a third arrangement, which, if carried out, would no doubt secure in a much less objectionable manner the object we have in view. His proposal is that on the departure of Sir Richard Temple from Madras, Mr. Bernard be authorised to remain there, not in the capacity of Delegate from the Government of India, but nominally as a sort of roving famine Commissioner for the three Governments of Madras, Bombay, and Mysore, virtually for the purpose of privately furnishing the Government of India with important and necessary information which it is not otherwise likely to obtain from Madras.

"Sir Alexander Arbuthnot deprecates the adoption of this arrangement on grounds which he has stated very fully with great force and clearness.

"My conclusion is in accordance with his; and for the following reasons:—

"I fully share Sir John Strachey's anticipation that when Sir Richard Temple leaves Madras, we ourselves shall be left in absolute darkness as to all that is going on throughout the famine districts of that Presidency; that if the April rainfall should prove deficient the results of uncontrolled mismanagement

(for which we must be prepared) on the part of the Madras Government may be exceedingly serious ; and that we are likely, in that case, to find ourselves placed in a position of great pain and difficulty. But I fear that the chance of escape from such a prospect, offered us by the adoption of Sir John's proposal, is much feebler than the probability of the resentment with which our adoption of it would be received by the Madras Government ; and that the consequences of the resentment on the part of that Government might, to say the least, be quite as embarrassing as the consequences of its uncontrolled mismanagement.

“The very positive opinion expressed by Sir Alexander Arbuthnot as to the manner in which the proposed arrangement would be viewed by the Government of Madras, appears to me entitled to special weight on account of his exceptional personal knowledge of the composition of that Government ; but it is also, I think, indirectly confirmed by the course of our recent relations with the Madras Government in regard to famine affairs. It is clear to me that, whatever be the cause, the Madras Council, influenced by what I cannot but regard as a mischievously erroneous estimate of local administrative independence, duties, and responsibilities, has from the first been unanimously and doggedly determined to evade and resist by all means in its power the supervision of the Supreme Government in reference to famine management.

“These being the conditions of the situation we have to deal with, it behoves us to consider what might be the practical results of a resentment, which I am

regretfully obliged to acknowledge that Sir Alexander Arbuthnot is probably right in anticipating on the part of the Madras Government, if under a very transparent pretext the services of Mr. Bernard were retained by us in the famine districts of that Presidency. . . ."

The five years in which I held office as a member of the Governor-General's Council brought other controversial subjects before us besides the famine. In March, 1879, I and a majority of my colleagues in the Council voted against the propriety of reducing the cotton duties, but were overruled by the Governor-General. I considered the measure unwise both from a financial and from a political point of view, and specially ill-timed at that juncture. We were faced with a large deficit, and the Famine Insurance Fund, upon the necessity of which so much stress had been laid, had to be suspended for a time. The war in Afghanistan was not yet at an end, and the political horizon in the direction of Burma was exceedingly threatening. Even with a favourable financial forecast I should have thought it very doubtful whether it was an opportune moment for the remission of duties yielding £200,000, easily collected; but under existing financial conditions I thought it a most unsuitable time either for a reduction of the cotton duties or for any other reduction of indirect taxation. The question had a political aspect which was in my opinion not less important than the financial one. The impression prevailed throughout India that H.M.'s Government

had been influenced by pressure from the manufacturers of Lancashire ; and it was felt that such a measure would go far to justify the forebodings of those who deprecated the transfer of the direct government of India from the East India Company to the Crown, on the ground that India would be sacrificed to the exigencies of political parties in Parliament. I protested as strongly as I could against the action of the Governor-General in overruling the majority of his Council, and placed my reasons on record in a minute, from which I will make a short extract :—

“ I have deemed it my duty to record my dissent from the measure to which this minute refers, in language of emphatic disapproval ; for the circumstances of the case are, in my opinion, circumstances of such extreme gravity that I feel that reticence would be altogether out of place. As the machinery for administering the Government of India is constituted under the Statute of 1858, the only branch of it which, from its composition, can hope to have the credit of being at once independent of party influences and in a position to urge its views against any measure which it deems to be prejudicial to India, is the Council of the Governor-General, composed as it is of men selected irrespective of political considerations, and most of whom have passed the greater part of their lives in India. During the rule of the East India Company the Court of Directors furnished what often proved an effective barrier between the interests of the people of India and the pressure of powerful classes in England. In this

respect the Council of India, as the Council of the Secretary of State is called, has in no way taken the place of the Court of Directors. It need not necessarily be consulted in regard to any matter which does not involve expenditure from the revenues of India; and, as a matter of fact, most important measures are sometimes resolved on, and orders issued by the Secretary of State, without the knowledge of his Council. The Council of the Governor-General, on the other hand, has large powers and heavy responsibilities imposed upon it by law. The consent of a majority of the Council is required to every measure of any importance (legally, I believe, to every measure) that is adopted by the Governor-General, except in those cases of rare occurrence, such as the present case, wherein the Governor-General exercises the power vested in him by law of overruling the decision of a majority of the Council; and in such cases the dissentient members legally are empowered, and morally, as I regard the matter, are bound to record the reasons of their dissent for the information of the Secretary of State, and eventually of Parliament and of the public, should the papers be called for and published. This feature in the constitution of the Council of the Governor-General appears to me to render it incumbent upon the members of that body to express their views with the utmost clearness and precision, when measures have been or are about to be carried out which they deem to be detrimental to the interests of this country; and in my humble opinion it will be an evil day for India when the Members of this Council fail to discharge the duty thus appertaining to them."

It remains for another pen to finish this brief record of a long life spent in the service of his Sovereign and country, of which the keynote may emphatically be said to have been "Duty." The controversy on the subject of the remission of the cotton duties has long been forgotten, but a glance at newspapers of the period shows that it turned the attention of a public often oblivious of the interests of the great Empire of India in the direction of that country. The matter came before the Council of India, and the members of that Council were equally divided, the Secretary of State in Council (then Lord Cranbrook) giving his casting vote in approving the action of the Viceroy. A copy of the minutes of dissent recorded by the majority of the Council of the Viceroy, were laid on the table of the House of Lords through the action of Lord Northbrook, and a debate was raised on the question by Sir William Harcourt in the House of Commons, in the course of which Lord Cranbrook is reported to have said that the Viceroy's Councillors had "used language which, coming from an inferior to a superior, was indecorous." This "complacent view," as a Madras paper observed, "of the relations between a Viceroy and his advisers will probably surprise many in this country (India), and none more than the offending legislators themselves." The leading English newspapers supported the action of the dissentient majority of the Governor-General's Council, and the action of the Viceroy and Secretary of State was freely criticised, both in and out of Parliament. Several years afterwards (in 1883) Lord Lytton wrote to Sir Alexander Arbuthnot from Kneb-

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worth about his action in regard to the abolition of the cotton duties :—

“I had the strongest possible conviction (which nothing has since altered) as to the expediency of getting rid of those duties as speedily as was practically possible. To the best of my recollection Strachey was the only member of my Council who shared that conviction. And when I decided to act on it I fully *expected* and *respected* the opposition of my other colleagues in Council—an opposition which was perfectly legitimate, open, and straightforward.”

CHAPTER XV

FAREWELL TO INDIA

The Vernacular Press Act—Its repeal by Lord Ripon—Twice Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University—Final address in Convocation—General Grant—Farewell dinner—Residence at Newtown House—"Dictionary of National Biography"—Memoir of Sir Thomas Munro—Life of Lord Clive.

ANOTHER contentious measure passed by Lord Lytton's Government for which Sir Alexander was responsible was the introduction, in March, 1878, of the Vernacular Press Act, as it was styled, its full title being "An Act for the Better Control of Publications in Oriental Languages." In October of the same year Sir Alexander spoke as follows on an amendment to that Act which had been directed by Lord Cranbrook:—

"Seven months have now elapsed since the Vernacular Press Act became law, and, with the exception of certain proceedings which, owing to an unfortunate misapprehension, were instituted in one province regarding certain writings which had been published before the passing of the Act, but which proceedings were promptly withdrawn, there has been no necessity for bringing the Act into operation in

any single instance. The Act, in this respect, has so far justified—and indeed has more than justified—the hope which I ventured to express when it was passed, that the mere existence of this law would, in a great measure, suffice to repress the mischief against which it is aimed, and that the actual enforcement of its provisions would be a thing of very rare occurrence. As a matter of fact, seditious and disloyal writing—writing calculated to inflame the minds of the masses and to bring the Government into contempt—has been entirely stopped. At the same time there has been no interference with the legitimate expression of opinion. The liberty of the Press has not been in any way restricted. It might have been apprehended, and the apprehension would not have been unreasonable, that, for a time at all events, the result of passing the present law would have been different; that, as a matter of fact, there would have been some restriction on that free criticism of the measures of the Government and the acts of public officers which every well-wisher of good administration would desire to encourage. By many persons it has been assumed, and it is still assumed, that such must be, and that such has been, the natural result. It is constantly alleged that the Vernacular Press has been gagged, that the native Press has been silenced.

“I am bound to say that, in the case of persons at a distance—in the case of English statesmen who have no opportunity of knowing what is actually going on on the spot—such impressions are by no means unreasonable. But to those who are acquainted with

the actual state of things—to those who have the opportunity of seeing the vernacular newspapers, or the extracts from them which are periodically printed—it must, by this time, be apparent that the result which might have been apprehended has not occurred. To them it must be clear that the assumption to which I have alluded, is altogether unfounded, and that for all the purposes of legitimate discussion and criticism the Native Press is as free as it ever has been. I need only allude to the comments which have been constantly made in the vernacular newspapers on the Press Act, on the Licence Tax, and on the Arms Act, to show that on all these matters, and I may add on other questions in regard to which there has been a difference of opinion, in regard to which the measures of Government are objected to, either by the community in general or by particular classes, there is still the freest and the most unreserved criticism and comment. This, my lord, so far as we can form a judgment from the history of the past seven months, has been the result, and I cannot but think that it is a result which must be regarded as very satisfactory. The Act, which in many quarters has been so vigorously condemned, has entirely succeeded in its object of checking seditious writing, and has in no way restricted or diminished the legitimate freedom of the Press. . . .”

At the close of his speech Sir Alexander made the following weighty observations—which surely will find an echo in these days of disturbance in India :

“The subject is by no means free from difficulty. It is, indeed, one of those many difficult subjects with

which the Government of India have constantly to deal. Only a few days ago I was reading in the memoir of an eminent and popular minister, who belonged to a generation now passed away, a speech delivered by him . . . in the very year in which Sir Charles Metcalfe's Act was passed. On that occasion the minister, referring to the heavy responsibilities which all English Governments have to sustain, quoted, as applicable to the time at which he spoke, certain words which were used by Mr. Burke in the British Parliament many years before. These words were : 'We may have rivals, we may have enemies ; I do not fear the power of our rivals, I do not fear the greatness of our enemies ; but there is one thing which I do fear, and that is our own power and our own greatness. Our Indian Empire is an awful thing.' My lord, the difficulties inherent in our government of India have not diminished during the forty-three years which have elapsed since Lord Melbourne quoted these remarkable words. . . . The responsibilities of the Government of India have not decreased. They may be different in 1878 from what they were in 1835 ; but they are not less onerous, not less burdensome, to those whose duty it is to discharge them. It was with a profound sense of those difficulties and responsibilities—of our responsibility for maintaining peace and order in this great Empire—it was under the influence of a sincere desire to promote the well-being of the millions entrusted to our rule, that the Government of India brought forward the measure with which this Bill is connected. We claim that that measure shall be

judged by its results, and we are sanguine that the judgment so formed will not be unfavourable."

Lord Lytton also bore testimony to the utility of the Act in question, remarking in the course of a short speech: "I do not hesitate to say that the existence of the law has been eminently beneficial in its effects, and productive of a marked improvement in the general tone and character of Vernacular journalism. . . . The Council is aware that the object of the present Press Law is preventive, not punitive; and speaking for myself, I can truly affirm that my own object, both in connection with that law, and generally as regards all the relations between the Government and the Press, has been, not to check, but to promote the growth, not to injure, but to improve the position of the Vernacular Press."

This Act was repealed a few years later by Lord Ripon's Government, thus leaving to flow unchecked the stream of seditious writing which has assumed such formidable dimensions in modern days.

In an article which Sir Alexander wrote in 1883, after his return to England, discussing Lord Ripon's policy in connection with the so-called Ilbert Bill, he refers to the passing of the (Indian) Vernacular Press Act and to its repeal. He says:—

"The repeal of the Vernacular Press Act is a matter which did not attract much notice in this country. When the Act was passed in 1878, it was the subject of a good deal of misrepresentation and of very general misunderstanding. It was attacked in Parliament by some of the leading members of the present Government in speeches in

which the actual facts of the case were ignored with an audacity which has scarcely been exceeded by more recent performances; and although the necessity for the measure was recognised by some of the chief organs of public opinion, it cannot be said that it elicited very keen sympathy even on the part of those who admitted that necessity. Respect for the liberty of the Press is in this country so interwoven with the political sentiments of all parties in the State that the idea of imposing shackles upon the Press in any portion of the Empire is, on the first view of the question, repugnant to the English mind. However this may be, the case for the Act was in truth extremely strong. In certain parts of India for some years previously the Vernacular newspapers had been filled with seditious and inflammatory denunciations of the British Government and of the English race, which have been scarcely exceeded in violence by the language since indulged in by O'Donovan Rossa and by some of his sympathisers nearer home. I have not space to reproduce in this paper extracts from those writings, or from the opinions which were expressed by public officers in most parts of India as to the necessity for suppressing them. . . . The Act which was passed for the purpose of repressing this style of writing . . . was a measure of preventive rather than of penal legislation. The machinery which was put in motion was a machinery of checks rather than of penalties. It enabled the Government to call upon the printer or publisher of a Vernacular newspaper to furnish security and upon his failing to do so to suppress his paper. It also provided for a

warning similar to that provided in the Irish Press Act passed by Mr. Gladstone's Government, 1870, and for the confiscation of the paper and printing plant in the event of the warning being disregarded. In order that this Act should give effect to the aims and intentions of its authors, two things were necessary: first, that it should suppress seditious writing; secondly, that it should be so worked as not to interfere with the legitimate liberty of the Press. As a matter of fact, it would be difficult to name a legislative enactment which was so immediately and completely successful in accomplishing the objects sought by its framers.

"In this case the action taken by Lord Ripon was not adopted on his own motion, but on a suggestion from the home Government; for one of the earliest measures of Indian administration to which Mr. Gladstone's Government directed their attention after they had dealt with the foreign policy of their predecessors, was to repeal the Vernacular Press Act; and it is a remarkable fact that one of the reasons assigned for the repeal was that the Act had not brought about any essential change in the character of the Vernacular Press "as regards language inimical to British rule"; a reason which, if well founded, was clearly incompatible with the hypothesis that there had been any undue interference with the liberty of the Press. The truth is that the style of writing which led to the passing of the Act had entirely ceased, and that while the mere existence of the Act in the Statute Book had sufficed to repress the malignant denunciations of the British Government

and of the English race which used to appear in the Vernacular newspapers, and which now apparently are re-appearing, on the other hand, there had been no lack of criticism of public men and measures, of criticism as full and of censure as outspoken as are to be found in the newspapers of any country in which the utmost freedom is accorded to the Press. But it is not to the policy of the repeal to which I desire to draw attention, so much as to the mode in which the measure was carried out, furnishing, as it does, a significant illustration of the method in which business is conducted by the present Government of India. The Vernacular Press Act had been passed by an unanimous Council, a Council in which unanimity was by no means the rule. It had been framed after consultation with all the local Governments, all of which with one exception urged the need of some repressive measure. Its repeal was resolved on without consultation with any of the local Governments, although Mr. Stokes, the only Member of Lord Ripon's Council who had been present at the passing of the Act, urged that the local Governments should be consulted; and so great was the haste with which the Act was condemned, that the despatch embodying the condemnation omitted all allusion to an important question put by the Secretary of State as to whether the Act had succeeded in securing the avowed object with which it was passed."

As Sir Alexander Arbuthnot's early work in India had been largely concerned with the organisation of a system of education, it seemed fitting that he should continue to take a deep interest in that subject to the

end of his Indian career. He officiated as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Calcutta in 1879; the distinction was again conferred on him in 1880. In his address at the Convocation of 1879 he alluded to various points which were under consideration, such as an alteration in the rules for the degree of B.A., which alteration had "for its object to render the scheme of studies less discursive, to narrow its range while increasing its depth." He paid a well-deserved tribute to a distinguished American soldier-statesman who was then present. "In General Grant we see a conspicuous instance of that devotion to duty, that tenacity of purpose, that quiet but indomitable energy, which characterises the best men, not only of the Anglo-Saxon, but of every race. Alike to us who have long been engaged in the business of life, and to you who are now about to enter upon it, the career of General Grant furnishes a remarkable example of duties faithfully and efficiently discharged, and of difficulties successfully overcome." Lady Arbuthnot, who was then in England, but had been travelling on the Continent, wrote to her husband commenting on his Convocation address, and mentioning that she had met General Grant and other distinguished Americans who were of his party :—

"The speech in Convocation strikes me as very good and very felicitous in its complimentary allusion to General Grant. . . . I met them several times abroad, and did Cologne Cathedral with them. . . . At Coblenz station some German officials met him with an address and two huge bouquets, carrying one

of which he had to make his way through two rows of spectators drawn up on each side of the platform, and most uncomfortably embarrassed he looked! . . . I am very glad that you had an opportunity of paying him a dignified compliment and very satisfied for myself that you did it so well."

In 1880 Sir Alexander had the honour of being elected Vice-Chancellor a second time, and in his address delivered in Convocation on March 13th he mentioned the death of a celebrated Indian statesman whom he had always regarded with great admiration: "In Lord Lawrence, who for five years was Chancellor of this University, the people of India have lost a tried friend, whose life up to the last was devoted to the welfare of the country in which his best years were spent, and who has left behind him a bright example of pure and single-minded devotion to duty, of simplicity of character, of sympathy with the poor, of indifference to clamour, and of strength of will to urge at all times, and under all circumstances, the course which he believed to be right."

The conclusion of Sir Alexander's address was as follows:—

"Gentlemen, this is the last occasion on which I shall ever address a public assembly in India. For the last five-and-twenty years a great part of my official life has been employed in dealing with questions bearing upon the education of the people of this land, and I am glad that my last prominent official act should be connected with that important

object. It may be said in one sense as regards education in India that it is still the day of small things; but it cannot be denied that if we look back to the time when the Indian Universities were first established, little more than three-and-twenty years ago—still more so if we look back to a period ten or twenty years earlier—the advance which has been since accomplished has been very great and very real. The measures which have conferred so great a benefit upon you, the graduates and undergraduates of this University, were not carried out without much discussion and much conflict of opinion. The question was fought over in its every phase. There was first the famous controversy between those whom for brevity I may call the Orientalists and the Europeans; between those who advocated the exclusive application of the educational funds to instruction in Oriental learning and in ancient but obsolete and fantastic science, and those who contended for the diffusion of European literature and of modern science, principally through the medium of the English language. There was then the battle between those who urged that the instruction should be entirely secular and those who contended that instruction without religion was of no value at all—a battle which was perhaps more keenly fought in my old Presidency of Madras than in any other part of India. These particular controversies have long been appeased. The teachers and pupils in the purely Government colleges and schools, and the teachers and pupils in the missionary institutions, now meet together upon common ground, and compete in a generous rivalry for the

degrees and honours of the Indian Universities. The great question of primary education, the importance of which is admitted in all quarters, is making a sure and certain advance. But as regards that higher education for the encouragement of which our universities exist, we must not imagine that the contest has altogether died out. The opposition has now assumed a different phase, and it is now often alleged that the high education which is imparted in our colleges and schools fosters political discontent, and that the seditious writing which defaced the pages of some of the Vernacular newspapers a few years ago was the outcome of our Collegiate and University system.

"Gentlemen, I need hardly tell you that I should not be filling the position which I have the honour to hold in this University if I shared this opinion. My conviction is that the more thorough and the more complete the education is which we impart to the people of India, the better fitted they will be to appreciate the blessings of British rule, and the more they will depreciate any material change in the existing order of things. The British Government in India need not fear the light. It need not dread fair and legitimate criticism. But the charge to which I have alluded, emanating as it sometimes does from men in high and responsible positions, is not a charge which ought to be entirely ignored. Unjust and unfounded as it may be—and as I for one believe it to be—it is a charge which ought to be borne in mind by those who have a real interest in native progress, by those who feel, as I and my



WILLIAM CHATTERIS.

(From a water-colour drawing by Rochard, 1842.)

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colleagues in this Senate feel, that the happiness and prosperity, the purity and efficiency of the administration, both judicial and executive, are closely connected with the character of the education imparted in our colleges and schools; and the knowledge that such charges are made ought to lead all who have an influence in determining the character of the instruction which is tested by this University to make it as sound and as deep and as practical as they can, and to do what in them lies to check any superficial semblance of learning which may bring our educational system into disrepute.

“Gentlemen, I bid you farewell. May God prosper you, and bless your work!”

A farewell dinner was given by the Viceroy to Sir Alexander, at which Lady Lytton was also present, and then the long period of public service in India was over and Sir Alexander rejoined his wife in England.

In 1879 his cousin Edmund Arbuthnot had died at Newtown House, on the borders of Hants and Berks, leaving his property to William Chatteris, his brother-in-law, husband to Sir Alexander's half-sister, Anne Arbuthnot. In 1881 Sir Alexander rented Newtown House, which was from henceforward his home, and which became his own property on the death of Mr. Chatteris in 1889.

The ordinary routine of English country life after so long a period of activity in India was at first likely to prove irksome, but Sir Alexander soon made fresh interests for himself. He was appointed a magistrate in 1881, and attended regularly at Petty and Quarter

Sessions. Writing had become a second nature, and he was glad to find congenial occupation and an outlet for his energies in literary work. He contributed some articles to the *Saturday Review* and other papers, and in 1882, when Sir Leslie Stephen, under the auspices of Mr. George Smith, first began his editorship of the "Dictionary of National Biography," he was invited to contribute biographies of distinguished Anglo-Indians. Four articles appeared in the first volume, and for years he was a regular contributor, except during the ten years from 1887 to 1897, when he was a Member of the Council of India. Over-conscientiousness and a scrupulous regard for public duty made Sir Alexander suspend various occupations during those ten years of office, though later he realised that in his large, pleasant room at the India Office he could have found occasional leisure to continue his literary work, with the great advantage of being within easy reach of libraries and records. Altogether he contributed a total of fifty-three biographies, scattered through twenty-two volumes. Among the longer articles written by him were those on Lord William Bentinck, Sir Thomas Munro, Lord Canning, the Marquis Wellesley, and Lord Clive. He spoke with gratitude of the assistance rendered to him by the late Dr. Richard Garnett when looking up various books connected with these biographies at the British Museum. Sir Alexander had compiled in 1881 a selection of the Minutes of Sir Thomas Munro, with notes, and an Introductory Memoir, which in 1889 was published separately in a small volume, by Kegan Paul & Co. Munro had been dead

fifteen years when young Alexander Arbuthnot landed first in India in 1842, but he noted that "the memory of his [Munro's] work was still as fresh as if he had died but yesterday, and his name was never referred to save in terms of the 'greatest veneration and esteem.'" Those who knew Sir Alexander's work in Madras and had watched his career with interest realised that in many ways he resembled Munro in his statesmanlike qualities, uprightness, and breadth of view.

Sir Charles Lawson, well known in the history of Madras journalism, wrote an article intended for publication in the *Madras Mail*, after the death of Sir Alexander in 1907, but it was withheld owing to the unfortunate coincidence of the failure of a well-known firm and the consequent proceedings in Madras against a namesake and distant connection of Sir Alexander's. In it he remarked: "Little as Sir Alexander Arbuthnot may have imagined it, there was a close resemblance between himself and Sir Thomas Munro, who occupied in the Madras Army a pre-eminence in the last century akin to that which Sir Alexander occupied in the Civil Service." A writer in the *Athenæum* for July 2, 1881, alludes to the Memoir of Sir Thomas Munro as "a work which, besides being a monument to a very distinguished man, forms throughout an enlightened exposition on many Indian topics of great and permanent importance."

After the publication of the Memoir of Sir Thomas Munro in 1889, the late Rev. Newton Spicer, then Rector of East Woodhay, wrote to Sir Alexander

acknowledging his gift of a copy, and adding some interesting remarks. "I was much struck with the suggestion of Lord Grenville¹ that the trading company should not be the sovereign of such an enormous Empire as it was then becoming even in 1808, and I wonder that it continued as long as it did. I also could not help remarking an expression of Sir Thomas Munro, when he speaks of the people of India being as much a 'nation of shopkeepers' as we ourselves; I had always thought *that* was a name given to us by Napoleon many years afterwards!"

In 1898 Sir Alexander was invited by Mr. H. F. Wilson, then private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain, to contribute a history of Clive to a series of "Builders of Greater Britain," which Mr. Wilson was editing for Mr. Fisher Unwin. This he undertook to do, and it was a remarkable proof of the rapidity with which Sir Alexander accomplished his literary work, when he had gathered together his materials, that at an age which would have been considered advanced by most men he finished his task with very little delay beyond the time allotted to him, in spite of inevitable interruptions caused by the serious illness and death of his wife. The book appeared in January, 1899.

¹ "No serious opposition was offered to the continuance to the Company of their territorial powers, if we except a remarkable speech by Lord Grenville, who denounced the union of the functions of a sovereign with those of a trader, and declared that twenty years was too long a period for farming out the commerce of half the globe and the government of sixty millions of people, and that the government of India ought to be vested in the Crown" ("Memoir of Sir Thomas Munro," p. 100).

In December, 1898, just before the issue of the volume of "Lord Clive," its writer had an interesting correspondence with Mrs. Story Maskelyne, the wife of a descendant of Lady Clive and mother to Mrs. Arnold-Forster. This lady sent Sir Alexander a copy of a letter written by Lady Clive from the Bell Inn, Worcester, to her brother Nevil Maskelyne, shortly after her husband's death in May, 1775. Unfortunately, this "very interesting letter of Lady Clive" arrived, as Mr. H. F. Wilson wrote, "too late for insertion even as an appendix, and I am inclined to think that in that form it would have been a little isolated. I should have liked to have been able to insert it in the last chapter in the form of extracts; but I fear we must give up the idea, unless perhaps it could be utilised in a second edition."

In February, 1899, Mrs. Story Maskelyne wrote from Basset Down House, to Sir Alexander:—

"I have just returned home from Hazelby,¹ where I have been reading your charming Life of Lord Clive with great interest, and find that you have had the great kindness to give me a copy. I am very much obliged to you; my husband is delighted with your book. When I was in London a week ago I went to the National Portrait Gallery to see Mr. Lionel Cust, who told me of a picture of Lord and Lady Clive, at Bridgewater House, about which he seems to entertain some doubt—and he wants us to go to see if her ladyship's portrait seems to resemble

¹ Then the residence of Lady Louisa Howard.

her portraits here. . . . He too was very much pleased with your book."

Dr. Richard Garnett wrote as follows :—

"BRITISH MUSEUM,
"February 4, 1899.

"I have to thank you very much for the copy of your Life of Clive which you have given me. I have by this time read the greater part of it, with interest and pleasure. It is longer and fuller than I had expected, after what you had told me of the melancholy circumstances under which it was chiefly written. I am pleased to see in print the letter of Clive's which I sent you : and am also gratified by the space you have devoted to the latter part of Clive's career after his return to Bengal, not less honourable to him than his period of conquest, but naturally much less known. The only criticism I have to make is that I rather wish you had taken the opportunity of stamping the reports about Clive's death in Caraccioli's scandalous biography as unworthy of credit. They may be revived by subsequent writers."

Sir Alexander's comment on Dr. Garnett's criticism was that space would not have permitted a full exposition of the errors in Caraccioli's biography, and even had there been space, it would have given prominence to the author to which he was certainly not entitled.

A retired member of the Madras Civil Service, Mr. John Kelsall, pointed out to Sir Alexander that

Lord Clive was buried in the church and not the *churchyard* of Moreton Say; a small brass memorial tablet in the church records this fact. Mr. Kelsall also wrote: "May I also say that there is no "lofty steeple" at Market Drayton (page 3), where you probably follow Macaulay. It is a square battlemented tower of red sandstone and, on the authority of the Vicar, there never has been a 'steeple.' There are grotesque gargoyles and possibly Clive sat on one of these."

These details, however, especially the latter, seemed to the author of but small importance, as Clive's courage and endurance in after-life were never doubted; and the narration of his boyish pranks, nebulous as they are, would hardly have been included by his biographers had the materials for an account of his early life not been so scanty and meagre. A writer in the *Athenæum* remarked: "Sir Alexander Arbuthnot has done fuller justice to him [Clive] as a statesman than as a soldier." But the author of "Clive" did not consider this criticism justified. He considered, for instance, that his description of the decisive Battle of Plassey showed Clive's extraordinary nerve and skill in strategy, in a light hitherto little noticed.

Sir Alexander notes (page 84): "The position which Clive took up in the mango grove, protected as it was by the trees and by the mudbank surrounding it, which rendered the heavy artillery of the enemy practically innocuous, and the skill with which his few field pieces were directed, were important elements in securing the victory." He pointed out that the

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“contest was mainly an artillery contest, and was practically decided by that arm.” A writer so conversant with military matters, and one whose favourite reading up to the time of his death was the *Wellington Despatches* was not likely to undervalue Clive’s extraordinary powers as a soldier, but in estimating his claim to be considered a “Builder of Greater Britain,” he was also bound to bring forward Clive’s equally great powers as a statesman, and as Dr. Garnett justly observed, Sir Alexander dwelt most fully on the part of Clive’s career which is the least known.

His relations with Mr. H. F. Wilson, the editor of the series, were as cordial as with his other editors, Sir Leslie Stephen and Mr. Sidney Lee. In November, 1898, Mr. Wilson wrote: “I feel it a great privilege to have had such pleasant intercourse with you over our work, in connection with Lord Clive’s Life, and hope, as you are good enough to say, that it may perhaps be renewed in happier times.”

CHAPTER XVI

LIFE IN ENGLAND

The Ilbert bill—An Anglo-Indian committee—Deputation to Lord Kimberley—The Young Men's Friendly Society—A parish room—Politics—A fresh fusion of parties.

IN July, 1883, Sir Alexander wrote as follows :
“ For some time past the attention of the English public has been drawn with unusual frequency to Indian politics. The Ilbert Bill, as the measure is commonly called, which a few months ago was introduced into the Council of the Governor-General for the purpose of rendering European British subjects in India amenable in certain cases to the criminal jurisdiction of native magistrates and judges, is the matter which has most attracted attention. This Bill not only has evoked a very general opposition from Englishmen in India, official and non-official, but has called forth a remonstrance from a large body of retired Anglo-Indians in this country, which is probably unexampled in the strength of the feeling which it represents and in the unanimity with which the measure is condemned.”

In the spring of 1883 a committee of the Anglo-

Indians alluded to by Sir Alexander was formed in London and he accepted the post of chairman, and threw himself with characteristic energy and thoroughness into the controversy. On June 25th he presided at a large and influential meeting in St. James's Hall, and in July he was the chief speaker among a deputation of the Anglo-Indian committee which waited on Lord Kimberley at the India Office.

In his answer to the deputation Lord Kimberley attacked Sir Alexander on some points in his speech, inferring that he was aspersing the character of the native magistrates who might be likely to exercise jurisdiction if the Bill became law. As he was unable to reply at the moment, Sir Alexander lost no time in writing to the *Times* next day, to point out that Lord Kimberley had entirely misunderstood his meaning, and that he had long been a staunch advocate of the claims of natives to advancement in the public service. Those who had followed his career in India would have realised how ungrounded and unjust had been Lord Kimberley's insinuation. In a letter from Knebworth, dated July 29th, Lord Lytton entered at length into a discussion of the merits, or rather the demerits, of the Bill and Lord Kimberley's attitude to the deputation, and concluded by saying, "I will only add that I thought your speech *perfect*." In February, 1884, Mr. (afterwards Sir Roper) Lethbridge, who had acted as secretary to the Executive Committee of the Anglo-Indians, writing to Sir Alexander, said: "If ever a committee (and a cause) had reason to be grateful to its President, we have. So far from being content merely to give

us your name as a figure-head, we *all* (this I know from frequent conversations) feel that you have most generously taken far more than your share of the laborious work, whether of writing or of speaking."

Those who knew Sir Alexander well would recognise the energy and the thorough determination with which he carried out any task to which he had once put his hand. Whether he was working to secure some recognition for a friend, some redress of a grievance, some benefit to an individual or a cause, no amount of labour daunted him. He composed and wrote with great rapidity and he never spared any personal trouble, nor did he stop till he had, if it were possible, accomplished his purpose.

In 1881, soon after Sir Alexander had taken up his residence at Newtown House, a branch of the Young Men's Friendly Society had been formed in the district over which his friend Canon Portal, Rector of Burghclere, presided as rural dean, and Sir Alexander became greatly interested in the work. In 1883 he read an address at a *conversazione* given by Lord Brabazon¹ at 83, Lancaster Gate, on the work of the Society in country parishes, and described the work done in his own immediate neighbourhood. "In the parish of Newtown the members meet in the lodge at my gate, where two small rooms have been appropriated for the meetings." Sir Alexander went on to say that "some months ago I took the liberty of addressing a letter to every

¹ Now Earl of Meath.

rural dean in the diocese of Winchester, inquiring to what extent branches of the Society were in operation," and he pointed out how the work might be promoted throughout the whole Empire if diocesan councils were established, as they were already established in the dioceses of York, London, Lincoln, and Salisbury, in the Scotch diocese of Edinburgh and in the Australian diocese of Adelaide. He went on to say: "I alluded a few minutes ago to the objections which are entertained by some persons to what is a leading feature in the constitution of this Society—that the associates and members should form a sort of guild or brotherhood, banded together to help each other in leading good lives. The objection which is usually advanced is that the idea of a guild or brotherhood is not applicable to such an object, and that it promotes a certain unreality of sentiment which does more harm than good. I do not think that any of those whom I am now addressing will admit the force of this objection. It seems to be opposed to the practical experience of all time. It ignores that most potent force, the force of example. . . . During the last three years we have had numerous startling examples of the power of associations founded for the perpetration of crime, and of the influence which they are capable of exerting over young men. Some of you may, perhaps, have read a letter which lately appeared in one of the daily papers drawing attention to the remarkable and lamentable fact that of the men who have been condemned and executed for the murders in the Phoenix Park, and of those who are

now under trial for being concerned in the atrocious conspiracy to destroy life and property in London, not less than six were under the age of twenty-five. This, it appears to me, is a significant as well as a melancholy fact, affording cogent evidence of the power of association, especially over the young; and if this power is so formidable when it is directed to evil purposes, is it not equally certain that it can be utilised for good, and that a guild such as ours, formed with the blessed object of promoting among its members purity, temperance, and morality, of protecting them from evil influences, of encouraging thrift, and promoting a healthy tone of literature and amusement, must, if it be worked with energy and judgment, tend to the well-being of the rising generation—of those who in a few years will constitute the manhood of the country? ”

It was a source of regret to Sir Alexander that this Society for which he had laboured so zealously in his own neighbourhood flickered and went out—for want of support, he used to say, from the bishops. The lodge at his entrance gate was turned into a parish room, by throwing two rooms into one, and served its purpose for a good many years—till new parochial organisations springing up as time passed required more space; and as a last act of liberality to the parish in which he had spent twenty-six years he gave a site and built on it a picturesque parish room large enough for parochial purposes, and himself addressed a meeting of parishioners and neighbours who had assembled to witness the opening ceremony on September 8, 1906, on which occasion a beautiful

silver rose-bowl was presented to him by his neighbours in recognition of his generosity.

It was only natural that a man who had been for the greater part of his life associated first with the government of a Presidency, and then with the Viceregal government should be keenly interested in the government of his own country. He used to say that he came home with an open mind upon politics, having always laboured to keep Indian matters aloof from party politics. But he could have no sympathy with a Government which conducted its foreign and colonial affairs as did Mr. Gladstone's Government in the disastrous years of 1881-4; and in 1885 he accepted the post of Chairman of the Conservative Association in the newly constituted Western or Andover Division of Hampshire, and brought all his experience of organisation and energy to bear, with the result that a Conservative member was elected with a large majority. Sir Alexander consistently urged, in public and in private, the necessity for a fresh fusion of parties, though he pointed out that the name of "Liberal-Conservative" was unwelcome to members of both parties, as it signified only a half-hearted adherence to either party. His prediction that Goschen, among other prominent Liberals, would ultimately join Lord Salisbury's party was justified. Notwithstanding the differences which had existed in the Viceregal Council during the latter part of Sir Alexander's time in India, he gladly resumed cordial relations with Lord Lytton on his return to England, and as both were excellent letter writers, an interesting correspondence was the result whenever

special subjects of interest to both called forth discussion. The Ilbert Bill brought out many such letters in 1883, and in February, 1884, Lord Lytton wrote :—

“ I have read your letter with the greatest interest and the most complete acquiescence on every point. It anticipates in each the statement I was about to make to you of the grounds on which I had come to precisely the same conclusion, after reading the report of the last two debates on the Calcutta Council. . . . Meanwhile, the Egyptian serpent, like Aaron's, is swallowing up all the others. If Gordon comes to grief, I feel no doubt that his fate will be the death knell of the Ministers. But otherwise they will doubtless survive our vote of censure, though in a very damaged and discreditable condition. Gladstone ought really to devise a new department of Government for “ measures to be taken when too late.” It would probably absorb a large proportion of the Budget, and be the most heavily worked office in Downing Street.

“ Granville declared the other night that the vacillations of his Egyptian policy have been as natural and proper as those of a gentleman who puts up his umbrella when it rains, and takes it down when the rain is over. But what I think the country is at last complaining of is that the most warning clouds and violent showers have found H.M.'s Ministers altogether unprovided with any umbrellas at all, and that when the shower has swelled into a storm, and the storm has nearly swept everything away, the

Ministers have been seen rushing about in great bewilderment to borrow—from General Baker a very worn out umbrella, and from General Gordon a Chinese parasol, while they themselves are crouching for shelter under that roofless ruin the responsibility of the Egyptian Government.

“My own feeling about it all is that it is not so much the character of the Government as the character of the country itself that is now at stake. The dawdlings and turnings of the Government in Egypt seem to me perfectly and terribly consistent with the whole course and ruling principle of its policy everywhere else—in Ireland, in South Africa, in Egypt, &c ; and that policy which assumes that you can get things done without doing them is the policy of invariably treating fictions as if they were facts, and facts as if they were fictions. But the country has apparently followed them in all this with approval—or at least acquiescence. Now and then some very disagreeable news has roused it to a momentary splutter of inarticulate surprise, but it has soon turned from the contemplation of the disagreeable facts to hug again the complacent fictions with which it is so plentifully supplied by its popular orators and most trusted advisers.’

A year later, in February, 1885, Lord Lytton wrote from Knebworth :—

“What a curious phenomenon it is when people at a distance simultaneously think of each other. I wonder whether the molecular theory will ever ex-

plain it. Three days ago I was taking a walk in the park here. The thought of you, wholly unsuggested by anything I had heard or seen during the day, suddenly came into my head the moment I left the house, and haunted me with increasing strength the whole time I was out. I should have written to you the moment I got home on the spur of that impulse, but that I then found a lot of things to be done at once, and the impulse faded away. This morning I got your long and interesting letter. I am delighted to hear that you are writing *Lord Canning's Life*.¹ . . . There is to be a meeting at Salisbury's on Monday, and I suppose I shall then learn the views of our leaders as to what should be done in the event of Gladstone's defeat and resignation. . . . I agree with all you say about Goschen, but don't think there is the least probability of his joining us. . . . Sooner or later I suspect that parties will again be divided and regrouped on the question of Free and Fair Trade."

On the question of Russia's aggressive policy in the East, Lord Lytton wrote in March, 1885:—

"A purely defensive war against Russia in C. Asia seems to me a ruinously losing game. If defeated in it, we are smashed; if successful, we repel Russia for a while, but settle nothing permanently. If forced into a war with her for the protection of India, we ought, I think, to resolve that we will not rest till we have done our work thoroughly—fly at her

¹ For the "Dictionary of National Biography."

vitals—attack her instantly in the Black Sea and Caucasus—strain efforts to get at her Caspian base, and try to break it up, That would effectually smash *her*. But it would require a strong Government and a patient nation, great boldness and great pertinacity, and a deal of skilful diplomacy with Turkey and Persia—and therefore of course it won't be done."

In April, 1885, Lord Lytton wrote from Monte Carlo thanking Sir Alexander for a gift of books; he added:—

"I am so glad you have joined the Conservative Association of your county. I feel sure that it is only by local effort on the part of men of 'light and leading' all over the country that the forces of Conservatism can be got into any efficient working order."

The late Lord Carnarvon wrote from the Vice-regal Lodge, Dublin, in July of the same year:—

"I wish you could have given me a better account of Conservative activity; we are likely to be ruined by our want of energy. I wish that we had more like yourself with heads to think and resolution to work! But it has always been so, and the small interests and amusements carry the day. I find the work very heavy. I have indeed scarcely a moment to myself; but I keep well, and so far I have been wonderfully well received here. . . ."

Sir Alexander compiled lengthy Annual Reports during his tenure of the office of Chairman of Con-

servative Associations, summarising the political situation for the members plainly and lucidly. He also contributed articles to the *Hampshire Chronicle*, in which he anticipated the formation of the Liberal Unionist party, and reminded the "new voters" that had not the Conservatives insisted upon a redistribution of seats, "the agricultural vote would, in many cases, have been swamped and rendered useless by the admission into the county constituencies of large numbers of persons not belonging to the agricultural class."

In July, 1885, he wrote:—

"The question of a fresh fusion of parties, which although much discussed in society, has not hitherto been sufficiently ventilated in the newspapers, is one of the most pressing questions of the day. . . . Our German friends appear to see this more distinctly than we see it ourselves. Their public writers have urged more than once during the recent political crisis that the true solution of the difficulties of England was to be found in an alliance between the moderate Liberals and the Conservatives."

Reverting to the Radical cry that the Conservative policy would mean the "dear loaf," Sir Alexander wrote: "There is no doubt that much might be done to place trade upon a more wholesome footing by imposing revenue duties upon numerous articles of foreign manufacture, and so lightening the burthens which press upon the English tax-payer. Even in the case of corn, the re-imposition of the 1s. registration duty, which was needlessly abolished by Mr. Lowe, would yield a revenue which might

be usefully applied to the reduction of existing burthens without raising the price of the loaf by a single farthing. Anything that can be done to reduce the burthens upon the land will be a distinct advantage, not only to the landowners and to the farmer, but to the labourer who depends upon them for his wages, and whose welfare is inseparably bound up with theirs. It is very unsatisfactory to find the late Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice,¹ arguing against any such reduction upon grounds which, based upon so-called historical arguments, ignore the plainest facts of the history of modern times.

“It cannot be too often pointed out that the Radicals have no monopoly of goodwill towards the poor. The endeavours which are now being made to devise some effective plan for relieving the overcrowding in the large towns originated with the present Prime Minister (Lord Salisbury). The first practical step which has been taken towards rendering the sale of land more easy, by passing what is called the Settled Estates Act, was the work of a late Conservative Lord Chancellor, the lamented Earl Cairns. The Society which has been formed for the purpose of increasing the number of small holders of land is composed largely of Conservatives, and the most active members of it are the present Viceroy of Ireland and Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay.”²

¹ Now Lord Fitzmaurice.

² Afterwards raised to the Peerage as Lord Wantage.

CHAPTER XVII

THE COUNCIL OF INDIA

Appointment to Council of India—The Education Question—Mr. R. H. Hutton—Special Aid Grants—Bishop Walsham—How approves—Dean Lake—Earl of Northbrook—Lord Napier and Ettrick—The Falkland Memorial—Calumnies on our troops—Fifty-five years of public service.

ON October 11, 1887, Lord Cross, then Secretary of State for India, wrote from Balmoral a strictly confidential letter, offering to recommend Sir Alexander's name to her Majesty the Queen for a seat on the Indian Council. To which Sir Alexander replied that it would give him great satisfaction to undertake the duty, "should her Majesty be graciously pleased to sanction my appointment," and on October 22nd he received formal notice of his appointment as Member of Council from the India Office. This return to active and congenial work was heartily welcomed by him, and though Newtown House was still his home he took rooms in London, where he spent from Monday to Thursday of each week during which the Council was sitting, giving up, with a few exceptions, all political and literary work during his tenure of office.

Mr. W. W. Beach, the Member for the Andover Division, wrote to him :—

“I am very sorry that one of the consequences of your new appointment should be your being obliged to resign the office of Chairman. I am sure that no one can be found to fill that position with the tact, ability, and energy which you have displayed. I cannot thank you enough personally for the great assistance you have rendered me, and how irreparably I shall feel the loss of your skill and judgment !”

The chief exception was Sir Alexander's contribution to the discussion of the education question in the autumn of 1896. Having in his earlier days had practical experience in education matters, when he had organised and set going the machinery for a Department of Public Education, he looked at the whole question from a statesmanlike point of view. He was against taking aid from the rates for education, and in later days felt that his views were completely justified by the result. He considered that Archbishop Temple had done harm by giving way as he did to the clamour for uniform grants and rate aid. Besides pressing his views at Ruridecanal and diocesan meetings, Sir Alexander printed a letter which embodied his alternative proposals and sent copies of it to every member of the Government, to all the bishops and to many others, clergy and laymen, whom he thought would be able to influence public opinion. To his mind the real crux of the education question was as to the best method of providing additional State aid. He was

against the proposal of giving a uniform Special Aid Grant to rich and poor schools alike. "Most of the Board Schools and some of the Voluntary Schools need no special aid whatever, and to give special aid to all schools, rich and poor, on a uniform scale, would be a needless and wasteful expenditure of public money." His plan was to create a "graduated scale of special grants, where special aid is needed, say 2s., 4s., 6s., and in extreme cases 8s. per pupil. The grants of the higher classes should only be given in the poorest neighbourhoods, where higher subscriptions, or in the case of poor Board Schools, higher rates could not reasonably be demanded. In fact, poverty and not efficiency should be the title to the Special Aid Grant."

As to the machinery by which schools should be selected for this Special Aid Grant, he considered the inspectors of schools under the Education Department constituted an "agency of experts, accustomed to cognate duties, and possessing a certain amount of local knowledge, who might be fully trusted to distribute the grants impartially."

"If the Education Department will consider this suggestion for a graduated scheme of Special Aid Grants in communication with the inspectors of schools, calling in the chief inspectors to investigate and report upon any doubtful cases, I feel sure that in a comparatively short time it will be able to devise such a plan for the distribution of the Special Aid Grant as will entail a very slight, if any, increase in the sum provided in the Bill of last session. The first estimate will possibly be somewhat rough, but

with the aid of the figures embodied in the Annual Return, Form 9, and of the information as to local circumstances which can be supplied by the inspectors, it will probably be not far from the mark. It should, of course, be subject to correction in future years, and for this purpose there should be a triennial revision. The necessary legislation, if legislation is required, might be embodied in a very short and simple Bill."

Sir Alexander received encouragement for his scheme from many of those who were well qualified to judge, but he called in vain at the Education Department; the officials whom he saw refused to discuss the question, though several Cabinet Ministers had written in favour of his views. The late Mr. R. H. Hutton wrote in the *Spectator* of December 5th:—

"Sir Alexander J. Arbuthnot, whose experience of the Civil Service generally, and of the working of the Education Department in particular, with which he has become acquainted through his correspondence with it in relation to his own small school in the north of Hampshire, qualify him in a very eminent degree to be an adviser on the subject of the Bill for the assistance of Voluntary Schools, has written and circulated a very admirable paper on the subject which we strongly recommend to the consideration of our readers. It is clear, short, and in the highest degree practical, and we imagine that the Government could hardly do better than make it the foundation of their Bill. He holds that in spite of the resolutions passed at the recent Conference of the

Convocations of Canterbury and York, the dangerous proposal to include rate aid in the measure will not be adopted. He points out that the Prolocutor of the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation has announced in the plainest fashion that the supposed unanimity at the Conference was absolutely unreal, and that a policy condemned by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Cross, Sir William Hart-Dyke, and Dean Lake, is not at all likely to be adopted. What he proposes is that a grant-in-aid should be made to all poor schools, whether Board Schools or Voluntary Schools, that need it, a maximum grant being fixed by the Bill, but no school receiving more than it needs, of which the Education Department, through the inspectors, should be the judge. He points out that while in the North of England the Free Schools Act of 1891 greatly diminished the receipts of the schools, especially in Lancashire, where the fees received had been high, it positively increased the receipts of many of the schools in the south, including his own in the north of Hampshire, and that therefore it would be most wasteful and thriftless to grant precisely the same aid to all schools wherever they may be. . . . His proposal has at least the merit of great simplicity. . . .”

Bishop Walsham-How wrote as follows on December 28, 1896, from Wakefield:—

“I write to thank you for your printed letter on the Education question, which is far the best and most sensible I have seen. I suppose one always thinks anything sensible with which one agrees, and

you have only given expression to what I have long thought and felt, and tried to express on various occasions. At the very beginning of the discussion, at the National Society's meeting called to formulate our demands, I pleaded for schools that needed and for those that did not need help, but Bishop Temple only laughed and said, 'Oh, yes; you want all the money for the north.' I said 'I do,' but the uniform grant was adopted. I have since again and again tried to show what a waste of public money would be involved in any uniform increase. . . . I agree with every word of your letter."

Sir Alexander replied :—

"You have written so kindly about my proposal for a graduated scheme of special aid grants for the schools that I venture to ask you to read the enclosed letter which I received this morning from the Rev. —, Rector of —, criticising the proposal very much on the grounds on which it has been criticised by one or two of the inspectors of schools, viz., that it does not furnish any rule for the guidance of the inspectors in distributing the grants.

"It does not appear to me that there is any real difficulty in the matter. In most cases the facts embodied in the annual returns, Form 9, ought to enable an inspector to judge whether any special aid is required, and if any, what scale of grant ought to be given. If, for instance, the managers of a school were able to pay their way before 1891, and if their income from the fee grant is either more

or not less than they used to derive from school fees, then I think that no special aid grant should be given, unless it can be shown that, owing to other causes, beyond their control, they are in a necessitous condition. And if, either owing to the inadequacy of the fee grant, or owing to some other cause, it is clear that the school needs some special aid, then it appears to me that an intelligent inspector ought to be able, by means of a little inquiry, to determine how much is needed. Mr. ——— thinks that my scheme lacks a safeguard against the discontinuance or reduction of voluntary local contributions; but is not this sufficiently guarded against by the provision of section 107 of the Code, clause D, which limits the total annual grant to a sum equal to the total income of a school from other sources than the grant, the other sources not including grants given to small schools under sections 104 and 105 of the Code or the fee grant?

“Some of the inspectors appear to think that when inquiring into the circumstances of a school they must not ask why the local subscriptions are not larger; but surely this is a perfectly legitimate inquiry, and I cannot conceive why any inspector should consider himself debarred from making it.”

The Bishop of Wakefield answered on January 2, 1897: “I do not think the difficulty is a serious one, though inspectors may be tempted to magnify it.”

Deans Bradley, Lake, and Boyle of Salisbury wrote warmly in support of the scheme; Dean Boyle called it “most excellent, the best contribution to the vexed

question I have seen." Dean Lake, who was in the Sixth Form at Rugby under Dr. Arnold with Sir Alexander, wrote: "I have waited to thank you for the interesting and valuable paper you were so good as to send me on the Education question till I had seen whether any further suggestions were made in the papers. I have seen, however, none which seems to me so likely, both from its simplicity and its fairness, to meet the difficulties of the question. I hope you have sent it to some of the persons most interested, such as the Archbishop of Canterbury, who I think made a great mistake in the unreal compromise he accepted. And I would only venture to suggest that it might perhaps be well, before the discussion in the *Times* is finished, if you would state your views there."

This course had already been taken by Sir Alexander, who had contributed a letter to the *Times* of November 17th, signed "A Hampshire School Manager," in which the views which he afterwards embodied in the shorter paper which he circulated were stated very fully and clearly.

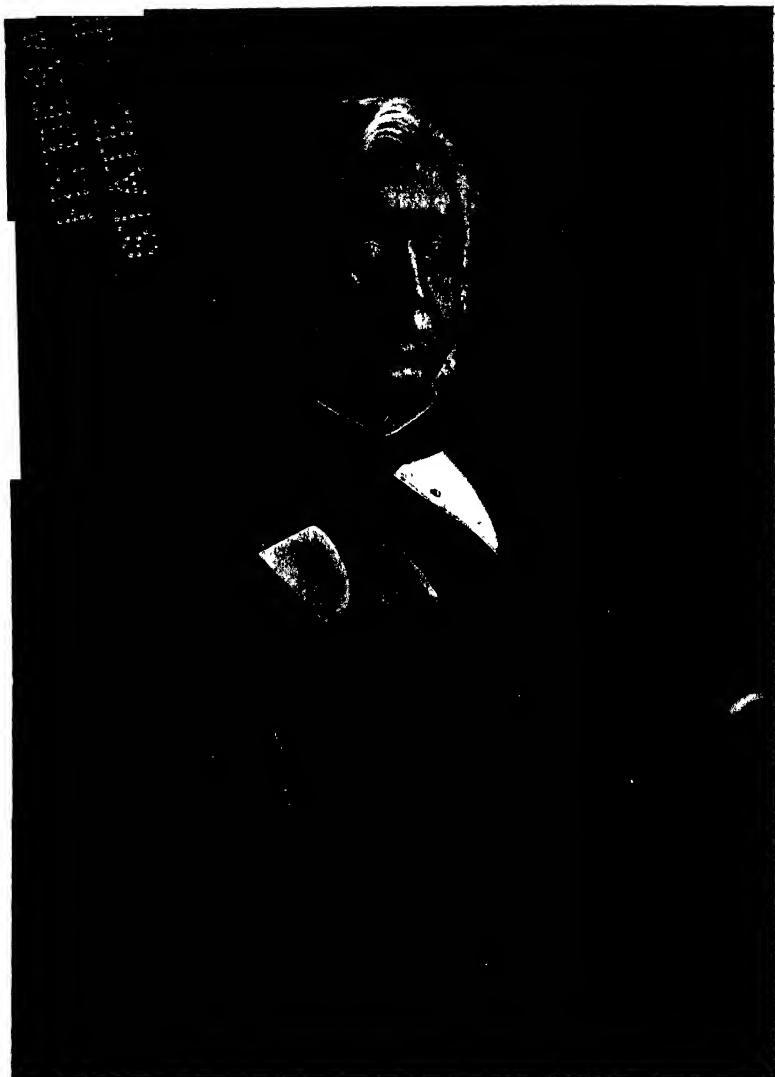
Lord Northbrook wrote in December :—

"I am much obliged to you for sending me a copy of your Memo. on Education. I quite agree with your opinion—

"1. Against rate aid.

"2. Against making over the management of the grant to the County Councils.

"3. That the proposal for a uniform scale applicable to all schools, rich and poor, would be a needless expenditure.



BARON NAPIER AND ETTRICK, K.T.

“Probably you are right that four-shilling grants if really applied to help poor schools would be enough, and probably, too, the Chancellor of the Exchequer won't be able to give more.

“The difficulty will be how to distribute the money. I do not know enough of the working of the present system to form any decided opinion, but I think you are right in suggesting that the agents upon whom most reliance is to be placed are the inspectors. Perhaps some independent appeal (not the Education Office) might be arranged as an addition to your proposal.”

Sir Alexander's old friend and former chief, Lord Napier and Ettrick, wrote from Thirlstane:—

“I am truly obliged to you for your kind communication, first on account of its intrinsic interest and value, and scarcely less as the revival of our correspondence too long suspended.

“The particular ‘Education question’ dealt with does not exist for Scotland. We have here no ‘religious difficulty,’ and no ‘Voluntary Schools.’ The problems are solved for us. The country is quite satisfied with the existing agencies for elementary education. No one desires to see the management transferred from the School Board to the County Council, nor do I think that any ‘special aid grant’ is required for our Board Schools except in some Highland parishes where the rate is excessive owing to local circumstances. We are quite inured to the existing system, which is an expansion and adaptation of the older system, which served us

well from the time of Charles I. to the time of Victoria.

“But, of course, we can take an interest in the questions agitated in England with so much solicitude and warmth.

“I regretted, as many others did, that Government thought it expedient to introduce a measure so comprehensive and complex as that of last Session—a measure which disturbed everything that exists, and raised every possible topic of controversy, when nothing was really indispensable except additional pecuniary assistance. I presume that the general scheme has been abandoned by Government, and that the question has shrunk to the modest proportions of increased State aid to Voluntary Schools and Board Schools, to the amount and form in which it may be granted, and to the agency by which it is to be administered. If this be the case, it seems to me that there is a simple, economical, flexible, and prudent measure comprised in the three pages of your letter. Your proposals unsettle nothing and create nothing. They provide the requisite pecuniary aid with discrimination, with the maximum of assent and the minimum of dispute. I entirely agree with you in regard to the discretionary power granted to the inspectors. Of all existing agencies they are the most impartial and the most trustworthy. I believe that the clergy generally would rather accept them than the unknown, problematic authority of a County Council or mixed Committee. I hope the Government will have the sense and magnanimity to embody your suggestions in a Bill, and to avow that they do so.”

The Bill brought in by the Government in 1896 has shared the fate of other Education Bills. It did not embody the "simple, economical, flexible, and prudent" measures advocated so earnestly by Sir Alexander, and the Education question is still unsolved.

He remained to the last a Foundation Manager of his own parish school, having handed over the building to the National Society soon after he had inherited the Newtown property, and welcomed the school-children at the School treat which in his time as in the time of his Arbuthnot predecessors was held annually in the grounds of Newtown House. It is a fitting memorial that has established, in memory of Alexander John Arbuthnot, a gift of a Bible to be presented every year to the most deserving scholar in Newtown School.

The residents in the neighbourhood of his property have possibly forgotten that they owe the preservation of a beautiful corner of scenery to his exertions on their behalf. Early in the nineties it was found that the bridge over the ford of the Enborne river, which forms the northern boundary between Hampshire and Berkshire, was wholly inadequate to the increased needs of the neighbourhood. The question in dispute between the two County Councils of Hants and Berks was the building and taking over of a public bridge in place of the picturesque old wooden structure which had been private property. The dispute lasted for two years and only ended when Sir Alexander took up the scheme vigorously, formed a committee of those most interested in the question of the bridge, kept the

picturesqueness of the spot unspoilt, and, as he wrote two or three years later: "Two County Councils undertook to build a bridge over a small stream which divides two counties. After a prolonged correspondence, and more than one conference between delegates from the two Councils, the work had to be done by private effort, and was accomplished at a cost far less than would have been incurred if the county authorities had carried it out."

He also wrote in defence of the integrity of a memorial erected to the memory of Falkland on the site of the Battle of Newbury.

On the transfer of the Falkland Memorial from the Trustees appointed in 1878 to the charge of the "National Trust for Historic Places," in 1897, a plea was urged in a local paper that the inscription should be altered so as to include in it a reference to those who fell on the Parliamentary side, as well as to Falkland and his comrades on the side of the King. Sir Alexander pointed out that the main object of the memorial was to perpetuate *locally* the memory of Falkland on the spot where he fell, just as twenty-five years before a memorial had been erected on Chalgrove Field in memory of Hampden. "Both were men of whom Englishmen are justly proud. To both it was fitting that memorials should be put upon the battle-fields on which they fell. . . . Both the monuments are commemorative of the battles which were fought in the respective localities, and of the men who were the chief heroes of the respective battles."

He also reminded the inhabitants of Newbury that the late Lord Carnarvon, who had been much

honoured and respected in the neighbourhood, had composed one of the inscriptions and had selected the English, Latin, and Greek passages which form the other inscriptions.

“Lord Carnarvon was a man of great culture, and of a fine taste. In the wording of the principal inscription and in the selection of passages from classical writings, he evinced a felicity of expression and a refinement of taste which, I venture to think, have seldom been surpassed in monumental inscriptions. There is not a single word on the memorial which could justly offend the susceptibilities of any man, whatever might be his political opinions.”

A second letter on the subject a few weeks later was even more strongly worded in answer to a communication from an anonymous writer, who signed himself “A Berkshire Archæologist.”

The Dowager Lady Portsmouth, sister to the late Lord Carnarvon, wrote a letter of cordial thanks to Sir Alexander for his championship of her brother's share in the Falkland Memorial, and the matter was dropped.

Once more his fighting instincts were raised by reading and hearing of the calumnies which were being circulated about the conduct of our troops in South Africa, and on December 5, 1901, the following letter appeared in the *Times*:—

“I feel sure that many of your readers must agree . . . in thinking that it is neither politic, nor dignified, nor wise to allow the atrocious calumnies against our troops to pass without a strong national protest, so

organised and so framed as to show that it 'expresses the sentiments of the great body of the nation. Such a protest appears to be all the more necessary when we have an absolutely unscrupulous band of men, some of them ex-Cabinet Ministers, doing what in them lies to vilify their own countrymen and to justify the tissue of 'ghastly slanders' which, at the instance of Messrs. Kruger, Leyds, and the like, are being 'daily poured out upon the humanity of our troops.'"

Sir Alexander went on to suggest that the best mode of organising a strong national protest would be to "convene a great meeting in London at which the Cabinet, the Law, the Church, the Army, the Navy, and all classes should be well represented, to be followed by meetings at the principal towns throughout the kingdom, where the mendacious utterances of the foreign Press and the disloyal proceedings of the insignificant, but mischievous, band of Englishmen who pose as pro-Boers, should be fully exposed."

"It would perhaps be advisable that the London meeting should, with the permission of the Lord Mayor, be held at the Mansion House, which is so often used in times of difficulty or sorrow to give voice to the national sentiment."

This letter brought Sir Alexander an interesting correspondence with Mrs. H. O. Arnold-Forster, who wrote in the first place to tell him of the entire agreement of herself and her husband in the substance of

his *Times* letter. At the same time she informed him of a movement initiated by the Women's Liberal Unionist Association, of which Mrs. Arnold-Forster was then an honorary secretary, for spreading literature on the Continent, "calculated to dispel the extreme hostility to England in foreign countries, in which the honour and good name of our nation was suffering from the perpetual dissemination of uncontradicted charges."

She strongly advocated a national demonstration on some such lines as Sir Alexander had indicated, but nothing came of it, as another sympathiser wrote : "I fear that the golden moment—if it ever came—has passed."

In Sir Alexander's answer to Mrs. Arnold-Forster's letter, he spoke of his old Rugby days and memories of the Arnold family, to which she replied :

"Your kind letter gave the greatest pleasure to us both. Your remembrance of O——'s father, and of Uncle Matt, Uncle Tom, and of William Delafield Arnold is most interesting to us. These friendships of the old Rugby days are so full of interest, it was indeed good of you to have written to us."

Sir Alexander sent a copy of his "Lord Clive" to Mrs. Arnold-Forster, with the following letter :—

"I feel that at the risk of boring you with my letters, I *must* tell you that although I have never met Mrs. Story Maskelyne, I had a correspondence with her three or four years ago, when she very kindly, at

the request of Lady Louisa Howard, sent me some information about her husband's kinswoman Lady Clive. I was at the time engaged in writing a memoir of the great Lord Clive for the series of "Builders of Greater Britain," for which work Mr. A. Story Maskelyne of the Public Record Office most kindly prepared two pedigrees, one of Lord and the other of Lady Clive. . . . I am sending you a copy of my Clive memoir as it contains the pedigrees which I have mentioned.

"As to the meetings which I suggested in the letter which led to our correspondence, I fear nothing is likely to come of the suggestions. . . . What we want is a national manifesto, and for this the nation, as a nation, is evidently not prepared.

"Another matter which may interest your husband is that when I was Director of Public Instruction in Madras in 1855, I obtained the Governor's permission to offer one of the inspectorships of schools to William Arnold, who was then in the Punjab Commission. He accepted the appointment, but before it could be carried out Sir John Lawrence intervened and appointed him Director of Public Instruction in the Punjab. A few years afterwards when Mr. Arnold was leaving India ill, I went on board the steamer at Madras to see him, and finding him terribly ill, urged him to let me take him on shore to my house, so that he might have some good medical attendance; but he was most anxious to get home and could not bear the idea of breaking off his voyage. Probably his illness was too serious to admit of cure, but I thought that anything was better in the circumstances than a steamer in the tropics."

In her acknowledgment Mrs. Arnold-Forster wrote :—

“All that you write about O——’s dear father seems like a message from long ago. We have read and re-read all that you say about him, and I have sent it on to my sister-in-law and to Miss Arnold at Fox How.”

The latter years of Sir Alexander’s life, after his retirement from the Council of India in 1897, when his long tenure of public service, extending over a period of fifty-five years, came to an end, was passed quietly at his beloved Hampshire home.

One of his colleagues and special friends, the late Sir James Peile, K.C.S.I., wrote to him at the expiration of his term of office :—

“I am beginning to realise with very great regret that I shall not meet you again at the India Office when I return there. Your presence as a colleague has been one of the greatest pleasures of this part of my official life and one which I shall greatly miss. I am sure many, if not all, of the other members share my feeling.”

His aged friend Sir Arthur Cotton from his retirement at Dorking wrote about the same time :—

“I am very sorry to hear that I am to lose you from the Council, and what is more that India will too. Could you give me a name who would help me in case

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of need? I thank you for the books, which I was very glad to get.

“This wonderful account of Godarvery comes in most opportunely, and I am hoping that there will be, by God’s mercy, now a real dealing with the question of famines.”

On October 31, 1897, Sir Alexander wrote to a friend: “I am writing in the last hour of the last day of my service in the Council of India. To-morrow morning I shall have ceased to belong to the public service. I do not leave it without sincere regret on many accounts. I suppose it is impossible to give up altogether the occupation of a lifetime without feeling the wrench. It was on September 21, 1842, that I first joined the public service and I cease to belong to it to-night.”

CHAPTER XVIII

A RECORD OF FRIENDSHIP

Bishop Gell—Old Rugby friends—The author of "Tom Brown's School Days"—Dean Bradley—Marlborough College—Archdeacon Bevan—Lord and Lady Napier and Ettrick—Indian correspondents.

TO write, however briefly, of the long period covered by the active life of Alexander John Arbuthnot would be incomplete without further allusion to his friends, for he possessed that genius for friendship which Emerson described as the only way in which a man can have a friend—*i.e.*, to be himself a friend. Those who knew him at Rugby and Haileybury and met him again in after-days, must have realised how deeply old memories were interwoven in his life. Indian friendships, firmly knit in fellowship of work and ideas, were only suspended by absence, to be eagerly renewed if occasion served. Among his Rugby schoolfellows was Frederick Gell, whom he had the pleasure of welcoming as Bishop of Madras in 1861. Sir Alexander always used the same formula in speaking of Frederick Gell, calling him "the holiest-minded being, both as boy and man, that I have ever known."

As Tom Hughes, another Rugby friend, wrote : "Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but, above all, the power of going out of one's self, and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another." In May, 1900, Sir Alexander renewed old Rugby friendships with Archdeacon Rawstorne and the Rev. W. G. Rawstorne. The latter wrote :—

"My cousin Archdeacon Rawstorne has just sent me your letter of May 21st, from which I can see that your recollections of him and me are rather mixed, but most of those contained in your letter relate to me. He is four years younger than I am, and when I left Rugby in October, 1838, he was a boy of fourteen at Lee's house, and a good way below the Sixth. William Lea (Billy) whom you mention was an exact contemporary and a great friend of mine. We went to Oxford together, straight from Rugby, in October, 1838, on the Rugby coach (the "Pig")—do you remember that old name?—and were upset together, and one man, a stranger, killed, and one of our party, Whately, whom perhaps you remember, a nephew of the Archbishop, got a bad knock on the head, which, however, he survived, and I believe he is now living as a clergyman in Yorkshire. Seton-Karr was also a great friend of mine, two years younger than me. Bradley is about the same standing as he. F. Gell is nearer me. I am the oldest of the lot, having been promoted to be an octogenarian on the last day but one of 1899.

I could not name another of the Sixth in those days whom I believe to be living now. *Sic transit!* Your letter made me feel that you would take interest in this ancient history, in which you tell me W. Lea and I were distinguished in former days, which I did not remember. It would give me great pleasure to meet you again and renew the acquaintance of sixty years ago and talk over old Rugby times."

In July of the same year (1900) Mr. W. E. Rawstorne paid a visit to Newtown House and the following joint letter was sent to Frederick Gell, in his retirement in the Neilgherry Hills:—

"DEAR LORD BISHOP,—We two old Rugbeians who were your schoolfellows and form fellows long years ago, being this day together in the same house, desire to bring ourselves to your remembrance and to send you our kindest regards and best wishes that by God's mercy your remaining days, like the rest of your life, may be passed in happiness and peace.

"We are, dear Gell,

"Yours most sincerely,

"ALEX. J. ARBUTHNOT,

"W. E. RAWSTORNE."

To which the following reply came from Coonor:—

"MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS,—I was immensely pleased with your kind remembrance of me expressed in your joint letter, and return my thanks and best wishes to you both in Browning's beautiful lines, which

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Robert Clark, Punjab missionary, sent me last February, three months before his death :—

“ ‘Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand,
Who saith, A whole I plann’d,
Youth shows but half ; trust God ; see all, nor be afraid’ :

and in the faithful promise, ‘Even to old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you ! I have made, and I will bear ; yea, I will carry, and will deliver.’ I am He, ‘the same yesterday and to-day, and for ever.’

“I have not strength to make another voyage to England, and expect to end my few remaining days in this charming station, looking for the better home where I hope we shall all meet in glory.

“Your affectionate Friend,
“F. GELL, Bishop.”

Of this letter Mr. Rawstorne wrote to his collaborator :—

“I return you Gell’s letter, which I think a very nice one. From the absence of Rugby allusions I guess that his recollections of the old place are not so keen as those of the other two *boys*. I trust that he will end his days happily in the home that he has chosen, and that he may not have to survive his sister. The worst part of old age and long life is to have to see all the rest go and leave one behind. *Hæc data pœna diu viventibus.*”

Frederick Gell passed away in 1902, and three years later a little volume entitled "Memorials of Bishop Gell" was compiled and published by the secretary of the C.M.S. in Madras. A copy of this work was given to Sir Alexander by a nephew of the late Bishop, and he thereupon wrote to Miss Gell pointing out one or two inaccuracies and omissions he had noticed. For instance, the editor had written, "At the time of his [Bishop Gell's] death, all his old schoolfellows, except Dean Bradley, had passed away"; and Sir Alexander noted a list of survivors, including himself, the two Rawstornes, Mr. Seton-Karr, Sir J. Dalrymple Hay, Archdeacon Bevan, and several others.

Miss Gell replied in January, 1906, from Ootacamund :—

"It was kind of you to say what you did about the little book of 'Memorials. . . .' If another Memoir is produced the inaccuracies you point out must be rectified."

In 1883 the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" wrote to his old schoolfellow from Donnington Priory, Newbury, shortly after Sir Alexander's final return from India, acknowledging some papers connected with the Ilbert Bill :—

"Thanks for your budget, especially for your 'Minutes of Dissent.' Nothing could be better than your paper, with every word of which I very cordially agree. It makes one sad to see this kind of maudlin claptrap riding triumphantly

over not only common sense but, as I view it, Christian morality. . . . It has been a very great pleasure to me to renew our intimacy of half a century ago and we can't afford at our age to let it slide again."

Sir Alexander left a note referring to Judge Hughes :—

"Tom Hughes once paid me a visit at Newtown and we had long talks over old Rugby days, and our schoolfellows, especially I remember discussing H—— who had been in the Sixth Form at Rugby with me. Even then I thought him unscrupulous and rather cruel, but what had always struck me was his want of physical endurance in the 'scrimmage' at football—he would always get out of it if he could manage to do so. Tom Hughes' recollection agreed with mine. He well remembered my brother Charles (who was very small for his age) extracting the football from the densest scrimmages, and running with it until overhauled by some bigger boy."

Dean Bradley, another pupil of Dr. Arnold's, was some years senior to Sir Alexander, but had been with him in the Sixth Form at Rugby. In later years they were associated on the Council of Marlborough College. In August, 1902, the Dean wrote from Little Gaddesden :—

"I fear that I did not send you one line of thanks for some very kind words of yours that reached me here—some days ago!

"They touched me much! Oh that dear Frank Lushington had been spared a little longer! I remember how in his Φωτοβαλλομάχια he applied to you the epithet 'Αραβυθνώτος ἐκνήμις because we had agreed that you employed a better tailor than some of us did!

"I feel myself to be . . . *fade-ing* shall I call it? I was never strong, and the only one of my father's twelve children (by his first family) who has lived to eighty.

"But I have much—very much to be thankful for."

A few months later, in February, 1903, the old comradeship was ended by death. A member of Dean Bradley's household wrote:—

"I regret to say that he is too ill to know that you have written to him. . . . I am so sorry to have to send you such bad news of your dear old friend, as I know how it will grieve you. . . . I have so often heard him speak of you with much affection."

After his last and final return from India in 1880 Sir Alexander accepted a seat on the Council or governing body of Marlborough College. Having been acquainted with Cotton and Bradley, successive Headmasters, he had various links with the College, and for many years he attended the Annual prize-giving, generally arriving at an early hour with a large basket of roses for Mrs. Bell. On the resignation of Canon Bell, for whom he had a sincere regard, he applied

himself with his usual thoroughness to ascertain the qualifications of the candidates who offered themselves for the vacancy. He very strongly objected to the suggestion that a layman should be chosen and drew up a Memorandum embodying his views—which he sent to all the members of the Governing body:—

“I have read with great care the applications of the various candidates for the Mastership of Marlborough College and the testimonials which they have sent in. In my opinion the first question to be decided is whether the new Master is to be selected from among the clerical candidates or whether the post is to be open to a layman. On this point I hold very decidedly the opinion that we ought not to depart from the tradition in accordance with which the four Headmasters who have made Marlborough what it is, viz., Dr. Cotton, Dr. Bradley, Dr. Farrar, and Canon Bell, have been selected from the ranks of the clergy. That was the opinion of the greatest Headmaster of our time, Dr. Arnold, whose letter on the subject in Stanley’s *Life* appears to me deserving of very great weight (Stanley’s *Life of Arnold*, second edition, vol. ii. p. 152).

“But in the case of Marlborough there is an additional consideration. Marlborough College was founded in 1843 for the education of the sons of the clergy in the first instance, and I do not believe that at that time any one would have suggested the appointment of a layman as the Headmaster. It will perhaps be said that public opinion has changed since those days, but I still venture to think that so long as well-qualified candidates are forthcoming among

the clergy of the Church of England we should be very unwise to appoint a layman. A Headmaster in Holy Orders possesses the great advantage of exercising an influence over his pupils by his weekly services in the chapel and by being able to administer the Communion to them as they become old enough to receive it."

The Memorandum goes on to discuss the merits of the various candidates, among them being a present clerical Headmaster of a well-known public school, whose candidature for Marlborough Sir Alexander strongly supported.

He noted that two of the candidates were unmarried—"and this may perhaps be regarded as a drawback; but it is one which is not past remedy." And with regard to their ages he remarks: "Mr. — is only thirty-six, and I think that there can hardly be a better age for the Headmaster of an important school to begin his work. He is then in the full freshness of his powers, and may hope to continue to retain his vigour for many years."

When a lay candidate was eventually elected Sir Alexander retired from the Council and severed his connection with Marlborough College. In August, 1902, for some reason now forgotten Sir Alexander wrote to another old schoolfellow, W. L. Bevan, Archdeacon of Brecon, who replied:—

"I am extremely obliged to you for having made yourself known after so long a separation. There is nothing I so much regret as having lost sight of my old schoolfellows, very much in consequence of the

remoteness of my abode and my addiction to my parochial duties. Bradley I have seen pretty regularly: he has always been a creaking hinge and it is wonderful that he has held on so long; but he now looks somewhat decrepit. Lushington, whom you remember, succumbed to the dense fog which occurred last October, and which also proved fatal to my brother-in-law, Dew (of Anstey's), about a couple of years your senior, who happened to be staying in London just at that time. Canon Bright, our junior, was another friend whom I used to meet in Convocation. I happen to have an old 'calling over' list of the School, June, 1839, and a Fifth Form examination list of 1837, from which I send extracts showing that we were, as you say, close together at those times. Seton [Seton-Karr] I have not met: but I hear about him occasionally. . . . Rawstorne I remember but have never seen. Of the names I send I cannot identify any as now living beyond our two selves and Seton, but possibly there are some others.

"I presume that you have retired from work and are, I hope, enjoying a green old age with health unimpaired by your long residence in India. My course has been of a very uniform character—fifty-six years in one place, attending to my parish and trying to keep myself from rusting by literary work of a heavy character—geography, and pamphleteering in defence of the Church in Wales. I retired from my parish last year but retain the archdeaconry."

In the list of the Sixth Form of 1839 copied out by Archdeacon Bevan, the name of A. J. Arbuthnot

occurred as twentieth, which somewhat puzzled him. Bradley and Matthew Arnold were below him. The Archdeacon wrote again, reminding Sir Alexander that the list of names was published in June and that he did not leave Rugby till the end of 1839:—

“The date I gave is right—June, 1839. I do not see that this clashes with the date of your leaving and your place as eighth from the head of the Sixth. I believe that I left in October, 1839, and was then fourth¹ from the top. I recognise some of the names—Bradley of course; Mat. Arnold; Nevill, late Archdeacon of Norwich, who died about two years since; Hodson of Hodson’s Horse; and indistinctly Mackie, who became, I think, M.P. for Kircudbright, but whose end I do not remember. Whether Mildmay is alive I do not know: he and I were great friends at Rugby. Have you seen Rouse’s ‘History of Rugby School’? If not, I think you would be interested in it.”

FIFTH FORM, JUNE, 1837.

Lushington	Bevan
Seton	Hughes, major
Bateson	Strickland
Armitage	Cripps
Moorsom	Walrond, minor
Valrent	Townsend
Hornby	Arbuthnot
Buckland	Conant
Wratislaw	Minton
Thornton	

¹ In the June list Bevan’s name was thirteenth.

SIXTH FORM, 1839

Doxat	Walrond, minor
Gell	Townsend
Carey	Arbuthnot
Latham	Mackie
Walrond, major	Bradley, major
Pigou	Bryans
Marshall	Hon. S. W. Lawley
Lushington	Arnold, major
Seton	Armitage
Bateson	Tickell
Moorsom	Cotes
Valrent	Balston
Bevan	Nevill
Buckland	Hodson
Strickland	Ingleby
Hughes, major	Hutton, major
Thornton	Holford, major

Sir Alexander always retained affectionate admiration and regard for the late Lord Napier and Ettrick, who as Lord Napier of Merchistoun had been Governor of Madras from 1866 to 1872. Lord Napier wrote to the Dowager Lady Napier in December, 1867: "You know that there has been a change in the Council by the retirement of Sir ——— and the nomination of Mr. Arbuthnot. The substitution has been a most happy one. . . . In short it is a very harmonious Government." In a biographical note added by Colonel Love to his "Descriptive Pictures in Government House, Madras," printed in 1903, he mentions that Lord Napier "adopted a progressive policy under the guidance of Mr. Arbuthnot (now Sir Alexander Arbuthnot), one of his Councillors, and he dealt

thoroughly with all questions that came before him. He travelled about the country more than any of his predecessors since the time of Sir Thomas Munro." In 1881 Sir Alexander prefixed the following Dedication to his "Memoir of Sir Thomas Munro":—

DEAR LORD NAPIER,—You have been kind enough to allow me to inscribe to you these memorials of the most distinguished of your predecessors in the Government of Madras

I asked your permission to connect your name with this work, knowing that you entertain a genuine admiration of the character and policy of Sir Thomas Munro; and in availing myself of that permission, I cannot abstain from expressing my conviction that there is no British Statesman at the present time, who possesses so thorough a knowledge of our great Indian dependency, her people and her wants, as that which your Lordship acquired when filling the post in which Munro died, and that few politicians have so consistently acted upon the principle, long recognised by the most eminent men of all parties, but nowadays too often forgotten, that India should be regarded as beyond the scope of English party politics.

Believe me, dear Lord Napier,

Yours very sincerely,

A. J. ARBUTHNOT.

On reading this dedication Lady Napier and Ettrick wrote from Thirlestane:—

"I will not delay a moment in writing to you my warmest thanks for the Dedication to my husband,

which I read with the greatest pride and pleasure. How many happy memories are recalled by the association of your name, Sir Thomas Munro's, and my husband's! I seem to see again the lovely portrait of Lady Munro smiling upon many a pleasant gathering in the great drawing-room at Madras and your kind welcome to us when we passed our last hours there on our return from Calcutta." (Sir Alexander was then Acting-Governor of Madras.)

In 1880 Mr. William Patrick Adam, an old Rugby contemporary of Sir Alexander's, who had been a Liberal Whip, was offered by Mr. Gladstone the Governorship of Madras. He accepted, but only held the post for five months, dying at Ootacamund in May, 1881. Lord Napier and Ettrick wrote:—

"A very sad impression has been produced in Scotland by the death of poor Mr. Adam, for he had a large circle of political and private friends and was a man of an extremely amiable character. When he was going out to Madras I saw him several times and thought him extremely well fitted for his duty there in all respects but one—his health. He was obviously even then affected by some chronic malady. . . . I warned Mr. Adam against the hills, telling him that they were not necessarily *healthy*, however agreeable the temperature might be, and that in my opinion a prolonged stay there was tantamount to a desertion of the country, of its interests, and of the public services."

Lord Napier and Ettrick died suddenly in Florence



LADY MUNRO.

(After Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)

[To face page 288.

in 1898, and his widow wrote to her old friend who had in that year suffered a similar bereavement by the death of his first wife:—

“I know you will feel for me in the awfully sudden and unexpected loss I have sustained which has deprived me of my beloved husband in the midst of what seemed the happiest time we had together for many, many years. We both loved Florence and were very happy there . . . we were always together in our visits to churches and galleries and thoroughly enjoyed a time of perfect peace amongst the beautiful surroundings and the treasures which Florence afforded us. Never had Lord Napier appeared in better health or brighter spirits than he did up to the last night he passed on earth; but the end came swiftly and, thank God, painlessly in the early dawn of the 19th December.

“The Queen wishes a Memorial Service to be held in the Chapel Royal, St. James’, on the same day as that of the burial in Ettrick. I should like to think that you could be present.”

In August, 1899, the Dowager Lady Napier and Ettrick wrote from Thirlestane:—

“I take the first post out of this valley to acknowledge your letter and to express the satisfaction I feel in hearing that you have undertaken to give a sketch of my dear husband’s career to the Editor of a supplemental volume of the ‘Dictionary of National Biography,’ to which great work you have contributed so many interesting and

valuable articles." Lady Napier went on to say that her youngest son contemplated writing a Life of his father. "Should this project be carried out, however, with a selection of my husband's most interesting letters, beginning in 1835, when he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, up to the end of his life, it would be naturally of a much more extensive and totally different character from the concise article you are so kind as to undertake to supply. I know M—— was anxious to consult you on the subject of the projected biography, which I do not believe will appear before two years are passed, for the materials are very ample."

It was a matter of great regret to Sir Alexander that this biography of Lord Napier and Ettrick was never completed; he felt sure that it would have proved extremely interesting, both from a historical and from a social point of view. His own contribution to the supplementary volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," written after a visit to Lady Napier at Farnborough, was published in 1900.

Mention has been made of some of Sir Alexander's native friends with whom he frequently corresponded after leaving Madras.

In 1903 a native who had served in the Madras Presidency in Lord Napier's time wrote to another Indian official:

"The Hon. A. J. Arbuthnot gave me the first appointment of Dy. Collector I got while in service. He was then acting as Governor of this

Presidency *vice* Lord Napier, transferred to Simla as Viceroy temporarily in some contingency.¹ The interest which the Hon. A. J. Arbuthnot was taking in educational matters was so great that he was being worshipped as a god all the time he remained in India. Even now the Local Fund Act, which owes its origin solely to him, is reminding us of him. God bless him with long life!"

V. Ramiengar, then Dewan of Travancore, on whose judgment of men and matters Sir Alexander had always relied when he was associated with the government of Madras, wrote in 1883:

"The miniature portrait of her husband which Lady Napier and Ettrick has suggested is being painted by a native artist and will, I hope, be ready before long. The frame is to be of silver. You will have seen from the issue of the *Madras Times* which I have already sent to your address that your letter to the *Pall Mall* has been published in full, with the suppressed passage. Those whom you name in that passage are beginning to be numbered with things that were, and no longer entertain any hopes of advancement in the British Service, but they are thankful to you all the same for your continued and consistent advocacy of their claims. You cannot do more now than you did when you and Lord Napier and Ettrick were together in Madras and later when you were in the Governor-General's Council, in

¹ The assassination of the Earl of Mayo in 1872.

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furtherance of the policy of advancing selected native officials in the public service, but you had almost the whole of the Civil Service against you."

And the Dewan further alludes to the "school of thinkers to which you belong from Munro downwards."

"TREVANDRUM,
"1885.

"I have seen the first two volumes of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' and have read your four articles. I fancy it will take some time before your notices of Lords Canning and Elgin appear, but I suppose the third volume will contain the lives of Lord William Bentinck and Sir Cecil Beadon. I note what you say regarding the Indian Press. I feel with you that it is a pity that Lord Ripon should have meddled with the Vernacular Press Act Your party government at home, unfortunately, admits of one Governor-General setting aside what his predecessor has done without reference to the intrinsic worth of the measure dealt with."

CHAPTER XIX

SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS

Lord Napier of Magdala—Sir Charles George Arbuthnot—His career—Operations in Burmah—Bishop Strachan—Missionary work—The *Anglo-Indian Review*—Sir Donald Stewart—Sir James Peile—Personal characteristics—The end.

IN some notes which Sir Alexander had jotted down respecting his old friends he wrote of Lord Napier of Magdala : “He was a very charming man. I found, when I returned to India in 1875 [to the Viceroy’s Council] that he was Commander-in-Chief. Lord ——— was inclined to treat him in a somewhat cavalier fashion and occasionally spoke with brusqueness, which Lord Napier took very good-humouredly but could not have liked. It was he who told me that he had had many staff officers serving under him, but that my brother Charles was the best staff officer that he had ever known.”

In September, 1875, Lord Napier of Magdala wrote to Mrs. Henry Forbes, wife of a cousin of Sir Alexander, from Simla :—

“I have to thank you for your kind note introducing your cousin Sir A. Arbuthnot . . . your

cousin is so attractive that one is naturally drawn towards him. You perhaps know that I am naturally rather reserved, and but for your note I might not have become so well acquainted as I hope to be with your cousin. You know that his brother the Colonel Gunner¹ is the Deputy Adjutant-General of Artillery here, and he and his sweet wife are great favourites of mine. Their [the two brothers'] characters are, I think, in many respects very similar, both eminently just and impartial, and temperate in their judgments. I think Sir Alexander a very valuable addition to our Council and that he was very much needed."

The two brothers were devotedly attached to each other. Sir Alexander had the greatest admiration for his brother's independent and straightforward character and relied implicitly on his judgment. He wrote in his "Notes":—

"When my mother desired to obtain a commission in the Royal Artillery for my brother Charles, she applied to my cousin Colonel Charles Arbuthnot, then commanding the 72nd Highlanders, but did not obtain what she wanted. She then wrote to Lord Dunally, who was an old friend of my father and was then spending the winter at Cheltenham for the sake of hunting, and begged him to use any influence he possessed on her behalf. He subsequently informed her that he thought it best to go to Charles Arbuthnot and to get him to go with him to Sir Hussey Vivian, then Master-General of the Ordnance,

¹ Afterwards General Sir Charles Arbuthnot, G.C.B.

who had the patronage of all cadetships and various other appointments in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers. The result was that Sir Hussey Vivian (who was my cousin Charles's father-in-law) gave my brother Charles a cadetship in the Royal Artillery—there was no competitive examination in those days. Charles was so small when he went to Woolwich that under the present regulations he would have been rejected."

Charles Arbuthnot, then a Captain, landed in the Crimea in May, 1858. A brief Memoir printed in the R.A. Institution Magazine in August, 1899, records an incident which occurred during the siege of Sebastopol which illustrates his endurance and courage. "It was settled for some reason that he and his second Captain (afterwards General Sir William Williams, K.C.B.) were to draw lots to decide which of them was to lead the spiking party in the attack on 18th June, and to carry out the arrangement Captain Williams went down to the Quarry Battery on the 17th, with the present General Sir Collingwood Dickson, V.C., G.C.B. When they got there, they found that Captain Arbuthnot had just been shot through the leg.¹ "Well, then, the matter is settled," said Colonel Dickson. But it was far from being settled. Captain Arbuthnot insisted upon drawing lots, saying, "If I win I'll be there, even should I go on a gunner's back." It appears that,

¹ Mrs. Arbuthnot recorded in her diary that her son Charles had insisted on writing to her immediately after being wounded in *both legs*, as he knew she would have been anxious if he had missed a mail without writing to tell her of his safety.

wishing to look at something in the front, he had stood upon a gun, thereby exposing himself to the fire of some Russian rifles. While upon the gun a letter was handed to him. He stood and read; the rifles continued their fire; at last he was hit, but went on reading until he fell from the gun into the orderly's arms."

After his return from the Crimea with a brevet majority, Charles Arbuthnot was appointed to the Royal Horse Artillery, was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel in 1864, and four years later went to India. He commanded the Artillery of the Kandahar Field Force under Sir Donald Stewart in 1878-9, numbering about 104 guns—"perhaps the largest force of British artillery ever employed." In November, 1879, he commanded a brigade and had the responsibility of keeping open the communications between the advanced portion of the army under Sir Frederick (now Earl) Roberts and India. When a year later General Arbuthnot was appointed D.A.G., R.A., and left for England, General Sir Robert Bright wrote in a dispatch: "He has been most active in the performance of his duties, and, never sparing himself, has gained the confidence of all who serve under him in a remarkable degree. He is possessed of an excellent judgment, cool and collected in action, and has altogether fully maintained the reputation he has always had of being a most excellent officer." For his services in Afghanistan, General Arbuthnot received the medal and K.C.B., and was mentioned in dispatches. He was D.A.G. from 1880 to 1883, then successively Inspector-General, R.A.

and President of the Ordinance Committee, and then returned to India in February, 1886, as Commander-in-Chief in Bombay. In the same year he was transferred to the command in Madras, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught assuming the command in Bombay. As Commander-in-Chief in Madras Sir Charles Arbuthnot was sent to Burmah in 1886-8, in succession to Lord Roberts, and again returned to that country for a short time in 1890. In 1887 Sir Alexander was appointed to the Council of India in London and the two brothers corresponded freely. Sir Charles wrote from Madras in December, 1888:—

“I made Mr. —’s acquaintance in his shop two days ago. After extolling you highly, he said you had, however, done one thing of which he could not approve, viz., putting thirty-two members on the Municipal Commission, and that he told you at the time it was too many. I said I supposed they were all chatter. ‘Yes, and cheek too,’ he replied. And I think the two words ‘chatter and cheek’ are very expressive of the Bengali and Madrassie of the present day.”

“MADRAS,

“December 24, 1888.

“I am as usual being asked by the Government of India to give up officers whom I cannot spare. If this army is to garrison the whole of Burmah, something must be done to make it a more popular service, and not to have it regarded by the young probationers as a sort of penal servitude to which

their want of interest has condemned them. Similarly with the men—something must be done to induce the Ryots to enlist and to render it unnecessary to fill the ranks with the half-starved sons of pensioners. If the Government of India can afford to dispense with the Madras Army, and can garrison this Presidency and Burmah with northern troops, just as Bengal proper is now garrisoned, well and good. Disband this army. But if it cannot be dispensed with then maintain it in an efficient state, ensure it a proper supply of British officers, and make service in it sufficiently attractive to induce the Ryot to enlist."

"OOTACAMUND,

"*January 1, 1889.*

"The state of Burmah at present makes as heavy a call on the troops as it has done during the last two years. General Tanner, who is operating against the Chins, has about six hundred in his column and will probably require more, and I should think that his column and that ordered to advance from Chittagong against the Shinchu will have to join hands. . . . We have doubtless done a great deal to put down the innumerable bands of Dacoits which infected the whole of Upper Burmah, and have given security of life and prosperity to the bulk of the inhabitants, such as probably they never enjoyed before; but we must count on occasional outbreaks and even of a serious character, and the day when we can reduce the garrison to the normal strength of a peace garrison is, I suspect, far distant."

"OOTACAMUND,

"February 4, 1889.

"With regard to that Army Corps question I have heard (not from Roberts) that there was a great fight between Army Headquarters and Military Department; the latter is endeavouring to make themselves the War Ministers with the Commander-in-Chief in India and Army Headquarters as a subordinate department. I trust that nothing so destructive of efficiency will ever be accepted. . . . The Commander-in-Chief in India should of course always be the very best man that can be selected; and to put him, and consequently the Army, under comparatively inferior man would never be dreamed of by any nation but ours—and at home they are working in the opposite direction, putting the Departments of the Army under the Horse Guards, instead of, as heretofore, under War Office civilians."

"BANGALORE,

"January 18, 1889.

"We shall, I conclude, ere long have in the armies of the native States an efficient, well-drilled force of at least fifty thousand men. I say fifty thousand, for I conclude some limits will be put to the numbers to be armed with arms of precision. Having got them, what will be the next move of the Radicals at home and the National Congress out here? Too surely to urge a considerable reduction in our own Army."

"COONNOOR,

"October 15, 1889.

"I trust the India Office will strongly oppose the

reduction of the regiments in India to seventeen. Even if Bengal relieves us of Cuttack, and Trichinopoly is reduced from two regiments to one, we should have at least twenty regiments. There should be one more at Madras, stationed at Pallarnam, and a portion of it brought into Madras every cold season; for the duties there during the cold season are excessive, reducing the number of nights in bed far below the minimum either according to the regulations or to the requirements of health. Every native of any distinction who comes to Madras has a large guard. The sentries at Government House are excessive, and then when the Governor goes to Guindy a guard has to be sent there. I shan't see the day, but it certainly ought to come, when the presidencies are reduced to Lieutenant-Governorships."

"OOTACAMUND,

"October 27, 1889.

"I am sorry to hear you complain of getting stout. . . . I saw in the paper the other day the treatment which Bismarck has been undergoing for some years is abstinence from all liquid at his meals. At other times he is allowed his beloved beer, but must touch no liquid with solid food. It added that his health has been wonderfully improved, and that from being excessively stout he now presents the appearance of a spare, bony man. . . . With regard to what you say about the increase of officers in our Native Army, if I were to advocate it officially, the reply would be that it is merely the useless Madras Sepoy who requires so much British leading, and instead of being

an argument in favour of additional officers throughout India, it is only an argument in favour of the abolition of the Madrasee. I think Roberts quite admits the necessity of twelve officers with regiments on active service, and that number is provided for in the Mobilisation Scheme by withdrawing officers from regiments remaining in India ; but, as I think I have said before, when the necessity for sending the Army Corps across the frontier arrives, Russia will have been intriguing all over India, and it is quite possible that the regiments remaining in India will have their hands full at a time when, deducting officers attached to the two Army Corps, and casualties of all kinds, they will probably not have more than three or four British officers per regiment. A reserve of officers is all nonsense. Where is it to come from ? If Russia ever decides on an invasion of India, she will keep our hands so full elsewhere, that the Army at home will be unable to spare any officers. Roberts, I think, quite sees that when that time comes we must depend entirely on ourselves and look for little or no help from home."

"GUNGAM,

"February 4, 1890.

"Our road has been principally through forest, teak here and there, but I have seen no fine trees as yet. I had hoped to get you some rare orchids in the Chin hills, but that, of course, I cannot do now.

[Sir Charles Arbuthnot was obliged to give up a proposed expedition to the Chin country on account of a necessity which had arisen for his being in near communication with Sir Charles Crosthwaite, the Chief Commissioner of Mandalay.]

"The natives along the route from Pokoko are, I believe, very glad that we have taken the country, as formerly they were raided by the Chins to the west and also by the Burmans of the plains to the east. The men are short, but many of them of splendid physique. From the amount of paddy-ground round their villages and the state of their houses, far superior to those of most Indian villages, they appear to be well off. The Chins are not quite such barbarians as we thought, for Symons describes the Yokwa Ywama (capital of the Yokwa tribe) as being perfect in sanitation, but the few Chins I have seen are certainly of a low type. Our great pull over them is that they are all apparently dependent on the plains for salt. At Yokwa they are working willingly for us as coolies. . . . In fact, everything points to a favourable conclusion of this business, but it will be absolutely necessary to maintain military forts, for if we were to withdraw altogether, whatever agreement we might come to, raiding would certainly recommence."

"RANGOON,

"March 8, 1890.

"Speaking about the release of Burmese prisoners which had been proposed, to mark the visit of H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor, Crosthwaite told me two days ago that a letter had been intercepted from a Thugu (head of a village) to a Dacoit leader, stating that the Russians are approaching, that their ships are already in the river, and that we are going to let loose all prisoners in jail on condition that they fight for us against the Russians."

Sir Charles Arbuthnot left India finally in 1891, having concluded the operations in Burmah to the "entire satisfaction of the Commander-in-Chief in India." On June 10, 1887, the Governor-General expressed "his thorough appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Arbuthnot." He received the medal with clasp and was made G.C.B. in 1894. To quote once more from the R.A. Institution Magazine :—

"When he vacated the command of the Madras Army he was regretted, for he had gained what he never sought for—general and genuine esteem. He won confidence by his firmness and military knowledge, he won goodwill by his unswerving justice. Consciously or unconsciously, he shaped his course by Sir Charles Napier's rule of '*strict justice*.' He was thus quite free from the suspicions to which misplaced lenity is always open ; on the one hand, that it springs from moral weakness, and on the other, that it is a covert canvass for popularity. Under his command there was but one road to success—the road to merit. From a stern sense of duty he blamed, without hesitation, those he thought deserving of blame. His praise, therefore, was all the more welcome and was highly valued, for those on whom it was bestowed knew it was sincere. He was fearless, firm, and true."

A saying of his deserves to be remembered : "Prestige cannot be converted into rupees, but it is by prestige that we hold India."

Charles George Arbuthnot died after a brief illness in April, 1899. Another native friend,

V. Krishnamar Chariar, with whom Sir Alexander frequently corresponded, wrote from the Old College, Madras :—

“What a melancholy occurrence the unexpected death of your excellent brother! He was an excellent specimen of an English soldier and a gentleman, and I am sorry for his widow, whom I helped to get out of our People’s Park bandstand when it was suddenly on fire more than a dozen years ago. The General was an unassuming officer, wise, and always reasonable—to say nothing of his kindness to me, which I shall never forget till I forget all.”

A memorial tablet was placed in the Garrison Church at Woolwich in 1903, and at the same time tablets to the memory of Charles Arbuthnot’s brother officers John Adye and Edwin, George, and Alured Johnson were unveiled by General Lord Grenfell. The short inscription on his brother’s tablet was composed by Sir Alexander, who with other members of the family was present at the Memorial Service. The concluding words, “A gallant soldier, a firm and just administrator,” summed up Charles Arbuthnot’s career with equal justice and moderation.

Of the last years of Sir Alexander’s life little need be written. As he often said, “the evening of his life” was full of content and quiet happiness. Reading, occasional writing, and gardening were his chief occupations. He was for a time on the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society, and was a familiar

figure at the flower shows. On the occasion of the coronation of our late gracious Sovereign, King Edward VII, Sir Alexander entertained the whole village of Newtown at dinner and tea, and made the following speech, almost his last public utterance:—

“My friends, we have asked you, our fellow-parishioners of Newtown, to come here this afternoon for the purpose of celebrating the coronation of the King and Queen. We desire to express our gratitude to Almighty God for having restored his Majesty to health and enabled him to bear the very trying ceremony of the coronation, and we desire to offer our very sincere good wishes that his Majesty's reign may be long and prosperous and may be blessed to the people of this kingdom, and to those inhabiting the great Colonies and Dependencies subject to his rule. You all remember how some seven weeks ago, a day or two before the date which had been fixed for his coronation, the King was attacked by a very trying illness, and had to undergo a very serious operation in order that his life might be saved. You know what anxiety was felt throughout the Empire for the King's recovery, and you know how the news was looked for day by day and almost hour by hour, and the relief which we all experienced as our hopes each day became brighter, until at last the King was pronounced to be out of danger. I will not dwell upon all this. There is not one of us who is ever likely to forget it; but this I will say, that if anything were needed to confirm the King in the affection and veneration of his subjects, that was

abundantly supplied by the unwavering courage which his Majesty displayed and his unfailing consideration for his people. The trial was heavy, but I think we may feel that it has not been without its uses, and that it has knitted both the King and Queen very closely to the hearts of the people of this Empire."

Sir Alexander had been offered a seat in Westminster Abbey on the day of the coronation, but felt he ought to decline it, as his health was somewhat uncertain, but he attended the great reception at the India Office held in June and there met many old friends. He generally spent a few weeks in London every winter, and both there and in his country home he greatly enjoyed meeting old friends—Edward Lushington, W. Seton-Karr, Sir Edward Bradford, Sir Horace Walpole, Sir Allen Johnson, Sir James Peile. Field-Marshal Sir Frederick Haines was an intimate friend. During Sir Alexander's period of service on the Council of India (1887-97) he occupied rooms in Suffolk Street, and he and Sir F. Haines met every morning at shaving-time and afterwards repaired to their respective clubs, the Athenæum and United Service. Sir Alexander was not a great "club" man. He never played cards or billiards and he used to boast that he had not only never smoked but had never even held a cigar between his lips. It was curious, therefore, that when Bishop Strachan, ex-Bishop of Rangoon, came to visit him at Newtown in 1903, he, being a smoker of the strongest and rankest Burmese cigars, remarked at dinner that Sir Alexander Arbuthnot had

been the Member of Council in Calcutta who had introduced the custom of smoking in the dining-room between the courses, which to those who knew him and his horror of smoking was a most amusing distortion of facts.

Sir Alexander had known Bishop Strachan many years before, when he was a missionary in Tinnevely, and had helped Strachan to study for a course of medicine when he was in the Government of Madras. He was always a good friend to missions and was an incorporated member of S.P.G., and a member of the Rangoon Diocesan Association. It was on the occasion of the annual meeting of the latter Association that Bishop Strachan visited Newtown; the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Ryle were also Sir Alexander's guests. In 1901, when Mr. W. S. Lilly was writing his book "India and its Problems," which he dedicated to his old friend under whom he had served for a short time in the Madras Government, Sir Alexander wrote the following note after seeing the proof of a chapter on "Christianity" which Mr. Lilly, as he said, "gladly inserted" in the chapter itself:—

"Remarks are often made upon the comparatively small success which has attended the efforts of Christian missionaries, and especially of Protestant missionaries, to convert to the Christian faith the Hindu and Mohammedan inhabitants of India. It is said, and is truly said, that hitherto their converts are chiefly natives of the lower castes, such as the Pariahs, the Shanars, and the like, and that the conversion of the higher classes, and especi-

ally of the better educated, is an event so remote as to justify us in regarding as futile the efforts which they have made during the century which has just closed, and are still making with undiminished zeal. Expression is given to this view in the striking letter from a Hindu gentleman which Mr. Lilly is publishing in his forthcoming book on India; and the sentiments expressed in that letter are, I am aware, held by many Englishmen, and not exclusively by those who, for one reason or another, are hostile to missionary efforts.

“It is impossible to say how far the views to which I have referred will be justified as time goes on. The conversion to Christianity of the nations of Europe was the work of several centuries, and it may be that the conversion of the various peoples who inhabit the vast Indian continent will be a matter of even greater difficulty; but however this may be, I cannot help thinking it a mistake to regard missionary enterprise in India as a waste of labour. On the contrary, I am convinced that, looking at the question merely from a political point of view, the existence of our Christian missions is an important factor in maintaining the prestige of the British Government in that land. I write from some practical observation of the work of the various missionary bodies, which, although dating back a good many years, is, I believe, fully applicable to the present state of things. I served in India for a period which covered from first to last some thirty-eight years, and during a part of that time my public duties as Director of Public Instruction

in the Madras Presidency brought me into frequent contact with mission work. While thus employed I was greatly impressed by the admirable manner in which the work was done. I could not help feeling that the example of self-denying zeal which was afforded by many of the English missionaries, toiling, not for profit, not to gratify any ambitious aims, but with the single object of disseminating the faith which they believed to be the true faith, and of thereby promoting the spiritual and moral progress of the people among whom they worked, was a spectacle which could not fail to redound to the credit of the English nation and to raise the prestige of the British name. For instance, the presence in an Indian district of such a man as the late Bishop Caldwell, who for many years carried on the Edeyenkoody Mission in Tinnevely, combining as he did devotion to his work with learning, judgment, and knowledge of the natives which were not surpassed by any Englishman throughout the land, was an example which could not fail to impress the native mind and to exercise a beneficial influence over numbers besides the actual converts to Christianity. I am persuaded that this aspect of missionary work is too little regarded by those who denounce it, and that, if it be only on account of its value from a secular point of view, that work is deserving of liberal, nay, of enthusiastic support. With the other far more important aspects of the question I cannot attempt to deal in this brief note."

Sir Alexander wrote and composed rapidly and with great facility; he used to say that he could

think best with a pen in his hand. His official minutes were lucid and well argued and his language was always well chosen. He understood the value and significance of words. Any kind of slang and even modern abbreviations offended his ear; he classed slang and smoking as equally "low." His articles in the "Dictionary of National Biography," often necessarily condensed owing to exigencies of space, were written with great care and knowledge of his subjects, and he much resented some of the "cuts" which were occasionally made, feeling that the result was a want of proportion. But his relations with successive editors remained always friendly. Mr. Sidney Lee wrote after his death :—

"My connection with him goes back twenty years and I am glad to think that it was one of uninterrupted cordiality. To the 'Dictionary of National Biography' Sir Alexander rendered very important services. His work for the 'Dictionary' was always thorough and admirably informed. He brought his wide administrative experience to bear on his memoirs of eminent men in the history of India. His labours in the biographical field will long be valued. I shall always honour his memory."

Sir Alexander often remarked that Mr. George Smith deserved a peerage in recognition of his patriotism in designing and carrying out so comprehensive a work, at a great and unremunerative cost; he much regretted that apparently no reward had ever been offered by the Government of the day.

His chief reading was in history and biography or works connected with India, but he was fond of poetry and often quoted passages of the "Iliad" and certain poems which attracted him. His memory was excellent, and only the day before his death, at the age of eighty-four, he recited without a mistake the "Burial of Sir John Moore." He translated into Latin verse in 1849 a poem written by Lady Dufferin called "The Irish Emigrant" which was a favourite of his, and many years afterwards he sent it to the late Lord Dufferin, who gave him in return a volume he had collected of his mother's literary works. In 1903 Sir Alexander was asked to contribute to a new periodical called the *Anglo-Indian Review* and he sent the Editor two articles, an interesting review of "Irrigation in Southern India" and a review of Mr. G. R. Elsmie's memoir of his late colleague on the Council of India, Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, who died in 1900. He had contributed the following short appreciation of the Field-Marshal, for whom he, in common with the other Members of Council, had a great admiration and regard, to the memoir :—

"My personal acquaintance with the late Sir Donald Stewart began in 1875, in Simla ; but it was not until I joined the Council of India, in 1887, that I was in a position to form an adequate estimate of his character. I then became a member of the Military Committee of the Council, of which Sir Donald Stewart was Chairman. We met every week at the meetings of the Committee, and during the intervening days I often enjoyed opportunities of discussing

with him the business, and especially the military business, of the Council. I found him to be possessed of great knowledge of the military requirements of India, and not only that, but also well acquainted with the civil administration. His views on all the questions that came before him appeared to me to be singularly impartial and free from prejudice, perfectly free from those presidential jealousies by which the settlement of Indian questions have been so often hampered. Having passed the greater part of my service in one of the minor Presidencies (Madras), I was able to appreciate the eminent fairness with which Sir Donald Stewart discussed the qualities of the various branches of the native Indian Army. While recognising the superior fighting qualities of the Sikhs and Gurkhas, he discerned with the eye of a statesman the inexpediency of relying exclusively upon these races for filling the ranks of our armies. It was the same with all the many and various questions which he was called upon to consider. He treated them all with a single-minded desire to dispose of each case upon its own merits . . . he was both respected and loved by his colleagues."

Sir James Peile, who by the death of Sir Donald Stewart had, as he said, most "unwillingly become the senior member of the Council of India," also paid an eloquent tribute to his memory :—

"We shall miss the shrewdest and kindest of colleagues in whom dry humour pleasantly veiled a sound and strong common sense. Sir Donald Stewart was one of those rare men whose presence gives distinction to this Council."

Mention has been made of Sir Alexander's intimacy with Sir James Peile; he was a charming companion, and his death after a very short illness in 1906 was deeply regretted by all who knew him. He was a good artist in black and white, with a most original method of his own. He sketched in his outlines with the nib of a quill pen, standing and balancing a block of paper with one hand, and then produced a variety of effects of light and shade with the feather end of the pen dipped in a mixture of ink and water. He paid several visits to Newtown House and made sketches in the neighbourhood, but the happiest examples of his art, with a remarkable suggestion of atmosphere and knowledge of perspective, were his views of cathedral towns such as Ely or Durham. He was considerably junior to Sir Alexander, whose last years were saddened by the death of many of his contemporaries.

Everything connected with the Service in which his youth and middle age had been passed was of interest to Sir Alexander. He regretted that the age at which candidates were examined had been raised so high as twenty-three with a further term of a year at a University after passing, as he considered a young civilian's tastes and habits would be formed before leaving England. In some notes written in 1900 he remarks :—

“Until quite recently we had a Bengal, and a Madras, and a Bombay Civil Service, but no ‘Civil Service of India’ technically so called. The change which has been made in the designation of the Services is not one of much importance. The

greatest change was that which was introduced under the Charter Act of 1853, when the patronage of the Directors was abolished and the appointments to the various Civil Services of India were thrown open to competition. It was a very radical change and it was brought about, as I believe, in a very curious way. It was the work of four men, only one of whom was a man holding a very prominent position at the time. The prominent man was Lord Macaulay; the real mover in the scheme was his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Trevelyan, with whom *competing* examinations, as he used to call them, were the great hobby of his life. The other two men were Lord Ripon, then Lord Goderich, and Mr. Layard of Nineveh fame, who had lately entered Parliament and wanted a political cry. They took up the cry of Administrative Reform, with Open Competition in the forefront. The old traditions still exist. The high sense of honour, the capacity for ruling alien races, the strict regard for justice, the independent expression of opinion which so long distinguished the members of the old Service are still to be found." He further notes: "I need hardly enlarge upon the great advantages which an Indian Civil Servant derives from being early accustomed to perform duties of a very responsible kind."

His early initiation into such duties and responsibilities had perhaps fostered a spirit naturally somewhat despotic and impatient of control, but it had also brought out Sir Alexander's unusual administrative powers, and his tact and courtesy of manner in dealing with public and private matters were noticeable to the end of his life. He was always open to



SIR THOMAS MUNRO, BART., K.C.B.

(After Sir Martin Shee, P.R.A.)

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conviction, and he said of himself quite truly, "I am a reasonable man."

A native correspondent in an article published in the *Madras Mail* in July, 1907, headed "Madras Civil Servants of the Last Century," placed Sir Alexander Arbuthnot as the first and foremost of them all, and in picturesque phraseology likened him to the sun among the planets, and other journalists compared him to Sir Thomas Munro. The *Times* in a long account of his career spoke of him as the "senior and most distinguished of the retired members of the Madras Civil Service, and one who left an abiding mark on the southern Presidency," and also mentioned that "Lord Lytton found him a tower of strength during the troubled years of his Viceroyalty."

It is not easy to weigh the merits or demerits of one who by his own immediate circle of relations and friends was so much esteemed and beloved. A passage in a letter from Lady Westmoreland¹ to her husband dated June 18, 1847, referring to the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot, Sir Alexander's uncle, might have been written of the nephew. The writer mentions her uncle the Duke of Wellington's answer to J. W. Croker, saying that he saw symptoms of Peel's holding out the olive-branch; and, "*if he does, for God's sake do not let any of us refuse to take it.*" "This language is very much disapproved by the Duke's old friend Arbuthnot, who, though much aged and weakened, is as fresh in

¹ Correspondence of Priscilla, Countess of Westmoreland, published by John Murray, 1909.

his mind, as eager and as violent in his opinions, as ever."

In a sermon preached in the little parish church of Newtown on the Sunday following Sir Alexander's death, in 1907, the Rector said: "Who of his friends does not remember his eager protests, yes, and his somewhat fierce denunciations of what he considered wrong, or mean, or mischievous? If at times he seemed severe in his judgment, was it not the severity of his overflowing zeal for what he believed was good and true? Of his generous kindness and hospitality, and his constant desire to further the welfare of the people of Newtown, I have no need to speak. You Newtown people know how much he has done for you. It is more than many richer men would have grudged doing: the school and the Parish Room are standing mementoes of his generosity plain to all. But perhaps all do not know the wonderful warm-heartedness and the affectionate nature of the man, nor how loyal and generous a friend he has proved in times of need and sorrow to those who needed such help. Still less, perhaps, does every one know what a deep love of religion and reverence for holy things there was underlying the whole of his character—how, in quiet moments, he would speak of himself with humility, acknowledging where he had been wrong and regretting his shortcomings. Surely he reflected in some measure the character of the Bible conception of the 'just man' and 'the memory of the just is blessed.'"

A contributor to the *Madras Mail* in August, 1907,

remarks: "I do not think it can be truly said that Alick Arbuthnot was popular in Madras either with Indians or Europeans"; but his intimate friends in Madras or Calcutta and most of his colleagues would, I venture to think, have borne a different testimony. Sir Alexander never courted popularity but always went his own way, if he thought it was the right way, with a fearless disregard of consequences. His old friend Sir Edward Bradford wrote of him recently: "I loved him far more than I can express in words. His straightforward, honest, fearless, gentleman-like character always commanded my most fervent admiration."

Though he was known in Madras as the Progressive Member of Council he was proud of being called "an out-and-out Tory." In many ways he was in advance of his times. When Mr. Chamberlain first introduced the subject of Tariff Reform, an old Indian friend who called at the hotel where Sir Alexander was staying held forth for nearly an hour on the merits of Free Trade and concluded by saying to his host, who had listened with patience: "I hope at all events that you are a Free Trader?" To which "Sir Alex" replied with a twinkle in his eye, "My dear fellow, I have been a convinced Protectionist since 1846."

He retained his vigorous appearance and his good looks to the end. His hands, which were beautifully formed, with filbert-shaped nails, never looked like the hands of an old man. The writer in the *Madras Mail* before alluded to refers to his robust constitution: "But friends and foes alike were compelled

to admit that Arbuthnot was a man of unusual ability, the depth of whose knowledge was only revealed to those associated with him in official life. . . . Trained by the great Arnold at Rugby, there was a robustness about him mentally and physically which commanded admiration. When Rugby football was first started in Madras, about 1870, I think, Arbuthnot, with the old love of the game strong in him, turned up one day and took his part in the scrum. The youngsters smiled of course, but respected the "old un"—he must have been nearly fifty—for his great pluck and perfect knowledge of the game. He had an extraordinary measure of confidence in himself, and it cannot be said that he misjudged his powers or the position they entitled him to occupy. When he refused a C.S.I. in Madras, he did so with the bold avowal that he had done work entitling him to a K.C.S.I. . . . The K.C.S.I. came in due course, and so did the appointment to the Executive Council in Calcutta, followed by a ten years' appointment to the Council of the Secretary of State for India. . . . Arbuthnot went to Madras with Lord Lytton in 1877, when he appeared in state uniform at a reception at the Banqueting Hall. He looked magnificent, and in very fit condition; the fulness of his calves, glistening in silk stockings, bearing wonderful testimony to the sound health of a man who had then served about thirty-five years in India. The next time I saw him was at the India Office, some years ago. He then hardly gave one the impression, from his vigorous and healthy appearance, of having been in India at all."

Alexander John Arbuthnot died in London of heart failure after an operation in June, 1907, at the age of eighty-four. He was buried in the churchyard at Newtown, within sight of the home where he had lived for twenty-six years. On the Irish cross which marks his grave are words from the Bible version of the thirty-seventh Psalm: "Behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

He had lived to see his great grand nephews and nieces, descendants of his elder half-brother and sister. In the same relationship to himself stood Dr. John Arbuthnot, wit and poet, friend of Pope and Swift, who died in 1735.

One of the old Madras circle, his junior by some years, wrote of him: "I have to mourn the loss of the greatest friend I ever had, outside my own immediate family, a tried friend of fifty-two years from whom during the whole of that time I received more kindness than perhaps any man ever received from another." The daughter of his old chief, Sir William Denison, spoke of his "unflinching duty and unfailing kindness. And such a friend. One could never come amiss to him, never be unwelcome, no trouble was too great. When my husband died he came at once all the way from Madras and never left me till he saw me off in the steamer. There are very few such staunch friends; time and absence made no difference, there was always the same welcome when we met."

Perhaps a few words from the Bishop of St. Albans to a member of his family serve to sum up a character, not perfect by any means, but noble even in

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its faults : " A truer, finer specimen of the best type of Indian civilian could scarcely be found. He has left in his character a possession for all time, and I know you will feel it to be a sacred treasure and an inspiration for life."

APPENDIX

DIARY KEPT BY THE REV. ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT, THEN
DEAN OF CLOYNE (AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF KILLALOE), FATHER
TO SIR ALEX. J. ARBUTHNOT.

1817.

MAY 10. Sailed in the *Pelham* at 7 p.m. from Dublin and arrived at Holyhead at 5 a.m. Sunday.

11. Left Holyhead in the coach from Moran's, and got to Shrewsbury at 6 a.m. Monday, and at 4 p.m. at Birmingham.

12. Where we slept at the "Hen and Chickens."

13. Slept at Oxford at the "Angel."

14. Got to London and slept there.

15. Went with Charles Holmes¹ and George² to Southborough:³ dined at the Corkrans.⁴

21. Dined at Mr. Corkran's and slept at Mr. Langley's.

22. Went to Epsom Races, and dined with Mr. Whitmore.

23. Went to Epsom Races and returned with the Children and dined at Mr. Corkran's.

24. Went to London with Sir R. Jones and took George to see the Exhibition at Somerset House, returned and dined at Mr. Corkran's.

25. At Ditton: dined at Mr. Langley's.

26. Mr. Corkran drove me in his gig to Ealing, where I settled with Dr. Nicholas to take George to his School⁵ next Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Fredk. Whitmore and the Corkrans, Sir R. Jones and Lady Jones and Tom⁶ dined with us at Southborough.

27. Dined at Mr. Corkran's where we met the Vesey⁷ and Kirklands.⁸

¹ Son of Bishop Arbuthnot's eldest sister, Ann Holmes.

² George Bingham Arbuthnot, his eldest son.

³ Near Ditton. Residence of his sister, Sarah Langley.

⁴ His sister, Harriet Corkran.

⁵ A celebrated school at Ealing.

⁶ His brother, Sir Thomas Arbuthnot.

⁷ His sister, Margaret Vesey.

⁸ Cousins.

- MAY 29. Came to London with Tom and went with him to Levee and was presented to the Regent on getting the Deanery of Cloyne.
30. Staid in London and went to the play with Sir Richard and Lady Jones and saw Kemble in *Cymbeline*: slept at Reddishes, Jermyn Street.
- MAY 1. Went to the Opera with the Corkrans and Jones's and Tom. Dined that day with the Corkrans at Hitchcock's Hotel.
- JUNE 1. Left Town in the early Stage for Teddington. Dined there, Col. and Mrs. and Miss Vesey were there.
2. Took George to Ealing and left him at Dr. Nicholas's. To Southborough to Dinner.
5. Left Southborough and met the Stage at Ewell from London for Brighton, where Charles Holmes and I arrived at the Old Ship Inn, and went on board the *Lord Wellington* at ten o'clock at night, and sailing at one o'clock in the
6. morning for Dieppe, where we arrived at two o'clock that day, and went to Gosset's Hôtel De Londres, where we had very comfortable accommodation and good beds, and left it on the
- 7th at ten in the morning in the Diligence for Rouen—a most clumsy Vehicle, but not at all uneasy: we only paid 5s. 10d. for our conveyance in the Cabriolet of the Diligence, which is by far the pleasantest seat. The Road from Dieppe to Rouen is tolerably pretty, but when you get within a league of Rouen, you get a most delightful View of the Seine and suburbs of Rouen: we arrived there at five in the evening, and went to the Hôtel De France kept by Monr. M.—, a large, uncomfortable House, where we got a wretched Dinner, and the charges were enormous. We left Rouen at six o'clock
8. Sunday, in a return Carriage to Paris by the Lower Road, for which we paid sixty francs for Charles Holmes, myself and a Mr. Brown of the War Office, whom we met on board the Packet: it was one of the Carriages employed to convey passengers from Calais to Paris, we arrived on the same evening at Mantes after one of the most delightful Drives along the Banks of the Seine I ever went: the View from the height above Port St. Ouen is uncommonly fine, we breakfasted at Gaillon, a wretched place where we were charged four francs each for Coffee, etc., however, we were amply repaid by the delightful scenery along the whole of the road: on the Morning of the
- 9th we left Mantes on the Seine where we were very well enter-

tained and tolerably cheap at the Cheval Blanc. We had Coffee at S. Germain, a wretched Inn, Hôtel de Toulouse, and were charged very high. I called on Mrs. Field and saw her and her two Daughters. The road from Mantes through Menton to St. Germain and so on to Paris is extremely beautiful, almost entirely on the banks of the Seine: it is much more Inhabited than our former day's journey from Rouen to Mantes, but in many points of beauty of scenery I think the other surpasses it. The first vineyard which we saw was between Gaillon and Vernon, from whence we had Vineyards all the way to Paris: the whole Country is cultivated in small patches, consisting of Vines, Wheat, Rye, Oats, Peas, Beans, potatoes, Lucerne, Clover, Millet, etc., etc., etc., in some parts you see Vines, and potatoes and Vines and peas in alternate Rows, which gives it a very odd, but not unpleasant appearance. Mantes is certainly the prettiest town between Rouen and Paris. The French Towns look very well at a little distance, but the inside of their Houses appears very uncomfortable to an Englishman. We arrived at Paris on Monday the 9th of June, on which day Charles Holmes and I dined at Very's Hotel in the Palais Royal, where we had a very good dinner and very reasonable. We walked in the evening in the Palais Royal, through the Tuileries, and drank Coffee at the Café des Mille Colonnes, which is very well worth seeing.

JUNE 10. We breakfasted at the Café Chaussée D'Antin in the Boulevarts, where we had an excellent breakfast and very cheap. We went to the Louvre and were greatly entertained; the places left vacant by the Allies taking away their own pictures have all been filled up with new pictures by French Artists, and the greater part are uncommonly fine, the Portraits as well as Landscapes and historical paintings are, in my mind, infinitely superior to any I saw in the Exhibition in London. We dined this day with Mrs. Williamson and Lady Lyon, and in the Evening went to the play at the Theatre of Vaudeville, which I found extremely entertaining.

11. Breakfasted in the Boulevarts and dined at Very's, Palais Royal: went to the Theatre des Variétés, which is a nice House about the size of old Smart Alley in Dublin. They play there Comic Operas and small pieces. Before Dinner we went up to the heights of Montmartre, from which you have a very fine view of Paris, and all the adjoining Country. In consequence of their not burning Sea Coal, the View is never obscured over Paris, as in London or Dublin, but

you can see the whole City, without the least appearance of smoke. Some of the port Holes in the walls, and a part of the temporary entrenchments thrown up on Montmartre when the Allies took Paris in 1814 are still to be seen.

JUNE 12. We went again to the Louvre, dined in the Boulevard Des Italiens, and went in the Evening to different places in the Palais Royale, the Theatre De la Paix, a most extraordinary place, the place for the Pit, as well as the three Tiers of Boxes are fitted up with small tables for refreshments, which every person who goes there is expected to take, as you do not pay any entrance money : it is, however, not a proper place for females of Character to go to, and indeed hardly for men. We also went the same Evening to the Café des Variétés, in fact a cellar, which runs a great way under ground, and consists of a variety of Rooms for people of every description, but chiefly the very lowest order, and in which I fancy every species of Iniquity is carried on. We also looked in at the Café des Aveugles, a similar place to the former, and, if possible, consisting of people of a still inferior description.

13. Walked about the Town and out again to the Museum of the Louvre. The Veseys^{*} arrived this day in Paris, we called to see them before dinner, and then went and dined at Lady Lyon and Mrs. Williamson, the former accompanied us in the Evening to drink Tea with the Veseys at their Hôtel De Wagram in the Rue de la Paix, where they got very good lodgings up three pair of stairs at eight napoleons a week.

14. This day we went with the Veseys and Lyons to the Louvre. Charles and I dined with Mr. Brown our fellow traveller to Paris, at the Hôtel de Londres, Place Vendôme, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Sir Neil Campbell and Captain Ferris of the Navy. In the Evening we drank tea at Lady Lyon, where we met the Veseys, and after Tea we all went to take Ice at the Café des Mille Colonnes.

15. We went with the Veseys to Versailles, and the two Trianons. The Palace of Versailles is the most magnificent I ever saw, and though I am not very fond of going to see buildings, I must say it is well worth the trouble. The Gardens according to the French taste are very beautiful, but to an Englishman too formal : there are one thousand Orange trees at Versailles, but they are greatly disfigured by being cut quite round like a Wig block, and they have no fruit on them, in consequence of their blossoms being

^{*} Bishop Arbuthnot's sister and brother-in-law.

always taken off, the Governors of the Palace making a considerable revenue by selling them. We dined at Versailles, and returned in the Evening through St. Cloud.

- JUNE 16. We went with the Lyons, etc., to St. Cloud, and saw the Palace, it is prettily situated, but very inferior to Versailles in magnificence : we dined this day with the Veseys.
17. We got everything ready for our departure the next day : dined along with the Veseys at Mr. and Mrs. Petrie's.
18. We left Paris in the Diligence for Valenciennes at 8 o'clock in the morning, and went in the Cabriolet : the weather was uncommonly hot and oppressive, and we found the Cabriolet extremely close and disagreeable in hot weather it is much more disagreeable than the inside of the Diligence, but I must say it is altogether a most wretched mode of travelling. I fancy they never clean or wash them, the consequence is that in the sultry weather the stench is intolerable : we arrived at Cambrai at eleven o'clock on the
- 19th and breakfasted with Mrs. Burns and saw her Son and Daughter. We left it about one o'clock and arrived at Valenciennes about five, where we found Robert^{*} and Susan, Phoebe—all very well. Mrs. Williams was with them. In consequence of the conductor of the Diligence behaving in a very insolent manner we gave him nothing.
20. We dined at Roberts, and went to an English Play in the Evening, and saw "She Stoops to Conquer,"—the performance bad enough.
21. Colonel Blair dined with us at Roberts, and after dinner we drove into the Country on the Mons Road, a little way out of the Gates we turned into a bye Road to the left and went for two or three miles along the Banks of the Scheld, which is here little better than a ditch, not being more than 12 or 14 feet wide.
22. We dined at home and went in the Evening in the Country by the Quesnay Gate ; a few miles out of Town we met a party of Russian Infantry and Cossacks, who were marching towards Calais to embark for their own Country, being part of the Contingent who were to leave France.
23. We dined this day with Sir James Kempt,² and walked on the Ramparts in the Evening.
24. We dined early and went after Dinner to St. Amand on the Lille Road, where we saw the Ruins of a very large Church, which had been destroyed during the Revolution,

* His brother, Sir Robert, his wife and daughter, afterwards Mrs. Feilden. Sir Robert Arbuthnot was then Commandant at Valenciennes.

² Mentioned by the Duke of Wellington in his "Waterloo" Dispatch.

a private person has purchased it, and is now pulling it all down for the sake of the materials. The Steeple, I hear, is to be left, it was an immense fabric, capable of containing at least ten thousand persons. Before the Revolutions the Abbey St. Amand was worth I am told the Annual Income of seven hundred millions of Francs, or near 30 millions Ster^g. About a mile and a half from St. Amand there are a number of mud baths, said to be an effectual remedy for wounds, Rheumatic pains, etc. : we went to see them : they are close to a small Village very prettily situated at the entrance of a Wood : the patients are obliged to remain for four hours every day for six weeks with the part afflicted immersed in this mud bath, —therefore, if the complaint is high up, for instance, in the Shoulder he is obliged to remain for that length of time up to his neck in mud—a dreadful remedy—which one would think nothing short (of) absolute necessity would make any person submit to, however, I am told that numbers go there every year : they are said to be coeval with the time of the Romans in this country—for many Ages since that they were not known—but they were discovered above an hundred years back, and have been in constant use ever since, besides the mud baths, there is also a hot Spring.

- JUNE 25. Robert had company at home, Sir Manly Power, Sir Ed^d. and Lady Blakeney, etc., etc. The weather has been so very hot since we have been in France that it is quite unpleasant to go out except in the Evening.
26. We dined at Sir M. Power's, and went in the Evening to Major and Mrs. Balneavis, where there was quite a fête Champetre, the Band of the 91st were playing in the gardens which were illuminated.
28. We went with a large party to Condi, and from that to Bon Secours, where we were met by about a dozen of Hanoverian Officers and their wives, our whole party consisted of 43, including Sir James Kempt, Sir M. Power, Sir Ed.^r and Lady Blakeney, and the Officers of the Garrison and their wives : we dined in a Wood, and had the Hanoverian Band playing the whole time. We returned to Valenciennes about ten o'clock, and the greater number came and drank Coffee at Roberts.
29. We dined at Roberts, and walked in the Evening on the Ramparts, the Band of the 91st playing in the Place Verd.
30. We left Valenciennes : during the greater part of the time we were there the heat was very intense, the Thermometer

* In my youth Sir Edward Blakeney was Commander-in-Chief in Ireland.—A. J. A.

in the shade being above 86. Robert and Susan took us in their Carriage as far as Lille. At midday the

1st JULY we left there in the Diligence to St. Ouen, where we arrived at four o'clock in the Evening, whence we travelled in a Cabriolet post to Calais, and arrived there at six, just before the Gates shut. Our posting came to thirteen pence a mile including the Carriage and sixpence without it—between the two—

2. We remained at Calais as the wind blew too strong to be able to put to sea.
3. Sailed in the *Chichester*, Captn. Butler at four in the morning, and arrived at Dover at eight in the morning, breakfasted there and proceeded in the Day Coach from the Ship Tun to London, where we arrived at ten at night.

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